

Mae West

Playscripts

Ac. 17.268

"The Ruby Ring" (1921)

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00001



*The Ruby Ring*  
by  
*Mac West*  
705 Boyd Avenue  
Woodharon, L. C.



1.

The scene represents an ante-room off the ballroom with conservatory with potted palms, fountain, marble bench with high back facing up-stage at back, wide archway leading to ballroom at R. Archway to hall about L. 3. Dress set with good taste. Settee obliqued D.L.C. Other chairs etc.

(AT RISE, handsome man in flashy foreign officers uniform is talking to two very pretty and handsomely gowned women, one of them a brunette, the other auburn haired. They are a little to L. of C. The brunette is R. of the man, the auburn-haired girl L.)

Alice  
(the auburn-haired girl. She is gushingly vivacious)  
Oh de Captain, tell us more about your La Belle France!

Captain  
I would much rather discuss what is nearer to me at the moment--la Belle Americane.  
(he glances toward ballroom as if looking for someone)

Irene  
(the brunette. She is slow and languous. She half takes the Captains arm)  
There's the dearest little seat up here by the fountain Captain--we want be disturbed.

Alice  
(taking his other arm)  
But the Captain promised to sit out this dance with me and tell me how he won his Croix De Guerre--didn't you Captain?

Irene  
(almost pulling him R.)  
Now Captain--dear Captain--you know you promised me!

Captain  
(breaking away from them and coming down-stage. He looks anxiously off R. again)  
Ladies, Ladies, ladies--you overwhelm me! Always the American ladies they are much too kind to me. Your poets have a saying 'How happy could I be with either, were other dear charmer away' and so, since I cannot oblige you both, I must leave you both until some other more fortunate time.  
(he crosses the archway R. turns and bows)  
Until then--I bid you au revoir!

ALICE  
(looking after the Captain)  
Now He's gone!

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APR -1 1921





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Irene  
He's about the sixth man that's left us flat to-night.

Alice  
No wonder--you can't get a man by making a sister act out of it.

Irene  
But he was telling me, until you showed up--

Alice  
Nonsense--he promised me a week ago--

Irene  
What's the use of talking about it. You know he isn't interested in either of us.  
(looking off R.)  
Watch him--he's making a bee line for Gloria--I thought so

Alice  
No wonder there are no men left over for us. She has them all.

Irene  
Look she's coming this way!

Alice  
And followed by every man in the place--how does she do it?  
(They go up to marble seat U.C.)

(ENTER R. from ballroom, Gloria, followed by all the men, excepting the characters named in the play and including the Captain. The more men on this scene, the better the entrance will be. They are all talking to her at once, insisting this is their dance, etc. They form a babbling circle around her. Laughingly she breaks thru them and holds them back from her with both arms outstretched to their full length, making a pretty picture)

Gloria  
Boys, boys, boys! You must give me a little rest. I'm only human after all.

ALL THE MEN  
(ad lib)  
You're wonderful!  
Let me sit out this dance with you!  
No--you promised me!  
Let us all sit it out with you!  
You're a wonder!  
You're a queen!  
etc.

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Gloria  
No boys, I am only human. Maybe, after all, that's just why you all like me.

(If men are not to be used during the song, which is introduced here, she can say; "Now boys--run along and give me time to think, I'm very tired and I can't like you all at once--run along all of you." and they all EXIT, disappointed, R.)

(If it is decided to use the men for a background for the song, (which the author thinks is best) she can say: "Perhaps you don't know why you do like me. Shall I tell You?" They answer "Yes" ad lib and comes and the song can then be introduced. Yet again, the chorus girls alone may be used as a background of the entire chorus)

(After the song, Gloria sits on the settee D.L.C. and Alice and Irene come down, one on each side of her)

Alice  
Well Gloria, you certainly are a marvel. Neither of us can snare a man and you have them all.

Gloria  
There isn't a bit of reason why you shouldn't both have as many as I have, you're both fine looking girls and you both dress well. There's no reason why you should be a couple of wall-flowers.

Irene  
I suppose it all depends on the man?

Gloria  
Not at all--any man will do if you make up your mind you want him, or let him think you want him.

Alice  
And do you try to catch each man the same way?

Gloria  
Indeed, you do not--maybe that's where you make your fatal mistake. You can't use the same baby vamp stuff you do on an old man on a college boy--it won't work. It all depends on how old they are or what they do for a living or how much brains they have. They'll all fall if you use the right method.

Irene  
That sounds rather hard to believe.



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Gloria  
I'd be only too glad to prove it to you if I could.

Alice  
I'm willing to learn.

Gloria  
For instance, I'm willing to try my arts on any five men who come out of that ballroom. I'll use a different method on each one according to what I think they'll best fall for.

Alice  
And we'll pick out the men to send in?

Gloria  
Oh no--any five will do. I'll take the chance so long as they come one at a time. I'll wager I can make all five propose to me in less than five minutes each.

Alice  
You're joking!

Gloria  
I never was more serious.

Irene  
I don't believe it!

Gloria  
All right--I've always admired that ruby ring of yours Irene-- You've always liked this bracelet. I'll bet you the ring against the bracelet that I can do as I say I can.

Alice  
Make five men propose to you?

Gloria  
Yes

Irene  
In less than five minutes each?

Gloria  
Precisely.

Alice  
And you won't ask any of them or give them a hint?

Gloria  
If I do I lose the bet.

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Irene  
And you'll use a different method on each one?

Gloria  
I will

Irene  
It's a bargain--I can see that ruby ring on my finger right now.

Alice  
And what do we do?

Gloria  
Just sit there behind that marble seat and listen--  
(Looks off R.)

and you'd better hurry--I see a victim coming now.  
Young Reggie Muchcash--father's a millionaire. He's still in college. Watch me be the Eternal Ingenue girls. Here I don't look a bit high school in this gown--I'll need this cloak.  
(takes cloak from settee and puts it on. Pretends to be looking for something.)

(ENTER Reggie R. He is a wavy-haired college boy about twenty who thinks he knows it all; yet clean-cut and athletic. He sees Gloria.)

Reggie  
Lose something?

Gloria (very innocent and ingenuous)  
I'm not sure. I thought I had my ring on.

Reggie  
What kind of ring.

Gloria  
Solitaire diamond.

Reggie  
(disappointed)

Oh!

Gloria  
It wasn't so valuable--just the sentiment. My uncle gave it to me for my birthday.

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Reggie  
(brightening)  
Oh! Can I help you find it?

Gloria  
Never mind thank you--come to think of it I didn't have it on.

Reggie  
That's good--you'll feel better in your mind now, won't you.

Gloria  
(giving him a reproving look)  
I'd feel much better if you wouldn't talk to me.

Reggie  
Why not?

Gloria  
We haven't been introduced.

Reggie  
Oh, that's all right--you met my second cousin at a junior prom'---its all in the family you know.

Gloria  
But is it proper?

Reggie  
Oh--you're one of the proper kind are you?

Gloria  
Uh--Ruh! proper and different.

Reggie  
That's what all you girls tell us fellows at first. Then if we don't treat you rough, you tell your girl friend when you're alone together what a soft John you've landed. I know.

Gloria  
(stamps angrily)  
You'll excuse me--I'm in a hurry--good-night!  
(She starts L.)

Reggie  
(going quickly in front of archway L. heading her off)  
I'm sorry, I didn't mean that. May I have this dance with you

Gloria  
(flirting discreetly)  
What are they dancing?

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Reggie  
The Chicago.

Gloria  
(very "Madge Kennedy")  
Oh! but that's horrid! I couldn't think of dancing that! When they play a quadrille or a lancers or--well, I might try a waltz.

Reggie  
Have a bite of supper--lobster or something.

Gloria  
I never eat late at night, except perhaps a Malted Milk or a sundae.

Reggie  
Take in a vaudeville show?

Gloria  
It's too late.

Reggie  
How about the movies?

Gloria  
No--it's too dark.

Reggie  
What do you like to do?

Gloria  
Oh, I like to sit home and read.

Reggie  
I see--you're one of those girls who get a big thrill out of sneaking a French novel into your room.

Gloria  
Sir--I've read nothing but the Elsie books and Booth Tarkington. I will confess that lately I've grown ever so much more modern--and daring.

Reggie  
What's it now "Saucy Stories"?

Gloria  
Oh no--a real red blooded story all about Life and Society and drunken ladies and strong men by Harold Bell Wright.

Reggie  
Great Caesar--the lancers and the quadrille, the Elsie books, Booth Tarkington, and Harold Bell Wright! Good Lord.

Reggie  
Little girl--where do you live?

Gloria  
Med Bank, New Jersey.

Reggie  
(Reproving himself)  
I might have known it--I've been a brute to talk to you the way I have. I didn't believe there was any of your kind of girls left. You're a real girl, aren't you--the kind that's worth working for and fighting for.

Gloria  
(Close to him, looking innocently and baby-eyed up into his face)  
Am I?

Reggie  
You know you are.

Gloria  
That's an awful cute wave you have in your hair--and your eyes--they're black, like the hero in the movies and your voice is so soft and low!

Reggie  
When you talk like that I know you've been reading Harold Bell Wright!

Gloria  
I am going to let you dance with me--lots and lots and take me for a walk in the park--just for a little while.

Reggie  
(His voice choked with emotion)  
And let me hold your hand?

Gloria  
(very demurely)

Reggie  
Little girl, I'm only a young chap going to college; but if you'll wait for me, Dad's rich and I'll be rich some day. I'll buy you automobiles and furs and diamonds and everything you're heart desires when we're married. Then, perhaps, some day we'll need a baby-carriage.

Gloria  
Your ambitious.

Reggie  
Little girl--I want to be your ideal.

Gloria  
I wouldn't try to be that. Nowadays, a girl's ideal man is sort of a combination of John Barrymore, Jack Dempsey, Mc Cormack and Babe Ruth.

Reggie  
Say you'll wait for me.

Gloria  
You know I will!

Reggie  
How long?

Gloria  
Twenty minutes.

Reggie  
What!

Gloria  
I mean come back here in twenty minutes and I'll give you my answer.

Reggie  
I'd wait twenty years for you--my golden girl!  
(He crosses to doorway R.)

Gloria  
Good-bye--my glorious boy!

Reggie  
(In doorway, Glen Hunter in "Clarence" stuff)  
Call me Reggie.

Gloria  
(demurely)  
Reggie!

Reggie  
Gee--it sounds like a regular name when you say it!  
(Reggie EXITS R.)

Gloria  
(To Alice and Irene as she takes off the cloak)  
There's bull's eye number one girls and I'll have to work fast too for here comes John Broad Wall, business man, Financial king and thirty. The rule says I must use flattery. That rule goes a long way girls no matter what age they are.

(ENTER from R. John Broad Wall, he walks very fast. He is a bit gray at the temples, preoccupied manner. He snaps his words out like the crack of a whip. Gloria gets in his way and gives him a look.



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Wall  
I've got just two minutes. What can I sell you?

Gloria  
Oh, you Giants of Finance! What a wonderful brain you must have! Energy, "pep", ambition, "push"---those are the qualities I admire in a man.

Wall  
Oh you do! Well, there are mighty few women appreciate a man's brain. All they seem to do is to want to spend his money and make him work harder and harder and still harder, so they can have more and still more to spend. A modern business man not only supports his wife, but six chauffeurs and their wives and children, ten servants, a half a dozen milliners and dressmakers and fifteen hairdressers and beauty doctors and their families. We're on a treadmill, we American business men.

Gloria  
Yes---the silly kind of women do that. They think a man is a romantic knight before marriage and finding he isn't, treat him as sort of a combination lap-dog and meal-ticket afterward. On a treadmill---yes---most of you American business men are and the women who marry them haven't sense enough to appreciate the wonderful force and power that makes the treadmill go, when they should make that treadmill a bower of roses

Wall  
(glances hurriedly at his wrist-watch)  
I've got just eight minutes to catch that Chicago train; but perhaps the one in the morning will do. Young lady---you interest me.

Gloria  
No---you interest me

Wall  
(with a self-satisfied sigh)  
Oh do I?

Gloria  
Your power---your force---your ability to do things---big things! I can see it in the keen, steel-gray of your eyes. The whirl and rush of the City is in the snap of your voice. The only thing that makes life hard for you is that you are not appreciated. You should have someone to appreciate you!

Wall  
Would you appreciate me?

Gloria  
If I only had the right!

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Wall  
(glances hurriedly at watch again)  
I can still make that Chicago train. I'll be back on Wednesday. Call me up at the office---we can have lunch together, get the license and be married in the afternoon. So long!  
(he starts hurriedly L.)

Gloria  
But I haven't given you your answer yet.

Wall  
(Turning in archway L.)  
Wire it to the Limited at Poughkeepsie. I'll call you up at Albany.

(EXITS L. on the run)

Gloria  
Whew---you've got to work fast with those fellows! And here comes another. Alonzo Mosquite of the wild and wooly West. He's middle-aged and according to "How to Vamp in Ten Lessons" and all the rules of The Amalgamated Vamp's Union Number One I must be romantic. Here goes!

(ENTER Alonzo Mosquite R. He is a big man with iron-gray hair and a heavy mustache. He is the typical Westerner of the story-books. Gloria strolls down stage, gives him a longing glance and a romantic look.)

Mosquite  
Hello cutie!

Gloria  
(pretending to be offended)  
Sir!

Mosquite  
Excuse me Ma'am--I took you for a dance-hall gal. You know the gals in this man's town is wearin' their dresses so short an' cuttin' 'em so low back an' front, you can't tell which is one kind and which is the other these days.

Gloria  
From the rear or from the skirts down, you can't tell your sister from your grandmother these days. If the skye were to dress in fig leaves, some women would still find a way to be decollete. I hate these clothes myself, I only wear them because Society demands it. Oh, how I've always longed for a gingham apron and a sunbonnet!

Mosquite  
Well---if that's all you want--

Gloria  
(pretending to be hurt)  
So--you are like all the rest! I took you for a big man--  
big in heart and soul like your towering mountains--  
free, open and clean like your plains!

Mosquite  
I'm sorry little girl--I didn't mean to be rude.

Gloria  
Oh, how I love the great West. There I know men are  
men--noble, brave and strong--how I love strong men!

Mosquite  
So you like the West, eh? That's where I'm from.

Gloria  
I knew it--I knew it! There's the blue of the skies in  
your eyes--the thunder of the mountains is in your voice.  
The snow of its mountain tops is like your hair. I can  
even smell the cattle---

Mosquite  
No you cant. I bought these patent leather pumps right  
here in New York.

Gloria  
In fancy I mean--the cattle lowing in the tall grass. I  
can see you--so noble in your shape, with a lariat  
around your neck--

Mosquite  
Stringin' me up are you?

Gloria  
I mean a banana around your neck--

Mosquite  
A banana!

Gloria  
I mean a bandanna and a lariat in your hand as you throw  
it at the onrushing bull--

Mosquite  
Which do I throw, the lariat or the bull?

Gloria  
You save me from the stockade.

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Mosquite  
Don't you mean the stampede? Then supposin' there  
ain't no stampede. It don't happen to order like in  
the movin' pictures.

Gloria  
Then you save me from something--rattlesnakes or Greasers  
or tangerines--I mean tarantulas. Insist that you save  
me from something--a great big strong man like you!

Mosquite  
Bring on your redskins--I'll save you.

Gloria  
Oh, the great West--how I'd love to go there where life  
is free and open--oh, to feed the chickens, darn your  
socks, and wear a gingham apron and a sunbonet!

Mosquite  
Would you like to go?

Gloria  
Oh, if I only could!

Mosquite  
Did you ever think of gettin' married?

Gloria  
I'm a women and I'm in good health.

Mosquite  
Then it's settled--you'll come West with me? I'll  
save you from a stampede if I have to start one  
myself.

Gloria  
Come back here in ten minutes.

Mosquite  
(Gives a Western yell)  
Yip-yip-yip-yip-yipee! Gee but you're a rip-snorter!

Gloria  
(romantically like a western melodrama heroine)  
In ten minutes---my hero!

(EXIT Mosquite R.)  
Well girls, that's three and this is my busy day. Here  
comes Schuyler Madison--old sport--Use the baby vamp  
stuff on the old ones girls--watch me!

(goes to settee and sits. ENTER  
SCHUYLER MADISON, the typical  
"old sport". He is followed by a  
butler who holds his overcoat for him.  
Butler exits L. Madison sees Gloria and  
coughs to attract her attention. She



pouts and flirts with him  
kittenishly over her shoulder.  
He comes down toward her. She  
looks him over and rises in  
great alarm)

Gloria  
Oh, Mr. Madison--you're not going out like that?

Madison  
What's the matter with me?

Gloria  
Where's your rubbers?

Madison  
What do I want with rubbers--it's only a step to my car.

Gloria  
But it's damp and slippery--you'll get your feet wet, and  
where's your muffler--you'r liable to catch your death of  
cold!

(looks at button on his coat, takes hold of  
button and looks baby-eyed up into his face)  
And just look at that button--it's loose--you must let me  
sew it on for you. It's easy to see that you have no nice  
little girl around the house to look after you.

Madison  
No--I haven't--or, that is--not yet, But I don't need any  
muffler or rubbers. You're going on as if I was an old  
man.

Gloria  
No--not old-- just experienced and experience is always  
interesting.

Madison  
(pinches her cheek)  
So you find me interesting eh? Do you like old men?

Gloria  
I like them well-seasoned; but not too mellow. You must  
be experienced--I can see it in your nice, soft brown  
eyes, Just look at that tie! Let me fix it for you.  
(she fusses with his tie, getting close to him.)  
I'll bet you could tell some wonderful stories of the things  
that have happened to you.

Madison  
I'll say I could!

Gloria  
I daresay you've met some great men and been to all  
sorts of wonderful places--Monte Carlo, Egypt, India--  
aren't you tired of being alone, just with a Japanese  
valet and a cat and a canary?

Madison  
I haven't any damned canary!

Gloria  
O-o-o-o-o! The naughty man swears!

Madison  
Yes and he smokes and he drinks and he plays poker for  
money. Could I possibly come more highly recommended?

Gloria  
Recommended for what?

Madison  
Well--what do you say to a husband? ~~Yes~~ We could have  
some awfully nice times together.

Gloria  
~~Yes~~ Yes---but you've had a long start on me.

Madison  
Couldn't you try to catch up with me?

Gloria  
Catch up with you--I'll pass you.

Madison  
Then it's yes?

Gloria  
Come back in five minutes and I'll tell you.

Madison  
Oh will I! (crosses to archway R. chuckles and turns to  
Gloria again)  
I'll be back--you cute little devil!

Gloria  
Don't forget--naughty papa!

(Madison chuckles gleefully and  
EXITS R.)

(A man crosses from L. to R. paying no attention  
to anyone and EXITS R.)



Alice

There's one--why didn't you try him?

Gloria

No--He's a Christian Scientist. I'd Have to use absent treatment on him.

Irene

Someone else is coming.

Gloria

It's Professor Thinktank the eminent psychologist. He knows everything about books and nothing about life--he's all brain and can be reached by the attractions of the body. The wiser they are girls, the easier they fall for the old stuff. I'm going to try an act on the Professor that was used by Mother Eve, way back on the Genesis Circuit; that was before we had a National Board of Censorship.

(ENTER Professor Thinktank, R. He is a ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ studious bookworm with his hair parted in the middle and wearing owl-like horn-rimmed spectacles. Gloria assumes all the manner of the Theda Bara type of vamp, sinuous and seductive.

Gloria

Did you lose something Professor?

Professor

(blinks at her frightened)  
No; but if I stay here with you, I'm liable to lose everything.

Gloria

Do I look so wicked--so immoral?

Professor

My dear young lady--morality is merely a question of distance from the Equator.

Gloria

Whose equator?

Professor

Young lady--you're a paradox.

Gloria

Maybe I'm the gateway to paradise.

Professor

You merely play with words.

Gloria

In love, it is not words that count, but feelings.

Professor

Just what is love--do you know

Gloria

Such a question to ask--you a learned Professor, Do you know what love is?

Professor

Indeed I do. According to the ideas of Schopenhauer, whose opinions on feminine psychology I revere most highly, love is caused by two things, each the direct antithesis of the other. The first the putting of two beings, whose organisms function differently, either in close proximity, or separated by conventionality or unavoidable circumstances.

Gloria

No Professor--

(She moves slowly toward him and suits the action to the word with each thing she says.

Love is two soft, white arms around your neck--a sinuous and palpitating body that clings seductively to yours--that calls forth the answering fire of bliss thru every fibre of your being, heartbeat to heartbeat--two eyes that gaze longingly and languously into yours--two lips parted invitingly that come nearer, nearer, nearer--

Professor

(weakly)  
Help me Schopenhauer--I'm slipping!

Gloria

(starts back in alarm)  
Oh!

Professor

What is it?

Gloria

I've lost something.

Professor

Your heart?

Gloria

No--worse--my garter. I shall never be able to hold up my stocking without it.

(Pulls up her stocking, giving him a flash of her leg.)

Professor

Young lady--you didn't lose your garter at all! You just did that to show me your er--er--limb. I'm shocked!

Gloria  
My dear Professor--I'd much rather have you shocked than disappointed.

(shows him a little more of her leg, then lets her skirt down again)

Professor  
Schopenhauer, I'm not slipping--I have slipped!  
(goes to Gloria)  
Young lady, I don't know how to be poetic---

Gloria  
Oh Professor--this is so sudden!

Professor/ I haven't proposed yet.

Gloria  
My dear Professor when an intelligent or an ignorant man apologizes for his lack of poetry, I know there's a proposal coming.

Professor  
Consider it said then.

Gloria  
My dear Professor--in your eyes I can see the learning of the ages--your voice is vibrant with the wisdom of Solomon. Oh the things you can teach me that you learned from your books!

Professor  
And the things you can teach me.

Gloria  
The things I can teach you are not in the books.

Professor  
(gingerly embraces her)  
Sweet disaster. (throws book away)

Gloria  
Professor--it would be a lot of fun leading you astray.

Professor  
And I'm accepted?

Gloria  
Return here in two minutes and I'll give you your answer.

Professor  
That'll just give me time to call up my tailor.

Gloria  
Your tailor?

Professor  
(coming to archway R.)  
Yes-- I'm going to order a check suit, spats and a pearl-gray derby hat and join the vast army of men in the city who are waiting to be ruined  
(EXIT Professor R.)

Alice  
(coming from behind palms)  
Well Gloria, You've won.

Irene  
Here's your ruby ring--the lessons were worth it.

(ENTER Reggie R.)  
Reggie  
Here I am, my golden girl--your wavy-haired boy is here for his answer.  
(ENTER Wall from L. in a hurry)

Wall  
Confound it--you've made me miss my train so your human dynamo has come back--we'll be married to-morrow morning.

Reggie  
(to Wall)  
Marry you--why she promised to marry me.

Wall  
(to Reggie)  
You're mistaken sir--I'm the lucky one.

(ENTER MOSQUITO from R. followed by Madison.)

Mosquito  
(going L. of Gloria)  
Well, my sunbonnet girl--here's your hero.

Madison  
Here's your naughty papa waiting for your answer.  
(ENTER the Professor R.)

Professor (near Archway R.)  
I ordered yellow gloves to go with the cheque suit and pearl gray hat to be ruined in.

(ENTER the Stranger, good-looking man of about 30 from L.)

Stranger  
(from archway L)  
Don't you think it is time we were going home dear?

ALL THE MEN  
Dear--what does he mean?

Mosquite (to stranger)  
What have you to say about this lady?

Gloria  
He hasn't really very much to say. But I can't marry  
any one of you--he's only my husband.

Professor  
And I ordered a check suit--and a pearl-gray derby and  
yellow gloves--and I'm not to be led astray after all!

Gloria  
(as Stranger comes to her)  
Look dear--how do you like my new ruby ring?

(Gloria sings the chorus of her song  
again for the finish, with the stranger,  
Wall and Mosquite L. of her and Reggie  
Madison and the Professor R.)

CURTAIN





Mae West

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"The Hussy" (1922)

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00014

"THE HUSSY"

A COMEDY DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

00015

"THE MURDER"

A SERIO-COMEDY DRAMA

Dramatized by

Malina Leitchback

and

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"THE MURDER"

THE CHARACTERS:

(Given in the order of their appearance)

JEAN SOMERVILLE, a beauty.

MRS. CLINTON SOMERVILLE, her mother.

HARRY BAYNE, Mrs. Somerville's ward.

CLINTON SOMERVILLE, her son.

ROBERT VAN STURDIVANT, millionaire and some more.

THOMAS RAMNEY Jr. medical genius.

MRS. RAMNEY, his mother.

THOMAS RAMNEY, Sr. her husband.

MONA, their daughter, christened Antoinette.

Mrs. HARGOURT, a social climber.

MINI, her step daughter.

JIM FAHON, detective.

GASTON HARGOURT, pickle millionaire.

A Butler.

PROFESSOR GREEN, scientist.

HARRY PRESTON, "fresh from God's country."

Dolly Deming }  
Betty Wilson. } Friends of Mona's.

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"THE MURDER"

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

ACT I \*

SCENE 1

Porch of the Summerville home, 6 P.M.

SCENE 2

Living room in the Ramsey home, twenty minutes later.

ACT II

The Marcourt Mansion, during the dance, midnight of the same day.

ACT III

SOMEBODY'S ancestral estate on the Hudson, five weeks later.

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"THE MURDER"

ACT I

SCENE 1

THE VERANDA

The enclosed PORCH of the Summerville residence. Back flats represent the exterior of a very handsome suburban home, stucco or tiling. In center of flats practical door leads to vestibule that in turn leads to house. Long panel lace curtains on the door windows. Small stained glass window either side of doors. Windows L and R of doors, curtained, as doors from the inside. R is a continuation of the veranda and suggests a small conservatory, with entrance off R. At L, is a rounded window in upper corner, giving a view of the house across the street. Just a suggestion of this other house/ need be shown. It should be a pretty affair with veranda, but neither stucco nor shingle- rather a frame house, painted white with green trim. L is the entrance that leads to the garden path which in turn leads to the street. If the entire scene could be built on a platform about a foot high, two steps would lead down to the path. The veranda is furnished with willow, chintz covered furniture. A settee with chintz cushions, a rocker and an arm chair, a small bench or stool, a table with a runner of the chintz over it, and a vase of flowers on it- a couple of wicker flower boxes filled with bright, sunny flowers. The porch windows are curtained in green net, with chintz inner curtains caught back by narrow bands of the material. Flower boxes in the windows. Electric light brackets on either side of the door. The vestibule leads into the hall of house and a suggestion of the hall way is shown.

AT HOME

Mrs. Somerville, a handsome, aristocratic type of woman, past middle age, but well preserved - with a tendency to assume an even more aristocratic manner than her appearance calls for, is seated at a table reading a magazine. She wears a very pretty and simple afternoon frock of sumptuous material. Her hair is done in the latest style. She shows merely a desultory interest in the magazine she is reading. JEAN, a very stately looking girl with Mrs. Somerville's mannerisms and a tendency to pose, appears in the vestibule doorway, very calm and unruffled and entirely belying her very first words. JEAN incidentally however permits herself to become ruffled or upset. She glances at her mother with a languid look.

JEAN

Mother----

(Mrs. Somerville looks up and turns down the magazine in her lap)

I'm all up in the air!

MRS. S.

Indeed!

JEAN

I simply can't decide which of those gowns to wear tonight.

MRS. S.

Which?

(She looks at Jean apprehensively)

JEAN

I had two sent on approval.

(Turns to house door and calls)

Nancy! Will you bring those gowns, please?

MRS. S.

One is all we can afford, Jean.

JEAN

But I can't choose, Mother. I've got to look my best tonight.

MRS. S.

Yes, indeed. You'll never get another chance like Robert Van Sturdivant.

JEAN

There is only ONE Robert Van Sturdivant!

(She smiles in a most satisfied manner and takes one of the gowns from Nancy who is entering with them carefully laid over her arm. Nancy is a quiet, pretty sort of girl, who seldom has any thing to say. Mrs. S. rises and takes the other dress from Nancy and looks at it critically)

MRS. S.

I've done my best, goodness knows!

(She lays the dress on chair and takes the one from Jean)  
(Looks at it critically)

JEAN

It was a lucky day for us when Van Sturdivant's car broke down in front of our house.

MRS. S.

(Still examining dress)

I certainly seize opportunity by the horns, offering to loan him my car--

(Holds the dress against Jean)

JEAN

What a pity it was that that Harcourt woman and her hoyden of a step daughter had to be here at the time!

(She picks up the other dress and holds it up to herself.)

MRS. S.

I wish you had that hoyden's money. We wouldn't have to worry about your marrying-- She's trying to heck Van herself.

NANCY

Do you think so?

MRS. S.

Why-- that's why she made her step mother give this ball tonight-- Well, I've got him for dinner before that ball-- and Jean-- you've got to make him commit himself before we leave this house. He admires you-- I've watched him--

NANCY

No one could help admiring Jean-- she's so wonderful.

MRS. S.

Haigh, yes-- which of those gowns look the better on her, Nancy?

NANCY  
 (Quietly)  
 Jean looks beautiful in anything she wears.  
 MRS. S  
 That doesn't decide the gown-- she's got to look exceptional  
 tonight-- that Harcourt girl has laid out full plans--  
 NANCY  
 I don't know-- she wouldn't have to-- she has so much  
 money--  
 MRS. S  
 Social position, my dear!  
 NANCY  
 But they know that Mr. Van Sturdivant admires Jean and they  
 wouldn't--  
 MRS. S  
 Oh, they wouldn't, indeed!  
 (Bus with the gown)  
 NANCY  
 They're very nice people!  
 JEAN  
 (Sarcastically)  
 Nice people! Oh, "nancy!"  
 MRS. S  
 They are merely-- rich people, my dear! Nothing but  
 society hangers on-- that's what they are. Harcourt never  
 was anything but a pickie man-- and when his first wife died--  
 (Jean laughs.)  
 JEAN  
 He erected the finest white marble monument in the finest  
 cemetery in the world for her-- did you ever hear ~~him~~ him  
 tell about it?  
 (She gives another little smothering laugh)  
 MRS. S  
 And then he married the present Mrs. Harcourt--  
 (She makes a gesture of absolute disgust.)  
 NANCY  
 But she was socially prominent when he married her, wasn't she?  
 MRS. S  
 She was the widow of Teddy Doran-- and however she looked  
 up poor Teddy Doran, God only knows-- of course people  
 had to accept her for Doran's sake, and when he died-- she

married the ---- Pickie Man!  
 His daughter aims higher-- a Van Sturdivant-- indeed!  
 With his family-- why, there has been a Van Sturdivant  
 ever since-- since New York was Dutch!

NANCY  
 But Miss Harcourt is really nice--  
 MRS. S.  
 (Silences her with a glance)  
 Nice!  
 (She turns to Jean and glances at dresses)  
 I can't decide, Jean, dear, you are wonderful in both--  
 (Bell rings. "nancy goes to the screen door,  
 opens it, messenger with three boxes of  
 flowers enters--  
 NANCY  
 But then right there, please!  
 (She puts the flowers down and "nancy signs for  
 them as Jean looks at the boxes and selects  
 one particular one as her own.  
 Boy exits as Jean speaks)  
 JEAN  
 From Van Sturdivant-- and here's one for you, mother--  
 (Jean unties her box, and takes out a bunch  
 of gardenias or Camellias, whilst "nancy helps  
 Mrs. Somerville untie her box, Mrs. S does not  
 take flowers from box, but admires them in their  
 box.  
 Aren't they wonderful! I'm so glad he understands me--  
 Gardenias! My favorite!  
 NANCY  
 I thought you liked crochids-- Jean--  
 JEAN  
 I don't know where YOU got that idea--  
 ("nancy turns away and looks at third box)  
 Did he send you some too?  
 MRS. S  
 He has to-- politeness you know!  
 NANCY  
 (Opening box)  
 How pretty!  
 MRS. S  
 Nancy-- everything is quite all right for the dinner! Very  
 informal and yet conservative-- little family affair!  
 NANCY  
 It's perfect, Mrs. Somerville.



MRS. S  
His family is very conservative, you know. And Nancy— while  
we're on the subject— you know you're not getting any  
younger every day—

NANCY  
Why— I—

MRS. S  
I feel that it is my duty to my husband to see you married—  
and settled down— you're not rich enough to remain unmarried—  
and the manner of living that you are accustomed to—

NANCY  
( A little hurt )  
It was very kind of Mr. Somerville and you to give me a home—

MRS. S  
Your father made Mr. Somerville your guardian— Poor Clinton  
was always doing such kind things—  
( Nancy looks at her, speaks quietly )

NANCY  
I'm sorry that I have been an expense to you, Mrs. Somerville—  
I have always wanted to go to work—

MRS. S  
My dear! My husband's yard go to work! WHAT would people  
say! I'm quite sure, Nancy you won't have any difficulty  
in finding a husband if you set your mind on the task—

NANCY  
I would rather not marry—

MRS. S  
Nonsense— you must. There's nothing else for you to do.  
Where's Clinton?

JEAN  
At the races I believe. Don't you think this dress fits the  
gardenia better—

MRS. S  
( Pays no attention to latter part of sentence )  
Did you say races?

JEAN  
So he said.

MRS. S  
Humph! With that Nancy, I suppose! That's her daily business—  
the races and—

JEAN  
Don't be so upset mother— Clinton's quite safe from her—  
Nona Ramsey has other intentions!

MRS. S  
What do you mean?

JEAN  
Clinton hasn't enough money for her.

NANCY  
I don't think money would make the least bit of difference  
to Nona Ramsey if— she loved a man!

JEAN  
( Bursts out laughing )  
Listen to the child!

MRS. S  
That Nancy! All she cares for is herself. I tell you  
she'd marry Clinton tomorrow just to get a social footing—  
and she'd divorce him as soon as she found some man with  
more money— she'd use him for a footstool— that girl is—  
is— is absolutely without— without— the Ramsey!

NANCY  
I think you're wrong about her— she only seems like she is—  
Her folks never had any money— and— and it's hard to live  
among the people of Glenwood Park without money.

JEAN  
Why don't they get of it!

MRS. S  
They have plenty of chances to sell their old shack for a good  
sum— we all were anxious to get rid of them.

NANCY  
But they lived here before— before any one thought of  
making Glenwood Park a social suburb— her grandfather  
built the house—

( Motor horn )  
Maybe that's Clinton—  
( Her face brightens and she runs to window  
window and looks out—  
( Car stopping )

It's Nona!  
( Mr. Somerville goes to window and looks out )

MRS. S  
Another different man— the Ramsey! Every day— a different  
one!  
( Jean looks out of window )





JEAN  
Sporty looking fellow—

MRS. S  
That's all she ever does pick up— sports—

JEAN  
They have to be darned good sports if they want to work  
in her stables!  
Look at the gown on her—  
(Turns away from window)  
That was never bought for less than a hundred— and when  
she was a kid patched calicoes served pretty well—

MRS. S  
WHERE DOES SHE GET THE MONEY?

JEAN  
God knows!

HANBY  
Clinton says she can pick a winner at the track every time—

JEAN  
What kind of a winner? A horse or— a—

HANBY  
A horse or course!

MRS. S  
She's got that— that— poor vulgar creature twisted around  
her little finger— —My God— that's the president of  
the Longman's Trust Co with her— Well— it's no wonder  
some of our banks go to smash— That girl's a disgrace to  
the neighborhood! Men— men— men— nothing but men!  
(She turns from the window— engine of car  
going.)

HANBY  
All the men like MORN—

MRS. S  
WHY? It's plain enough— isn't it?

HANBY  
Oh, Mrs. Somerville, you don't mean— you don't think—

MRS. S  
Think! There's only one thing to think! Something ought to be  
done to get her out of Glendale Park— she's a disgrace—  
she— and her mother's no better than she is! Took in  
boarders and did sewing till that husky got started on her  
career—

HANBY  
Morn is very good to her mother—

JEAN  
Naturally!

MRS. S  
The shack they used to live in! Look at it now! Painted—  
repaired— the truck garden turned into flower beds— Morn's  
money— and WHERE DID SHE GET IT?

JEAN  
(With a most righteous air)  
God knows! And she's as stuck up— what is she any way?

HANBY  
She's a nice girl, really, I can— only you— you never  
cultivated her—

MRS. S  
God forbid! I've seen that husky come home— well—  
she got it off some one's hip, I suppose!  
I shall speak to Clinton once for all— he must understand—

HANBY  
Mrs. Somerville— I— I don't think— I mean— I'm  
afraid that Clinton is in love with her.

MRS. S  
He couldn't be in love with a thing like that! He's my  
son— don't forget that. She's vamped him— just as she  
does all her race track companions—

JEAN  
(Sighs)  
I wish I knew how she does it!

MRS. S  
Jean!

(Enter L. Clinton, in a hurry. "He is a clean cut,  
good looking young chap, dressed up to the  
minute. He glances at the group, the flowers  
and the gowns, and at sight of later, gives an  
involuntarily little sigh.)

CLINT.  
Hello, Mater— girls— what's the row?

HANBY  
(Trying to cover the situation)  
We were— or wondering which dress Jean ought to wear  
tonight.



CLINT  
(Glances at gown)  
If she wears either one, poor Van's sold!  
(Joan pleased.)  
Didn't get here yet, did he?

MRS. S  
Clinton! Mr. Van sturdivant has been asked to an informal dinner party, that doesn't mean that he's to come in time for luncheon!

CLINT  
(Looks at wrist watch)  
It's twenty past six--

MRS. VAN  
(Coldly)  
Remotely!  
(As she consults her own watch)

CLINT  
Oh, I say, how's the ice man? Dec. "later, you'd freeze a fellow's gizzard when the notion takes you!  
(Crosses up stage to R)  
I asked Van to drop around earlier-- got to talking about that invention of mine--

JEAN  
Oh-- goodness!  
(She shoots him a look which Clinton returns)

CLINT  
Why not! I'm not outting in on your game! Trouble is-- you and the inter don't think I've got any brains--

MRS. S  
What can you know about mechanical things? There were no mechanics on either side of your family-- the Somervilles and the Clintons have been in the banking line--

CLINT  
(Bitterly)  
Yes, those who weren't clerks opened the doors for the presidents to pass through!

MRS. S  
Clinton-- the lowest position any of your ancestors ever held was--

CLINT  
Oh, mother-- who cares about dead ones-- I want to get ahead-- it won't hurt the family record if I get a little grease and soot on my hands-- I promise to get it on my hands only!

MRS. S  
If you had any common sense you would cultivate Mini Marcourt--

CLINT  
Yes, her dollars-- but I'm not built that way.  
Besides we hate each other so much, we're saying nice things about each other. Cultivate Mini--  
(Laughs as if he considered it a joke)

JEAN  
It might be wiser than wasting your time on fool inventions--

CLINT  
Get that line, sis. If the inter had spent half the hale on me that she's poured over you, putting you in the grand stand-- we mightn't have to-- CULTIVATE any one's money!

JEAN  
What do you mean?

CLINT  
Do you love Van-- not on your life-- but his money and social position--

MRS. S  
Clinton-- that will do! And while we're on the subject--  
Hess Ramsey--

CLINT  
(Brightens at once)  
Oh, did she call me up?

MRS. S  
That knave! Of course not!

CLINT  
She said she would-- she was going to let me know--

MRS. S  
What!

CLINT  
Why-- is she's able to go tonight!

JEAN  
So-- tonight-- Clinton!  
(She is absolutely horrified)

MRS. S  
What do you mean?

CLINT  
I met Mrs. Marcourt out at the track this afternoon, and she asked me if I'd bring some nice girl-- she said she was afraid they'd be girls short and--

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MRS. S  
And you asked that Nancy across the street, good God! A nice girl!

(Drops into chair)  
I don't know what you young people are coming to!

CLINT  
Why mother— Mom's all right— you don't know her— that's all!

MRS. S  
I see her, that's enough!

CLINT  
Ah, now listen— you folks think that every time a man goes into bankruptcy, Mom got his bank roll!

MRS. S  
I wouldn't be surprised if she didn't! Where DOES she get her money! Now listen, Clinton— I'm not going to be disgraced— you can't take her— that's all!

CLINT  
(Growing angry)  
That's not fair mother— because a girl's pretty and fascinating—

JEAN  
Oh, Lord— pretty, fascinating!

CLINT  
(Turns to Jean)  
She's got more pep in a minute than you'd ever show up in thirty years!

JEAN  
Don't blame me if I happen to be a lady!

CLINT  
Oh, onto whiskers!

MRS. S  
Can't you see Clinton what her game is— she's trying to inveigle you into a marriage, just for the social position you could give her—

CLINT  
(Laughs)  
Social position! Ha! Ha! You got her wrong! Why, Mother, she's turned me down cold five different times!

MRS. S  
WHAT!  
(Jean laughs)

JEAN  
I told you Clint didn't have money enough!

MRS. S  
(Sitting up very straight and staring at Clinton)  
Do you mean to tell me that you asked that creature to marry you and she— she dared to refuse you!

CLINT  
(Secretly enjoying the situation immensely)  
Five times, and I expect to be turned down a few times more!

MRS. S  
(Bursting with rage)  
The insignificant little upstart! The little cat! That Nancy! Refused my son! Haugh!

CLINT  
Mother, I wish you'd get to know her— you'd change your opinion of her— you'd love her—

MRS. S  
I'm past the age of being vamped! After Jean is married to Mr. Sturdivant— you will take a trip abroad! I'll not have that Nancy in my family!

CLINT  
She doesn't think any better of your family than you think of her!

MRS. S  
Clinton!  
(She faces him angrily— just as Van Sturdivant appears at L— Nancy sees him and frantically motions the others to stop!)

NANCY  
Oh— oh— Jean— the dress is, beat it!  
(Jean grabs up the gown and flies into house as Nancy goes to door L and Mrs. Van Sturdivant herself and admires the flowers, as Nancy opens the door and Van Sturdivant enters.  
How do you do, Mr. Van Sturdivant!  
We were just admiring your beautiful flowers—

VAN  
I'm glad you like them! Miss Jean—

MRS. S  
Nancy will tell her you are here!  
(Nancy picks up the boxes of flowers and starts to go into house)

VAN  
Thanks— I dropped around to see this invention of Clint's—



If it's all he claims it is— why—

OLINT  
Thanks old chap— you see mother hasn't much confidence—

MRS. S  
I've always said to Olint— I can't understand, none of his  
ancestors were mechanics!

VAN  
Families are seldom responsible for geniuses, Mrs. Somerville.

OLINT  
Oh— now— now— genius, that's too far— I don't claim—

VAN  
Suppose we look it over, old fellow! You see you've  
got me tremendously interested— you won't mind Mrs. Som-  
erville— tell Miss Sam I'll devote the entire evening to her—  
in penance—

OLINT  
Oh, Jean will forgive you, I hope and  
{ Van turns to Nancy, smiles and bows to her—  
steps around Mrs. S and crosses above her to R.  
{ Follows Olint off R.)

MRS. S  
Nancy, what did he mean by that— penance!

NANCY  
I suppose for neglecting Jean— now— for Olint's invention.

MRS. S  
I wish Olint and his invention were—

NANCY  
No, you don't— you're really proud of Olint—

MRS. S  
Mechanics— my dear— why didn't he invent something else!  
He's always greasy, clothes messy— Oh— what's the use in  
bringing up children when they only disappoint you!  
{ Sam re-enters)

JEAN  
Where is— Oh, Olint cornered him— darn that invention—

MRS. S  
Oh, we can manage to live down the invention—but  
that Nancy across the street!

DARK CHANCE

During Dark CHANCE TOM, Jr. is playing, or  
trying to play Olint's "Berenice" Cycle on  
the phone rings.

TOM

Oh, good!

{ At phone)

Hello! Now— she ain't home!

{ Click of receiver being put into hook heard)  
See, that Studebaker makes me sick!

{ Goes back to piano, starts to play the  
composition again— just a few bars—  
By this time the chaps should be made and  
the lights on. Tom is discovered sitting on  
at piano, in a very pretty, old fashioned  
living room where changes have been made to  
give it an up-to-date appearance.  
A small reception hall up U and stairs  
leading off R. Door to street L. Big bay  
window up L and piano in L corner.  
another window with garden backing down  
L, and doors R leading to other rooms.  
The furnishings are rather new— a three  
piece overstuffed living room suite— a  
library table, a secretary a book case—  
a drop light at table— few pictures on  
wall— a rug— patterned curtains with inside  
drapery on windows. Drapery over hall  
entrance A tabourette with a brass jar in  
which are a bunch of bright flowers—  
a book rack.  
The room should look something like the  
show window displays of a living room in  
the medium priced furniture stores.  
It shows neither good taste nor bad taste  
but is rather stereotyped. Looks as if  
Sam had the money to buy the things, but  
neither the time nor ability to select any-  
thing of an original nature.  
A phonograph, rather expensive one, stands  
down stage either R or L— opposite side  
which fireplace is— fireplace preferably  
way down R, or between the two doors R.  
Window in hall. Telephone stand in hall.  
Tom is picking out the notes of "The Berenice"  
with the air of a serious musician.  
The phone rings again. Tom looks around,  
makes a grimace.  
So in this house is answer that old bummer!

All a fellow can  
{ Misses and crosses to phone. Sam)  
Hello!— Who— Mr— Oh— no, she ain't home— I'll tell



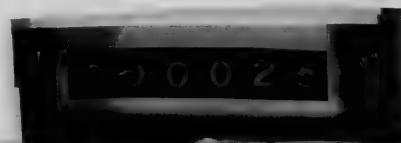


her you called.  
 That's Dodge person's got some nerve calling up every day!  
 (Hanging up receiver, and pauses on phone stool)  
 (Goes back to piano—starts to sit down—  
 phone rings again)  
 Oh—well!  
 (He meant to say "hall" but thought better  
 of it.  
 Very snappy when he answers the phone this  
 time.  
 Hello!—Who wants her?  
 (His voice changes on the instant. He becomes  
 very gracious)  
 Oh—just a moment—I'll see if she's in. Hold the wire  
 please.  
 (Puts receiver on table and goes to hall  
 calls off R)  
 Ma!  
 (Goes in and opens door leading to other room)  
 Oh, Ma!  
 (Mrs. Ramsey appears in hall way—

MRS. R  
 You calling net  
 TOM  
 Listen—  
 (He goes to telephone, puts hand over  
 mouth piece.  
 Is Mema home?  
 MRS. R  
 I don't know.  
 TOM  
 Gee, Ma— it's Pierce Arrow calling.  
 MRS. R  
 Pierce Arrow— who's he?  
 TOM  
 Oh gee! Ma! Get wise! On li her!  
 MRS. R  
 (Going up stairs)  
 Mema! Are you home? Tom says Mr. Pierce Arrow's calling!  
 (Goes up stairs. Tom waits at telephone.)  
 TOM  
 Gee— Pierce Arrow, sounds as good's a Hollis Royce—  
 MRS. R

MRS. R  
 (Coming down the stairs)  
 She says she ain't home!  
 TOM  
 (Sighs)  
 What a dunb! (Through receiver)  
 she's— she's— taking a bath— will you call in half  
 an hour, she can't very well— well, you know!  
 (Mrs. R stares at Tom in open mouthed horror)  
 Alright, I'll tell her you'll call in half an hour, Goodbye!  
 (Hanging up receiver)  
 Thought Mema'd like to take a spin tonight! Gee, I wish I  
 was a girl!  
 (Goes back to piano— begins where he left off.  
 Mrs. R looks at him.

MRS. R  
 Thomas—  
 TOM  
 (Keeps on playing)  
 MRS. R  
 Have you done your— your examinations— or whatever they  
 are— Mema says you got to pass your examinations this term—  
 and—  
 TOM  
 I'm glad vacation's in a week! This school business makes me  
 sick. f Mema thinks I'm going thru' college, she's goin'  
 to find out there's a hole in her think cap. I don't want to  
 be no doctor or no lawyer or no—  
 MRS. R  
 You ought to thank your sister on your knees for sending you  
 to preparatory school, and— college— many boys don't  
 have such a chance!  
 TOM  
 Oh well— she don't have to work for the money!  
 (Hits a few keys)  
 MRS. R  
 Thomas! What do you mean?  
 TOM  
 If I could pick up the kale as easy as Mema does—  
 MRS. R  
 What are you talking about?



18  
TOM  
Freddie Neal gave his son says Nona's a wonder to them—  
don't know how she does it—

MRS. R  
(Peered)  
I don't want to hear what people say, Tom, I've told you so often.

TOM  
Gee, mam, you can't stop people talking! And anyway— Nona's well— she don't work— does she?

MRS. R  
(Greatly upset)  
People talk too much— it's— none of their business— how do they know what Nona does, she may be a— a— well something that— gives her— well, her time's her own.

TOM  
(Looking at his mother)  
Don't ~~you~~ pull the wool over my eyes, I'm wise.

MRS. R  
What are you talking about, Tom?

TOM  
Oh, it's all right— but you can't stop the fellows talking but just the same, there ain't one wouldn't fall for Nona— Gee, Ma, she is a swell dame! And when she rolls her eyes— Gee— I don't blame the fellows!  
(Swings around and starts to pick out notes— stops suddenly)  
Say, Ma!

MRS. R  
Well?

TOM  
Wish I could find a sweetie like Nona!  
(Kisses his finger tips toward upstairs)

MRS. R  
You leave the girls alone!  
(Ramsey enters front door.  
Oh, pa!

RAMSEY  
(Has the tail end of a cigar in his mouth)  
Hello, Jen.  
(Comes into room and slams hat down on table— takes paper from pocket throws it alongside hat)  
Pretty warm day!  
(Sits in chair at table. Mrs. R takes his hat and puts it on rack.

19  
(Ramsey opens the paper, takes the end of his cigar from his mouth— looks up from paper)  
I came near being a winner for three hundred to-day, Jen.  
(Tom goes right on picking out his notes. He has reached the "grace note part" of the composition and is playing in a "chippy" manner

MRS. R  
(Hearily)  
Yes?  
(Ramsey lays the cigar butt on table)

RAMSEY  
Yes, Pretty near!  
(Mrs. Ramsey puts the cigar butt on ash tray on table.

Pretty near!  
(Looks at Tom)  
Stop that infernal racket, will you!

TOM  
Why, pa, that's Chopin! (pronounces it "Chupin")

RAMSEY  
Sounds like you was chipping something—

MRS. R  
He means Chopin, pa.  
(Pronounces it correctly)

RAMSEY  
It just cost four dollars to have that piano tuned— we ain't findin' our money in the street!

TOM  
Ah, Nona paid for it—

RAMSEY  
Sent up, will you!  
(He turns to Mrs. R. Tom puts on soft pedal and continues to pick notes quietly)  
Yes, ma, if I had bet on Grace S— I'd been several centuries to the good—  
(Sighs)  
Didn't seem to pick the right horse.

MRS. R  
Thomas, if you'd ever pick the right horse, it would be the end of the world!  
(Tom shakes with silent laughter. Ramsey looks for his cigar butt and then at Mrs. R)

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RAMSEY  
Oh, I don't know! I seem to have kept a roof over your head--  
and you and the kids ain't starved.

MRS. R  
(Turns away with a weary sigh)  
No.

RAMSEY  
(Bullying, swinging around to her)  
Well, have you? Have you?

MRS. R  
No, no.

RAMSEY  
(Turns away from her, facing audience. Bites the  
(end of cigar)  
That's the trouble with most women. They've no sympathy with  
their husbands-- always expect them to hold the nail straight  
on the head. A man ain't infallible.  
(Reads the paper)  
If I could pick a winner every time--  
(Tom chuckles)  
What the devil you lushing over! Shut up, will you?  
Out out that squeakin!  
(Tom subsides. Ramsey turns to Mrs. R)  
Nottin' home!  
(Tom continues to thump away with soft pedal.)

MRS. R  
Yes.

RAMSEY  
(Laughs. Turns sheet)  
She got a gray dress?  
(Tom stops playing and turns around and looks  
(at Ramsey)  
Black cape with fringes and white fur collar?

MRS. R  
Why I guess--

RAMSEY  
Well! Has she?

MRS. R  
She's got several gray dresses, and she's got two or three  
capees--

RAMSEY  
(Slams the paper down on table)  
She's got to damned many clothes for a girl that don't work!

MRS. R  
Now, Thomas--

RAMSEY  
Do you know what the neighbors say--

TOM  
I was telling me--

RAMSEY  
Shut up!

MRS. R  
Thomas, people are always talking about this one or that one--  
None ain't done no more than other girls, the difference is--  
they've got rich folks and None's had to shift for herself.

RAMSEY  
Shift-- hell! I ain't goin' to have my name disgraced!  
She was at the track this afternoon with a fellow-- old  
enough to be her grandfather-- wished you's have seen him--  
looked like a-- well, like that! Going to public places  
with a fellow like that-- race track test-- regular horseman!

MRS. R  
Don't get excited, Thomas.

RAMSEY  
I got enough of it! Why don't she go to work-- get a decent  
job!

MRS. R  
You were fighting with her all the time when she did have a  
job.

RAMSEY  
Clock and suit model! You said that a job! Letting every  
Tom Dick and Harry handle her around!

MRS. R  
None's been very good to us--

RAMSEY  
Yes, You got a good time out of it-- dolls you up-- suppose  
you'll be gallivantin' round the race track with some old  
sport pretty soon-- well, don't try it! You got everything  
you wanted, piano- phonograph- new furniture-- where did  
she get the money, eh? Where! I want to know! I want to  
know where the hell she got the money!  
(He brings his fist down on the table so heavily  
that the things on it shake)  
Did you ask her? Did she tell you? Where does she get it--  
WHAT does she get it for?



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MRS. R  
Thomas, that will be about enough!

RAMSEY  
It's enough for me! I'm going to put an end to this-- she  
quite-- or she gets out of this house--  
Well, rings.  
Some one of her men friends! I'll put an end to this thing  
I tell you, and I'll begin right now!  
(He starts up to the hall door, Mrs. Ramsey tries  
to stop him, he pushes her away--)

MRS. R  
Thomas-- don't make a scene--

RAMSEY  
You keep out of this!  
(He tears the door open.)  
Well--  
(He sees Mrs. Somerville, changes his tones)  
Oh, I-- Mrs. Somerville-- come right in-- how do  
you do!  
(Mrs. Somerville enters.)

MRS. R  
Come right in Mrs. Somerville.  
(She places a chair for her, but Mrs. Somerville  
is about to decline haughtily, and then thinks  
better of it.)

MRS. S  
Thank you-- could I speak to Nona for a few minutes?

MRS. R  
Yes, I'll call her--  
(Starts for stairs, Ramsey goes to her aside to  
her.)

RAMSEY  
Suppose she's got her Clinton into a scrape and we're in for  
trouble!  
(Mrs. Ramsey goes upstairs and off and Ramsey goes  
down to Mrs. Somerville.)  
(You continues to play.)  
Warm weather we're having, eh?

MRS. S  
Yes, very-- I didn't know that-- your son was muchally  
inclined--

RAMSEY  
He ain't. He thinks he is. Where'd he get any talent? Ain't  
in the family-- all machinists on his mother's side-- building  
line on my side--

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TOM  
Well, there's always got to be a first one of everything, pa.  
Moment, Mrs. Somerville, if they'd give me the chance--

RAMSEY  
You give the piano tuners a chance to earn four dollars  
often enough without talkin' chances for yourself! I'm gettin'  
tired of it--

MRS. S  
You've lived here a long time, haven't you?

RAMSEY  
Bless your soul, yes. Grandfather built the place-- his  
father born here-- I was born here-- kids born here--  
wouldn't sell the old house for anything!  
(Nona comes down stairs in a handsome negligee.  
She stops midway on the stairs and looks at  
Ramsey and Mrs. Somerville with a cynical smile.  
This house belongs to my children-- whatever else happens,  
they'll have a roof over their heads-- got to give your  
children a home, Mrs. Somerville-- names got to do his  
duty by his offspring-- that's the way I take it)

NONA  
(On mid stairs)  
Oh, my god!  
(She starts to laugh  
they turn to her.)

RAMSEY  
What's funny about it?

NONA  
(Laughs)  
(Steps and picks up a kitten)  
You wouldn't think, really, but this kitten's rather  
funny, sometimes!  
(Comes down with the kitten in her hands-- gives  
her father a look, and shows kitten to Mrs.  
Somerville.)  
She doesn't look it, but she comes from a very good family--  
her mother had a wonderful pedigree--  
(Mrs. Somerville stamps at her. Ramsey bites  
his lips, believing "one" lit up.)

RAMSEY  
Mrs. Somerville ain't interested in the cat-- She wants  
to talk to TOM!

NONA  
Yes-- Mrs. Somerville honors me!  
(She crosses to phone stand and picks up slip  
on which Tom has marked names of girls--  
she has kitten in her hand.)

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Dad--- maybe you wouldn't mind-----please!  
( She looks toward the door & sweetly  
and Ramsey shoots her a look.

RAMSEY  
I'll see you before you go--- Mrs. Somerville.  
( Kitten R.

NOMA  
You, Mrs. Somerville aren't interested in your musical  
genius.

( Tom snorts and exits upstairs.)  
(Noma goes to fireplace- bundles up the paper-  
and is about to throw the kitten into the  
grate, but owing to the warm weather a waste  
basket may be used as well.  
she sees her mistake in time, and crosses to  
table, puts paper on it, and is again about to  
throw kitten into fireplace or waste basket-  
notices her mistake in time- returns to table  
and puts kitten on it.  
(Speaking her line the while)

This is the first time in the fifteen years we have been  
neighbors that you have honored us--- with a visit, Mrs.  
Somerville.

MRS. S  
( Apologetically, but the look she gives  
Noma is one to kill.  
My time is so limited--- my social duties---

NOMA  
I understand.  
( She sits, strokes the kitten, Mrs. S. very  
ill at ease.

MRS. S  
You have a very nice place here.

NOMA  
Is it--- I wasn't quite sure.  
( Mrs. Somerville shoots her a look)

MRS. S  
( Plunging into the subject)  
My son has found opportunity to get quite well acquainted with  
you.

NOMA  
Clint flatters himself! But he's a nice boy.

MRS. S  
Boy--- my DEAR Miss Ramsey--- he's twenty----- six!

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NOMA  
( May take cigaret, and offer one to Mrs. S, who  
declines. thoughtfully)  
A man's a boy till he's forty, after that- he's insulted if  
you don't believe he's a boy--- at heart!

MRS. S  
You seem to understand--- men quite well, Miss Ramsey!

NOMA  
Naturally--- I've studied them---

MRS. S  
Indeed!

NOMA  
It's more necessary to study men than it is books, you know!

MRS. S  
Really!

NOMA  
Oh, yes whether you intend to marry--- remain an old maid---  
or--- just in any case, you know!  
( She strokes the kitten, Mrs. Somerville  
looks daggers at her.  
That's the trouble with us women, as a whole-- we won't  
take men seriously--- dissect them, study the details---  
if we did--- we'd feel more kindly toward each other.

MRS. S  
I'm afraid that your education is quite beyond me.

NOMA  
Possibly---necessity has made me an apt student---  
( A touch of sarcasm in her tones)  
You wanted to talk to me about Clinton?

MRS. S  
Yes--- He told me he asked you to this--- ball tonight---

NOMA  
Yes--- he did.  
( She looks at Mrs. S wondering what is coming next)

MRS. S  
You are going--- of course!  
( With a sneer, Noma looks at her)

NOMA  
I hadn't thought about it.



MRS. S  
No! Some of the best people will be there.

MOMA  
Mrs. Harcourt has been trying to get her teeth into the social crust for some time, I believe!

MRS. S  
You are going?

MOMA  
I should hate to disappoint Clint, you know!

MRS. S  
Miss Ramsey—  
(She pauses)

MOMA  
Yes!

MRS. S  
I regret—really—I don't know how to say it to you—

MOMA  
Oh, I'll say it for you—you want me to stay away from the ball?

MRS. S  
I would like it!

MOMA  
Why?

MRS. S  
You must understand—these people are not—you have not been accustomed—I'm afraid I've got speak plainly to you—

MOMA  
We might save time.

MRS. S  
Your reputation—

MOMA  
Reputation? I haven't any—our neighbors have taken it away from me—you see, when I had one—it was—rather like a—knitted sweater with a dropped stitch—some one dropped a stitch somewhere, some one else pulled it—there's only a lot of loose yarn left!

MRS. S  
I am glad you understand—

MOMA  
But I don't understand—why mothers with daughters of their own are so damned quick to condemn a girl because Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Smith said this or that the other thing about her? I'll stake my reputation against any girl in Elmwood Park—and—see how far we get!  
(She rises angrily)

MRS. S  
I am afraid you don't understand—Clinton has told me—Well, I may as well be plain—

MOMA  
Oh, you're that—  
(Mrs. Somerville looks at her and bites her lips)

MRS. S  
Clinton told me he asked you to marry him—

MOMA  
Don't blame me for that, Mrs. Somerville. I'm not responsible for your son's choice in the selection of a wife!

MRS. S  
I'm glad you realized that a marriage between you two is impossible—

MOMA  
Unquestionably—I don't care much about Clinton, when it comes to telling the truth—you know, speaking plainly—he's a nice boy, but he has no initiative—no g't, you know—he's—Oh, he'll make some nice quiet girl a good enough husband—

MRS. S  
Miss Ramsey!

MOMA  
And after all, Clinton is restless—sometimes I'm a little sorry I refused him—

MRS. S  
Miss Ramsey!

MOMA  
You see, one does need a certain amount of repose—and—

MRS. S  
I have told my son I will not countenance a marriage between you—I quite understand you—

MOMA  
Then you know more than I do—and by the way—that marriage business, you know—rests—with—me, I believe!

MRS. S  
(Naughtily)  
We'll discuss that another time---- just now, I ask you  
frankly to stay away from that ball---- refuse to go with  
my son---- I will make it worth your while!

NOMA  
(Looks at her and smiles)  
What's the big idea? Afraid of me---- or ashamed of me?

MRS. S  
We will not discuss that!

NOMA  
After the reputation and the marriage, why not be perfectly  
at home with each other?

MRS. S  
Do you realize that I am serious?

NOMA  
I don't think you could be anything else!

MRS. S  
Do you wish to insult me?

NOMA  
No! Indeed, no! I may decide to marry Clint after all---- and--  
I wouldn't want to start off all wrong with his mother.

MRS. S  
(Crosses to hall)  
I'm sorry---- Miss Ramsey---- but we don't seem to--

NOMA  
No, we don't, do we?  
(Crosses to hall with her)  
I wouldn't worry about the ball if I were you-- there'll be  
other reputations with dropped stitches there, lots of  
chance for pulling yarn, you know---- and as for Clinton----  
he's a dear boy!  
(Mrs. S turns on her, looks at her)  
Surely you'll agree with me on that!  
(Mrs. S is enraged)  
You're not going-- already--

MRS. S  
If you've not to spite me, and go to that ball with us--  
then for God's sake, don't disgrace yourself and us--You--

NOMA  
(Weeily)  
I'm afraid that---- that busy may live up to her reputation--

(Mrs. Hemmerville glares at her and dashes out.  
Noma looks after her and then laughs)

NOMA  
The poor old cat!  
(Tom appears on top of stairs)  
Well---- did you hear it all?

TOM  
(Shamelessly)  
(Coming down stairs)  
Most of it-- Gee, Noma-- you're some gal alright!  
(Looks at her admiringly)  
Gosh if you wasn't my sister---- say, when you roll them  
eyes--

NOMA  
Oh, keep still!  
(She goes back to piano)  
(Mrs. S appears in doorway)

MRS. S  
Is she gone?

NOMA  
Quite!

MRS. S  
Why didn't you offer her some-- some-- grape juice or  
something?

NOMA  
She was beyond that!

MRS. S  
Was she dim?

NOMA  
Narrow!

MRS. S  
What did she want?

NOMA  
She won't get it--

MRS. S  
None-- Oh, Tom--

NOMA  
(To Tom)  
Out that stuff, will you?

TOM  
Oh gee-- who's a person with natural talent ever goin to--

NOMA  
You're natural talent is worth about half a German mark in American money!

TOM  
You're mad because you can't play yourself—you now could play a note—Pa wanted you to be a music teacher—

NOMA  
Without the music!  
(Goes to phone)  
How out that "Paderewsky" stuff, and give me a chance to hear my own music over the phone!  
(Takes up receiver. Tom stops playing—)

TOM  
Oh, gosh!

NOMA  
Hello, Central— Oh, hello— calling this number— who— yes— Miss Ramsey talking— oh fine— how are you— that's good!  
(Tom looks at her, imitating her)  
Tomorrow night— I'd like to— but— I can't really—  
No, no other engagement— I'm going to stay home—  
Why, I'll tell you— it's my birth day tomorrow—  
(Tom stares at her and starts to open his mouth she shakes a fist at him. Mrs. R stares at her)  
Well, don't you think a girl ought to stay home with her parents on her birthday— she owes them that, you know!  
What— Now— I didn't tell you for THAT— reason—  
Oh, no— I couldn't take a present— No— no!  
Oh, I have a wrist watch— just a little plain white gold one— no one gives me diamonds— don't think enough of me—  
(Laughs)  
YOU do!— Oh, now— you don't mean that— you just want to say something nice— Oh, why— nonsense, you're not serious— Oh— No, I won't tell you what kind I'd like— Why what kind of a girl do you think I am— Now, I'm going to hang up! Goodbye!  
(Hangs up. Sighs)

TOM  
Oh God! How we poor men fall for 'em!

MRS. R  
Tomorrow isn't your birthday!

NOMA  
He's going to send me a diamond wrist watch!

MRS. R  
Who is he?

NOMA  
What's his name, Tom— the fellow with the Dodge car?

MRS. R  
I don't like it, Norma—

NOMA  
I don't either, but it's all in the days work.

MRS. R  
You know how people talk about you—

NOMA  
Now— they'll talk either way— if you wear calico, they say "why the devil don't she wear silk," and if you wear silk they say "where the devil did she get it?"

MRS. R  
But Norma, what did SHE want?

NOMA  
Watch her get it!  
(Mrs. Ramsey stares at Norma, with a "what do you mean anyway" expression. Norma goes to the phone picks up receiver— MRS. R as she does so—)  
Hello— let me have Glenwood Park #100.

MRS. R  
Norma, don't start something—

NOMA  
I'm only putting the finishing touches to it!  
Hello— Mr. Clinton Somerville, please.

MRS. R  
What are you going to do?

TOM  
It'll be worth watching, whatever it is!

NOMA  
Don't know exactly myself—  
This you, Clint— Norma talking? How are you?  
(Slight pause)  
The same as you were this afternoon? Why— I thought the races may have affected you— you know—  
I'm glad of that— Of course I'm going! I wouldn't disappoint YOU for the world! — We'll have a wonderful time— I'll keep every dance for you— that one else doesn't steal—  
(Tom sighs)  
You'll call for me— Thanks! Goodbye— be good to yourself!  
(She hangs up receiver)

TOM  
See what a line that girl hands out—





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NOMA  
(Coming back into room)  
Liberal education, Tom— you're getting it free of charge—  
appreciate it! Well mother!

MRS. R  
None—  
(None goes to her and lays her hands on her shoulders)  
Yes— I don't think you'll like you're going out tonight—  
he saw you at the track—

NOMA  
None he enjoyed the sight!

MRS. R  
No didn't like it!

NOMA  
Sorry— reckon he's never liked anything in his life, and yet—  
didn't like your taking in boarders— your sewing for the  
neighbors— didn't like a lot of things, and yet, he  
didn't do much to change conditions, did he?

MRS. R  
(Trying to make apology for Ramsey)  
Your father ain't been very strong—

NOMA  
No, I guess there was no work ever invented that fitted  
his strength! Gee, I admire him for getting away with it!

MRS. R  
You know, he's your father!

NOMA  
Now, he's one thing I don't thank YOU for— For heaven's  
sake Tom, stop that noise and get to your books—

TOM  
That's the way— if you'd only give me a chance— I'd  
make something out of myself, I would!

NOMA  
You'd make a us out of yourself— that's what you'd do!  
Marry some decent little woman and make her life like the  
old man's wrecked mom's— and you'd put children into the  
world like you and me— And they might take after you—  
some's we take after Dad—

MRS. R  
Why, Noma, what's got into you?

NOMA  
It's coming out, that's all— Gee whis, don't you think I'm  
sick of it— but I was a damned sight sicker of the raking

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and scraping and penny pinching— not half enough to eat  
half the time, nothing but cheap little rags to wear, and  
not enough of them— you working yourself into an old woman—  
and— dad always betting on the wrong horse!

TOM  
Gee— you ain't got no kick coming!

NOMA  
Ain't I, eh? Say do you suppose I like this game I'm playing—  
like the devil I do!

TOM  
Well, what do you do it for?

MRS. R  
Children—

NOMA  
Because I wanted money— I want money— money to get the things  
these fine folks around here have— maybe if the swell bunch  
had never blown into this town— I'd have been satisfied with  
the rag and the hash— and ended my days behind some counter  
selling gloves or— but they gave me an education—  
I did it— because— well— there's a change in this dump, since  
the old days!

MRS. R  
But Noma, while we're talking about it— you— could have  
stayed at your job—

NOMA  
Modeling— yes, so I could—but I didn't like it— The old  
man would never let me learn a trade or a profession—  
What did he want me to do— scrub floors— you, didn't even let me  
finish high school— If I'd had a voice, or could have danced—  
or played the piano or painted, or something— but I got  
just about as much talent as the old man has— none!

MRS. R  
Why, Noma, what's upset you?

NOMA  
Only difference between him and me— is— I pick the right  
horse once in a while!

MRS. R  
None— you'll break my heart!

NOMA  
(Stares at her)  
Good God, mother, cut out the sob stuff— I'm not heading  
for the county jail!



Oh—land— whatever a person does in this house—  
(Looks at Mrs. R.)  
If I was like that moth bitten imitation of a female across  
the street— you'd have a reason to howl— letting my people  
up and their last dime on me so's I could catch a rich a man—  
and not even knowing how to get hold of one when they trot  
them out in rows before me— Oh, South, some women are train-  
less!

MRS. R.  
It's the people talking, Nona— they say— they say—

NONA  
Oh, don't say! Let them say! Look here— taxes due, ain't  
they— didn't you say—

MRS. R.  
Don't Monday.

NONA  
Well, there's the money— two hundred—  
(Takes it from stocking)  
And here's fifty for that new kitchen cabinet you wanted—  
And you wanted a runner for the upstairs hall— -- he's  
twenty more— oh, here, take the rest— blow yourself to a  
new dress, you need one any way! Oh— don't bother me!  
(The money is on the table. Nona goes to stairs)  
Going to sleep a couple of hours— let Tom bring me up a  
couple of eggs—  
(He starts to go up stairs. Ramsey comes in  
crosses to table, stares at money)

RAMSEY  
What's all this?  
(Nona stops on stair and watches him)

MRS. R.  
That's the money for the taxes and the—

RAMSEY  
Where'd you get it?

MRS. R.  
Why Nona—

RAMSEY  
And where the hell did SHE get it?  
(Nona comes down stairs and gets to table just  
as he is about to pocket it. Puts her hands on  
it.)

NONA  
I gave this to Mom— if she can't take care of it, I'll do  
it for her.  
(Ramsey turns on her ready for a fight)

RAMSEY  
Where'd you get it?

NONA  
Don't get excited!

RAMSEY  
From that loafer you were with at the race track, eh?

NONA  
Loafer, see he wouldn't like to hear you call him that.

RAMSEY  
What else is he? If you got to run around with fellows—  
why don't you pick a respectable one— not a—

NONA  
Did the best I could, Dad— that chap's "resident of the  
Longman's Trust Co. worth a couple of million— wants me  
to marry him and—

RAMSEY  
My God! Why don't you?

NONA  
No— he's too easy— not my style!

RAMSEY  
If you don't want to marry a respectable man and settle down  
into a decent woman— you want to go gallivantin' around  
with men, takin' money from them—

NONA  
(Angry)  
Out that— don't you dare stand there and tell me that I  
take money from men!

RAMSEY  
Where in Hell do you get it?

NONA  
From the horses!

RAMSEY  
What the—

NONA  
I pick the right one once in a while!

RAMSEY  
What's the difference?

NONA  
A big one— It's up to the horse— my horse wins— O.K. he  
loses— I get nothing— when he wins, I give the fellow  
the money.

back what he bet on him—horses—horses—and he can't say I took a damned cent of his money—Horse loses—well, I got nothing, do I?

RAMSEY

Don't make no difference, and you got to quit rummin' around to public places with men—men—men all the time, different ones every day—

NONA

There's safety in—variety—and don't worry about the public places—they're respectable—it's the little cubby holes—oh—the nice quiet park benches—and the silent weeping willow lanes—where the damage is done!

RAMSEY

You know a whole lot, don't you?

NONA

I know two things—that's enough for me—men and horses—

RAMSEY

That's a lot to know—for a decent girl!

NONA

It's a pretty broad education—there's no two alike—and take it from me, I'll pick a winner each time—if his name is man—or horse—

RAMSEY

Maybe that's why you dropped your decent name—Nottie—and called yourself that—that—that—no decent woman would call her self NO-NA—

NONA

A fancy name catches 'em, dad—Nottie gets about as far as the restaurant table, serving the guys that might be paying her check—and Antoinette—gosh, who's going to waste time over Antoinette when Nona gets as far!

RAMSEY

Say, you know too damned much about men!  
(He looks at him and smiles)

NONA

They all have some traits in common, oh, dad!

MRS. R

Don't tease your father, Nona!

NONA

He can stand it! You know Dad, you men are all alike in one thing—you all got the idea that every woman has a price—

MRS. R

Nona!

RAMSEY

So that's the kind of guys you're running around with! I know it—I knew the specie—

NONA

And the pitiful part of it, they're right—

MRS. R

Nona!

NONA

Well, we will have a rprice, haven't we now?

RAMSEY

Don't you stand there and tell me to my face—don't you insult your mother—

NONA

You bought my mother too damned cheap—that's been the trouble with you!

RAMSEY

So— you— you— you—

NONA

Raise!

(Laughs)

RAMSEY

Maybe you'll tell me what your price is!  
(He is almost bursting with rage)  
A million—two million—

NONA

Nothing as easy as all that!

TOM

My God, what does she want!

RAMSEY

You, WHAT do you want!

NONA

A worth while husband!

RAMSEY

(Almost collapses into chair. He sits)  
A— husband!

NONA

What did you think I wanted?

RAMSEY

You— mean— got married?



NONA  
I wasn't thinking of going on a joy ride!

RAMSEY  
Well, why didn't you— you got a chance— that Hank —

NONA  
I've got fifty chances, they don't come up to snuff!

RAMSEY  
(Rises, serious, angry)  
Now see here, this stops— you stop diagnosing my name—

NONA  
I told you a hundred times I'll take a different name?

RAMSEY  
You can't change the fact that you're my daughter.

NONA  
No, dad knows, I can't—  
(There is a storm ready to burst. Mrs. Ramsey  
rides it over)

MRS. R  
It might be better if you did get married, Nona— and  
settled down—

RAMSEY  
And stop this damned running around— You'll see who's  
boss in this house— from tonight— you stay in— see—  
in— I said in!

NONA  
I heard you and I'm going out in a couple of hours, as soon  
as I get a beauty sleep.

RAMSEY  
That's no much respect as you have for me?

NONA  
Respect's got to be inspired— think you ever inspired it!

MRS. R  
Oh, Nona— my God, don't fight!

RAMSEY  
I'll break her neck—

NONA  
You been doing it ever since I got out the cradle.  
(Nona is getting angry)

RAMSEY  
I'll not have a— a— do you know what the neighbors call  
you— you— my daughter—

NONA  
(On lower step)  
You cared a whole lot what the neighbors said when you let  
your wife work herself old before her time— didn't you?  
You cared a lot what they said when your children ran around  
half naked and half starved— you cared a lot what they said  
when this old shack nearly tumbled down over your head—  
didn't you— you cared a lot what they said when you wasted  
your days at the race track, in the corner saloons—  
you care a lot that they say you never done a day's work in  
your life—

MRS. R  
(Trying to step her)  
Nona, Nona—  
(Ramsey is bursting with rage— Mrs. R between  
him and Nona)

NONA  
You cared a lot what they said then, didn't you— you didn't  
talk of disgrace then, did you? You didn't think it a disgrace  
that you didn't give your children a decent start in life—  
it's no disgrace that you never felt a duty to your wife and  
family— is it—

RAMSEY  
(Choking)  
I kept a roof over your head, haven't I?

NONA  
A mighty leaky one, and you wouldn't have done that if your  
poor father hadn't had your number— You'd a sold this  
place long ago and bot the money on the wrong horse, if  
your father hadn't see willed it to your grand children!  
You kept a roof over our head— why, you'd have told me  
to go out and cook grubs and serve it for spinach before  
you'd have exerted yourself to do a day's work!

RAMSEY  
You ain't overtasked on work yourself!

NONA  
Don't blame me for a family trait— I take after— my  
father!  
(She goes up another step—)

RAMSEY  
Be've come to a show down— right here and now! Either you  
quit this life— marry and settle down, or— get out!

NONA  
Mawing I'm to marry the loafer I was with at the race track  
this afternoon!





{ That is exactly Ramsey's meaning, and he grows confused under the threat- sputters and matters.

RAMSEY  
Why not-- damned sight better than -----

NONA  
Picking the right horse!  
{ Means over the rail)  
You see, Dad, you ought to take a tip from your daughter once in while-----

( Mad )  
RAMSEY  
What's he mean?

NONA  
Horses!

RAMSEY  
What do you know about horses?

NONA  
{ Laughs and holds up the money in her hand)  
They're always accommodating to me-----

RAMSEY  
{ Glances his fists and goes to stairs- Nona gets scared, thinks he's going to come after her- she is midway on stairs when he speaks  
Wait a minute!

NONA  
{ Thinks he may give her a beating- a bit frightened)  
What-----

RAMSEY  
Loan me fifty----- I got a tip on on tomorrow's race ---

NONA  
{ Sighs with relief)  
All right, Dad, I'll see you at the track tomorrow afternoon.  
{ She goes up stairs as CURTAIN is lowered.)

END OF ACT I

ACT TWO.

Setting-

A handsome exterior. "representing the terraced veranda of a costly mansion. Mid night. Up R and L French bay windows open upon the veranda. Plants inside the windows- Enter back a pair of glass doors forming a sort of palace arch when open. down R and L vines covered stone railing and entrances R I and L I leading off to grounds. A lattice worked effect for the roof of the veranda, covered with greens- vines and greens everywhere in evidence. Posts on either side of door, giving a colonial effect- pillars at R and L. Benches, wicker furniture-- Bridge lamps up R and L and down R and L. Scene should be exceptionally beautiful. Small wicker tables and chairs- flowers and greens in profusion.

AT RISE

Jazz band off stage is playing a jassy number, and through open door couples are seen dancing- JEAN and Van Strudivant- Nancy and Professor- Young lady and Preston- another girl and Clinton- and just once during action at one- Nona passes dancing with Harcourt. The music ceases, and couples exits to L and R behind the doors- Mrs. Harcourt and Mimi- the former a handsome, well dressed woman in the early thirties, the latter an up to date, pretty, bob haired flapper. She is carrying an immense bunch of orchids. Mrs. Harcourt is angry.

MRS. HAR.  
It's positively disgraceful-----

MIMI  
Don't snap my head off, nonsense-- I didn't ask that Clinton Semerville to bring a nice girl!

MRS. HAR.  
I only asked him to bring a girl to keep him away from you-- his mother's got her eyes set on you--

MIMI  
She can keep them sitting-- Nothing doing with Mom's boy!



MRS. HAN  
I had no idea he'd bring such a--

MIMI  
What's the matter with her? She's got a little way with her--  
Wish I had \$2, I wouldn't have such a time landing Bob  
Van Sturdivant--

MRS. HAN  
She's danced four times with your father!

MIMI  
Don't blame her!

MRS. HAN  
What do you mean--

MIMI  
The man wants to enjoy himself once in while!

MRS. HAN  
Mimi, I don't approve of you!

MIMI  
I know it-- I'm going to ask that girl how she does it--  
I'll never land Van Sturdivant with Jean Somerville in the  
running-- she's just copped him tonight, not a darned  
chance for me in sight-- If dad wasn't so set on this  
patriotic business-- I could have married half a dozen  
dukes--

MRS. HAN  
One would be quite enough.

MIMI  
They're not so hard to land-- but dad's queer--  
See, he came from France--

MRS. HAN  
That's why he wants you to marry an American-- he made all  
his money in this country-- he wants it spent here--

MIMI  
I wish there was something else outside of Van Sturdivant  
in sight-- if all the American bachelors as are hard  
shelled as he is-- no wonder some of them are lobsters.  
Oh, well-- I'll get chummy with that-- what's her name--  
Maybe she can give me a tip!  
(Starts to exit R. Meets Farron who is coming  
out, nipping his brow.)

FARRON  
Everything quite all right, Mrs. Marcourt?

MRS. HAN  
Quite, Mr. Farron--

FARRON  
Grown like this means got to keep on the job-- always a  
few invited guests slip in and one don't know who they are--  
and then a diamond necklace or a string of pearls disappears--  
and it's up to little Willie to get it back--  
(Laughs)

MRS. HAN  
Mr. Mr. Farron-- I wish you would keep your eye on--

FARRON  
(All attention)  
Yes-- which one?

MRS. HAN  
The, or-- that blonde girl-- with the--  
(Takes him to door and indicates)

FARRON  
Oh, that one-- some baby--

MIMI  
I'll tell the world she is!

MRS. HAN  
See that she doesn't dance with my husband again--  
dance with her yourself, if you have to--

FARRON  
I got a wife and family--  
(Laughs)

MRS. HAN  
You're also a detective--

FARRON  
Nuph, yes, of course, of course! I understand-- leave  
it to me!  
(Mrs. Somerville enters C.)

MRS. HAN  
Oh, Mrs. Somerville-- Mr. Farron-- detective--

MRS. S  
Trouble?

FARRON  
No, Madame-- no, just a precaution--  
Mrs. Marcourt-- I will-- or-- you understand-- put  
your mind entirely at rest!  
Ladies-- your pardon-- duty before pleasure!  
(Exits to house.)



MRS. S  
( Dropping into a chair at one of the tables)  
Butler or waiter serves soft drinks or beer--  
My dear Mrs. Harcourt-- I've been seeking a minute & one  
with you all evening--

MIMI  
I'll fade away--

MRS. S  
Oh, no, Mimi-- my dear-- stay, do--  
( with over exaggerated friendliness she catches  
the young girl's hand.  
You see-- I've been wanting to apologize for-- Miss Ramsey--  
It was Clinton's doing--

MRS. HAN  
Oh, indeed, my dear Mrs. Somerville-- she's a charming girl!

MRS. S  
( Looks at her )  
Do you think so?

MRS. HAN  
Really--

MRS. S  
Clinton brought her-- he perfectly frank!

MIMI  
Mother thinks she's out to vamp dad!

MRS. S  
I wouldn't be a bit surprised. "he's vamped" as you call  
it Clinton-- entirely--

MIMI  
She has a lot of energy to spare--

MRS. S  
My dear-- what do you mean?

MIMI  
Clinton is such a-- difficult problem--

MRS. S  
He is complex-- I'm afraid, though-- that that-- girl--  
Mimi-- I was going to ask a favor of you--

MIMI  
Glad to oblige--

MRS. S  
Will you-- or-- kind of-- well, take Clinton under your  
wing-- don't let her get--

MIMI  
You mean-- don't let her get near Clint-- guard him against  
the vamp! I'll try it-- but I don't think Clinton will creep  
under my wing! No, no! I'll try my wings!  
( Exit to house )

MRS. S  
It's a pity such girls should be permitted at large--  
They're a danger to the community--

MRS. HAN  
Of course no young man is quite safe--

MRS. S  
( Sweetly but to the point )  
I notice the old ones are in danger as well!  
They have no limit whatever, these modern girls--

MRS. HAN  
They are going a rather swift pace--  
( She crosses to door C-- steps.  
Jean comes out.  
Ah, Jean-- you are perfectly wonderful tonight-- I wish  
to goodness Mimi had your poise!

MRS. S  
Mimi is a dear girl!

MRS. HAN  
Yes-- yes-- I wish she were well married-- to some good  
man--

MRS. S  
Yes-- indeed-- it's the safest thing for girls, these days  
marriage-- I was telling Clinton--

JEAN  
Mother-- I've been looking for you--

MRS. HAN  
You'll forgive me, won't you-- I--Mr. Harcourt will miss  
me--  
( "He exits to house. Jean turns to her mother )

JEAN  
She's scared to death that Mimi is going to break up her  
happy home-- the pickle magazine is crazy about her.

MRS. S  
Why did you let her get away from you?

JEAN  
I can't lead him around on a leash-- I've danced with him  
three times and I managed to get two more out of him--  
I fixed it up with Clint to bring him out here-- I'll  
come upon them accidentally-- if he doesn't propose-- well  
I--

MRS. S  
He's got to! — And "Mony?"

JEAN  
Oh— useless! Mother— sometimes I think "Mony's in love with Clint!"

MRS. S  
(Laughs)  
Indeed! Well, Clinton has no such intentions— I'd better go in— you won't want to be disturbed—

JEAN  
We're going to sit out this next dance.  
(Goes down L.)

MRS. S  
Where are you going?

JEAN  
I'm going down here— when Clint comes out— I'll— you know, come upon them accidentally—

MRS. S  
I see! Good luck!  
(Exits to house.)  
(Jean exits L. I.)  
Music begins— Clinton and Van come from House.

CLINTON  
It's awfully good of you to be interested in that invention Van— Jean will be delighted— she's some girl— I ain't she— if she is my sister!

VAN  
Beautiful girl— yes, Clinton— she's that— one among hundreds.

CLINTON  
Fellow can't help admiring her— she's wonderful.

VAN  
(Looks at him quickly, wondering what the dickens he is driving at)  
No, I should think not— We were going to sit out this dance I believe— she must have forgotten.

CLINTON  
Oh, probably some one is talking to her— I never saw a girl like "Mony"— even if she is my sister. Now there's "Mony"— Dear thing— but compare her with Jean—

VAN  
She loses, eh? That Miss Kasey—

CLINTON  
Oh, I'm going to marry her!

Lucky chap!

VAN  
CLINT  
The mater doesn't quite approve— well— you know how mothers are!

VAN  
Yes, But why disapprove— in this case?

CLINT  
Mona's rather up to the minute— by the way— Van, you might be a good fellow— put in a good word with the mater— she thinks you're the, well, the best ever!

VAN  
I'll be glad to help you, Clint.

CLINT  
Thanks old man, and you can depend on me— when— when it comes to that!

(Shakes Van's hand. Van looks at him rather puzzled.)  
You'll be marrying yourself one of these days, you know—

VAN  
As soon as I find a girl who— places me— above—

CLINT  
Mony— "Naturally!"  
(Looks around hoping that Jean has heard the conversation.)  
(Harcourt enters from L. U. Comes down looks at Van—)

HARCOURT  
Sure, it's you, my eyes ain't what they was once.

VAN  
Mrs. "A court—

HARCOURT  
Hello, Monerville— some gallic— that sweetie you brought 'round— Van— that boy's a picker!  
(He nudges the young man.)  
Can she dance! Oh la, la!

CLINT  
Mona seems to have made a hit with you?

HARCOURT  
Hit, she knocked me flat!

CLINT  
She's going to be my wife!

MARGOURT  
No offense— She can't help— I mean— you— she didn't say so! (He is a bit upset)  
Mr. Van Sturdivant— if you don't mind, can I butt in and talk a little business— business is business and if I didn't keep that in my head— I wouldn't have what I got to-day— you know, when I began in the pickle line, we made our product in the kitchen of a Harlem flat— Mrs. Harcourt, my first wife and now— I peddled them from grocery to grocery and— to-day I got a few millions and Mrs. Harcourt— I got her the finest white marble monument she died—

VAN  
I have seen it.

MARGOURT  
She'd love it, if she could see it. Well, I don't want to butt in on you youngsters— I know— (Significantly)  
What I was going to say it— sit down, Mr. Van Sturdivant— be at home— Clinton— sit down— cigar!  
No— well, I don't like cigars, leave them to the ladies! Ha! ha!  
(He laughs)  
You know, that my new pickle factory stands on your ground— I mean the latest cannery I built— couldn't buy it— took a fifty years lease— now— can't you and me come to an understanding— I want to buy that ground!

VAN  
The Van Sturdivants never sell their land.

MARGOURT  
They got to begin sometime.

VAN  
I— couldn't— you better drop a line to the estates lawyer— take it up with him—

MARGOURT  
But you—

VAN  
No— I— that's the lawyer's business.

MARGOURT  
Well, can I tell him I talked to you and you liked the idea?

VAN  
Yes, if you want to.

MARGOURT  
All right, that's settled.  
(MARGOURT starts for door L)  
I'll toddle around the lawn awhile and smoke—  
(JEAN comes up, angry— enters—)  
Oh, how do— you look beautiful— My God, you girls do get more beautiful every year— oh— what you say, young men!  
(JEAN casts him an angry glance.  
He laughs and exits— VAN crosses down the

JEAN  
I'm afraid I've kept you waiting— but— I I just dropped down in the grounds— the are so wonderful— Oh— hello, Clinton— you've deserted some body!

CLINTON  
Yes, I have, darned shame too— Oh, I can fix it up with her.  
(The waiters have closed the doors U and Clint exits R or B U.)

JEAN  
(Drops into a chair posing)  
Do you know, Mr. Van Sturdivant, sometimes I think we should all have been born rich— how beautiful this world would have been without poverty, misery—

VAN  
There would be very little left for a rich man to do.  
(He sits next to her)  
You value money?

JEAN  
Why— I suppose so— I've been used to it, you know!

VAN  
You wouldn't marry a poor man?  
(He looks at him with a veiled look)

JEAN  
Oh, perhaps— if I loved him, LOVE doesn't stop to ask about one's bank account does it?  
(She is simply posing)

VAN  
They say it doesn't.

JEAN  
But you think it does!

VAN  
I've never been in love.  
(He starts slightly. Looks at him)



JEAN  
It seems impossible— why I thought you'd had many love affairs—

VAN  
I don't think you could call them that!

JEAN  
( Entirely at a loss)  
Not then you must be very cruel!

VAN  
I've never been accused of cruelty.

JEAN  
Women have been in love with you?

VAN  
I doubt it!  
( Mimi comes in)

MIMI  
Hello!  
( Jean shoots her a look Mimi smiles sweetly)  
Hope I'm not intruding!  
( She sits down.  
Fact is I left my fan here— I mean I thought I did.  
It's awfully warm inside. Not intruding, am I?

JEAN  
No!

MIMI  
You looked so awfully serious—

JEAN  
( Pointedly)  
We were discussing —

MIMI  
Love! That's the only subject one can discuss in such surroundings. Now I want a man to propose to me— I'm going to take him out somewhere to the— the dumps— if he can make love to me— with a lot of broken down trucks all around and a drizzling rain— well— he'll mean it!

VAN  
You are quite original, Miss Harcourt!

MIMI  
Well— I— mean it!

JEAN  
We don't doubt you!

MIMI  
I suppose you've been in love a lot of times, Haven't you Mr. Van Sturdivant?

VAN  
No—

MIMI  
( Mistaking)  
Not even once!  
( She flashes a triumphant glance at Jean)

VAN  
Not even once!

MIMI  
Do you mean that!

VAN  
That!

MIMI  
Well, you will be, some day— some woman will make you fall for her charms—

VAN  
Doubtless.

MIMI  
Well, I've never been in love myself—

JEAN  
That's too bad Mimi— poor Clinton—

MIMI  
Clinton— he's— What's her name— Nora—

JEAN  
Ridiculous! She— I beg your pardon, Mr. Van Sturdivant— that girl—

VAN  
Your brother thinks quite well of her.

JEAN  
My brother!

VAN  
Seems to be a very charming girl!

JEAN  
( Looks at him searchingly)  
I didn't know you knew her—

VAN  
I don't— I just — met her.

JEAN  
(With great meaning)

MIMI  
I always know when a girl is popular with the men---  
Other girls don't like her!

JEAN  
I wouldn't say that--- there are some girls though---  
that one could not really cultivate! Don't you agree  
with me---  
(She turns sweetly to Van,  
Mimi watches her)

VAN  
I presume there are.

MIMI  
Oh, yes, of course there are!  
Wonderful night out here, isn't it!  
(She lights a cigaret)  
(Jean is boiling over with rage)  
Get tired dancing all the time.  
(Van is quite aware of their little game  
and is secretly enjoying it)  
Moonlight and--- roses--- only there is no moon---  
(She fondles the flowers)  
Orchids--- been wanting to thank you for them all evening.  
Mr. Van Sturdivant---

VAN  
You are very welcome.

MIMI  
He did you know they were my favorites?

VAN  
The florist told me you preferred them--- you see  
he knows you!  
(She is perturbed at this and Jean is  
triumphant.)

JEAN  
Florists have good memories.

MIMI  
Oh, have they, really?

VAN  
(Growing uneasy)  
I'm afraid you girls are missing a dance---

JEAN  
I believe we agreed to sit this one out---

(Mimi blows a ring of smoke into the air) 13

MIMI  
Wonderful night for lovers--- a gondola and Venice for a  
background--- next party we have, I'm going to tease  
money to turn this place into Venice and have gondolas  
and Venetian postmen--- won't it be romantic--- we've got  
to give Mr. Van a chance to fall in love!

JEAN  
It would be very interesting---  
(Presumably, Mimi takes her up)

MIMI  
We might have a skating party here this winter--- ice  
palace and--- ice and snow aren't conducive to love making  
are they, Mr. Van Sturdivant.

VAN  
I really don't know!

JEAN  
You're looking very sweet tonight, Mimi--- I've never seen  
you look so well before---

MIMI  
I never saw you look so well either. Pity to waste our  
good looks here where none can see them--- Meg pardon Mr.  
Van--- but you seem interested in the--- atmosphere!

JEAN  
(Aside)  
Little cat!

VAN  
It is a shame to deprive others of such a pleasing sight---  
(He extends a hand to each girl)  
Will you permit me---  
(Laughter off C--- Van hesitates--- Roma enters with  
Professor, Preston, Clinton, and two or three  
other men.)

ROMA  
Now! I can't dance with you all at once!

PRESTON  
You promised me---

FRANK  
My name is on your tablets---

CLINTON  
You said that I---

ROMA  
Now--- now!

GLINTON  
It isn't fair—  
(The men crowd around her)

NONA  
I won't dance with any body— then none of you can be  
offended—

PRESTON  
I say, let's draw lots, the lucky one—

JEAN  
No, not why, mind— I believe I didn't see you!  
And Jean— doesn't seem so very long since we were  
kiddies together, does it?  
(She addresses them with an air of familiarity  
Jean is wild with rage.)  
Tonight reminds me a lawn party your mother gave years ago—

JEAN  
I believe Clinton sneaked you through a hole in the back  
fence!

NONA  
Yes! My mother didn't want me to go and she wouldn't  
buy me a new party dress!  
(Jean chokes back her rage.)

GLINTON  
Great old days, weren't they Nona—

JEAN  
Yes— but I'm afraid we've— interrupted— Mr. Mr.—  
Your name slipped my memory—

GLINTON  
Van Sturdivant—

NONA  
Oh, yes— I've read your writings— I mean a great many  
of them!  
(She shows much interest in him)

VAN  
I'm not a writer, Miss Ramsey.

NONA  
Then I must have made a mistake— I thought you were a  
celebrity—

JEAN  
Mr. Van Sturdivant is from one of our oldest families—  
there have been Van Sturdivants, ever since— the Hudson  
River was discovered.

NONA  
(To Van)  
Quite lost in the glory of your ancestors, aren't you!

VAN  
They are a nuisance, sometimes!

JEAN  
Some. How can you say that!

NONA  
My dear any one having them, must feel that way— some times!  
What do you say, Professor Preston!

PRESTON PROF.  
I— I haven't given the matter any study!

NONA  
And you, Mr. Preston!

PRESTON  
I never had any— I mean— they didn't amount to— they were  
just plain people— I went out West and made a pile—

GLINTON  
Lucky man!

PRESTON  
I realize tonight thought that I missed a whole lot  
(He looks at Nona who is sitting at one of the  
tables. One of the men gives her a cigaret—  
Van offers her a light.)

NONA  
Thanks!  
(She looks at the group gathered around her)  
I'm keeping you from your partners!  
(She men protest.)

JEAN  
Mr. Van Sturdivant, should we finish the dance—

NONA  
Oh, no—, let's all discuss — what we were talking about—  
love!

NONA  
Nonsense! Love! How perfectly ridiculous— I beg your pardon—  
I was just thinking of what some wise man said— "Many  
persons would never have been in love had they not heard  
talk of it."

JEAN  
(Sneers)  
Oh, I see, you are an authority on love!

Oh, goodness, no! I'm rather expert upon it's effects though!

Indeed-----  
JEAN

Oh yes---that's why I venture to say, Mr. Mr-- Van Sturdivant has never been in love!

How marvellous-----  
MIMI

Interesting!  
JEAN

And how do you conclude as such?  
VAN

Unexplainable--- I merely know- but I can't dissect the causes.

You evidently understand the --- causes though?  
JEAN

No--- merely the men--- that's why I'm more kindly disposed to my sex than most women are!

Are you?  
JEAN  
( Bites her lips)

Naturally, understanding--- men.  
But come--- we mustn't waste our time here, with this splendid music-----

{ Men gather round her and plead for the next dance, saying- it's mine, my turns, please - etc.

( She laughs)  
I tell you what--- blind fold me---  
Then stretch out your hands, and who's hand I shall touch will be the unfortunate victim ---

Unfortunate-----  
PRESTON  
( The men protest. Van watches her.)

( Bus with handkerchief.)  
ELINTON

All right--- permit me!  
{ e ties handkerchief around her eyes.  
{ Men gather round her in semi circle. Mimi  
{ and Jean on either end of the circle.

Laughingly they stretch out their hands.  
{ Mimi turns--- reaches out and touches Van's hand. With the other hand she removes the bandage. Looks at Van and laughs)

Behold the victim!  
MIMI

I am honored!  
VAN

You are extremely chivalrous!  
MIMI  
{ She makes him a dainty courtesy---  
However, I will not hold you to your misfortune-----

Miss Ramsey--- I consider myself blessed of the Gods!  
VAN

Then indeed  
{ Mimi again and accepts his hand)  
{ it were ill to defy them!  
{ He goes into house with Van- the other men follow her. Mimi appears at R and comes on. Jean is so enraged that she can hardly speak  
{ Mimi bursts out laughing!

What's the matter?  
MIMI

That Mimi?  
JEAN

Mimi!  
MIMI

Who else? She's a disgrace to her sex!  
JEAN

She is, she makes us realize what a lot of laggard the rest of us are! While we're deciding which way to carry home the bacon, she's got is sizzling in the frying pan--- Oh for a bit of her knowledge! 'oak--- don't let's fight her--- let's cultivate her and get on/ to her linen--- some gail!

I wouldn't speak to her!  
JEAN

I like her!  
MIMI

Mimi!  
JEAN

She is nice!

NANCY

I'll say the men agree with you!  
(Exit into house)

MEME

JEAN

Where's mother?

NANCY

Inside— talking with Mrs. Harcourt.  
Some nice people here tonight, Jean!

JEAN

Oh— I could kill Clinton!  
(She clenches her hands and starts to go toward house.)

NANCY

Jean— if Clinton cares for her—

JEAN

Stop it— he won't dare to marry her—

NANCY

Why not— if he loves her—

JEAN

Do you think we want our family disgraced?  
(Crosses to U. Mrs. looks off, motions some one)  
There's mother— ah, she's seen us—  
She's coming— Wait—

NANCY

Jean, did he— I mean—

JEAN

No he didn't and he never will— he's —a— a —  
brute, been making fools of us—

NANCY

Maybe we've been making them of ourselves—  
(Enter Mrs. S)

MRS. S

You want me, Jean—

JEAN

Clinton will make a fool of himself, that Nancy— carried  
an off right under my eye—

MRS. S

You let her do it!

You wouldn't have prevented it!  
Talk of a hold up—

JEAN

Don't get excited, Jean—

NANCY

JEAN

Oh, keep still—

MRS. S

I think there's a way of stopping this lady on her mad cap—  
(Pauses)

Nancy— see if you can find— Mr.— Warren. A rather  
prosperous looking gentleman—

NANCY

I was introduced to him.

MRS. S

Ask him to be good enough to come here.

NANCY

Yes.  
(Exit into house)

MRS. S

No, you let him get away from you!

JEAN

Away from me— I never got him! No, he's— impossible—

MRS. S

If you had any brains, you'd have handled him right—

JEAN

How do I know how to handle him?

MRS. S

That Nancy would do it— why not take lessons from her?

JEAN

Perhaps it would be wise, since you advise it—

MRS. S

Don't give me any of your sarcasm— I've spent my last  
dollar on you— paraded you around— put you on show—  
for what—

JEAN

Mother!

(Just as Mrs. Homerville is about to reply,  
Parron enters.)

PARRON

Mrs. Homerville! You sent for me?



Yes, thank you. MRS. S  
 Lost something? FARRON  
 No-- There's a-- Jean-- this is Mr. Farron-- my daughter-- Mr. Farron is a private detective--  
 Oh! JEAN  
 This is a family matter, Mr. Farron-- I-- regret the necessity-- but you understand-- a mother has to go a long distance to save her children.  
 Of course! FARRON  
 My son-- MRS. S  
 I see! FARRON  
 Merely a boy, despite his years--  
 Oh, we all are-- FARRON  
 He's fallen into the hands of a siren-- MRS. S  
 Humph-- musical comedy actresses-- MRS. S  
 No-- the girl-- (She hesitates)  
 That girl who danced so frequently with Mr. Harcourt!  
 My son! FARRON  
 (Mrs. S looks at him)  
 You know her type? the kind that are running this country to ruin!  
 Yes-- yes. FARRON

Show her up for what she is-- MRS. S  
 Is she-- is she-- FARRON  
 Easy enough to see what she is! MRS. S  
 You mean you want me to get the goods on her? FARRON  
 Exactly. Whatever your fee is-- MRS. S  
 Oh well-- of course if it's to save an unsophisticated boy-- FARRON  
 say-- that's different-- she don't know I'm a detective-- I'll get the dope on her before this night's over.  
 Very well-- I shall depend upon you. Come, Jean, we'll hear from Mr. Farron-- before --? MRS. S  
 The night's out! FARRON  
 (Present Mrs. S and JEAN.)  
 (JEAN looks after them)  
 Humph! (Enter L.I.) Ramsey. Not in evening clothes)  
 Hello, there! RAMSEY  
 Who are you? FARRON  
 Nowin' around a bit! RAMSEY  
 Oh, you're watching the grounds, eh? FARRON  
 I am doing some watching, my friend! RAMSEY  
 It's just like these swell society dames to do a trick like this-- put the two of us on the job without letting on to either of us about the other, eh? FARRON  
 I ain't up on this society stuff-- RAMSEY

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22

FARNOW  
 Say, do me a favor— keep an eye on Harcourt— and don't let him get near to that blonde dame in the ( goes )

RAMSEY  
 Nah! What's all that?

FARNOW  
 Old bird fell for the dame- wife's leery— can't blame her much!  
 { laughs and exits into house, Ramsey looks after him.

RAMSEY  
 What the dickens does he think I am! Blonde dame with—  
 Ram— settle, I'll bet, up to her tricks!  
 { Harcourt comes up the terrace }  
 What do you want?

HARCOURT  
 Nothing— I ain't in the way, am I?

RAMSEY  
 Do you belong here?

HARCOURT  
 Yes, I guess so.

RAMSEY  
 Well, maybe you'll tell me who— this— fellow Harcourt is?

HARCOURT  
 { looks at him searchingly }  
 What do you want with him?

RAMSEY  
 I'll break his neck if I get him!

HARCOURT  
 Oh— well— he's— somewhere about. What's wrong about him?

RAMSEY  
 That's my business!

HARCOURT  
 I guess it's about fifty fifty with him, if he's going to go— his neck broke.  
 { waiter comes on with refreshments, Harcourt looks at tray— huc, listen— bring's some beer and sandwiches, { exit waiter }  
 Sit down stranger—  
 { Ramsey sits.

RAMSEY  
 Don't mind if I do— tell me something about this Harcourt?

23

HARCOURT  
 Well, that's kinda hard for me— You see he 's a pretty decent sort, really.

RAMSEY  
 Yes?

HARCOURT  
 Yes. WHAT did he do to you?

RAMSEY  
 Notin'!

HARCOURT  
 Then what the devil you want to break his neck for?

RAMSEY  
 That's my business.  
 { waiter re-enters with bottles of beer and sandwiches }

HARCOURT  
 Have some!

RAMSEY  
 Don't mind if I do.  
 { drinks. waiter exits at sign from Harcourt }

HARCOURT  
 Kinda nice night outside.

RAMSEY  
 Yes.

HARCOURT  
 What's your business here— tip me off on this Harcourt thing— what's he done to you?

RAMSEY  
 Notin', I told you.

HARCOURT  
 Hmph— you look all right?

RAMSEY  
 I am all right, too much all right. I got a daughter here— want to see where the devil she spends her nights—

HARCOURT  
 Oh, it's all right, got a daughter here myself.

RAMSEY  
 { Looking into window }  
 Tain't exactly what I like to have a girl get mixed in—  
 { Comes down—  
 Mrs. Harcourt dancing with Preston pauses at door  
 { an instant.

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Look at that woman--- she ain't got enough clothes on her-

(Looks)  
Ralph, that's my wife---

I beg your pardon.

Tain't necessary. I agree with you. But what's the use?  
And then they--- they--- what's the use--- no wonder  
she can't leave home!  
(No indication. Nona who stops for an instant in  
full view of them, back to them, Van with her)  
Now, there's baby for you!  
(Ramsey looks from Nona to him)  
Come--- come gall!

You know her?

Dressed with her four times! Ain't I the lucky dog!

Ralph, maybe you think so!

I guess that's right. Told her I'd buy her an automobile---  
diamond earrings--- anything she wanted---

What she say?

Said I was generous!

Ralph, you were, oh?

Well, you know--- told her I'd like a sweetie like her---  
told her she could have anything she wanted---  
(Nona out of sight by this time)

Yes--- what did she say?

Didn't say anything---  
(Ramsey stares at him)  
Slapped me in the face--- and said--- go to---  
You know it's hard to understand women---

There's no two of 'em alike!

(Bites the end of cigar)  
I ain't made 'em a special study.

Neither did I--- that's the trouble, ain't wised up to 'em.  
You think you got 'em--- they got you--- Thought that  
baby would fall so fast for the automobile and the diamonds---  
and---  
(Slaps his cheek)  
Tried to patch it up with her--- told her like to make make  
good--- said---

Yes---

Said she'd meet me at the races tomorrow--- introduce me to  
her dad!

Oh, she did, oh!  
(Laughs)

Some gal, all right!

Yes, she's my daughter!

(Stares at him starts to heat it)  
Er--- er---  
(Ramsey stops him)  
Let it go at that---I got--- slapped!

I guess we will--- so you're "arcourt"--- oh?

Well, now---

You're pretty late to start in on this kind of a game---

Never had time before---

Time's past for that--- You old boys--- promising the  
girls automobiles and diamonds--- and--- some of these fool  
girls ain't got the sense to slap your face--- and then  
you blame the girls for going wrong--- Well, thank God, I  
brought mine up different!

She can take care of herself!

HARGOURT  
Oh, yes--- she don't need a nurse!  
(Hona comes out with Clinton, she is protesting)

HONA  
Now, Clint, old dear--- how often have I told you---  
Mr. Hargourt!

HARGOURT  
Ye-es-- yes. Your--- Never spent much a pleasant evening  
in twenty years!  
(Hona looks at Ramsey)

HONA  
Well, what on earth are you doing here?

HARGOURT  
Dropped 'round to--- say hello!

HONA  
(Looks at each man)  
I didn't know you were acquaintances.

HARGOURT  
We ain't, we're friends. Been discussing the--- pickle  
business.

HONA  
That's interesting. Should have put your dress suit on,  
dad.

RAMSEY  
You see, I didn't expect to--- to--- Ah--- sit it---  
I came 'round to see what kind of a dump you were  
dancin' around in.

HARGOURT  
(Looks at him)  
My wife paid six hundred thousand dollars of my money  
for this place---

RAMSEY  
Why have a wife---

HARGOURT  
Say I thought--- you---

RAMSEY  
That throws your money away like that.

HARGOURT  
Come on let me show you the place!

HONA  
Yes, dad, go-- please, you'll enjoy the-- architecture!

RAMSEY  
(To Clinton)  
Young man, you bring her home at a reasonable hour--- no  
more of this night hawking business, understand? I'm going  
to keep an eye on my girl!

CLINTON  
I'll take care of Hona---

HONA  
Don't fret, father!  
(Exit Hargourt very nervous and Ramsey)  
Well, for pity sake, what's got into the old man!  
Seems to be taking an interest in his daughter!  
(Laughs)

CLINT  
Oh, be serious, will you--- this is the sixth time I've  
asked you to marry me--- I can take care of you, Hona---  
honest-- Vans interested in my invention and--- it means  
thousands and thousands---

HONA  
And what about mother--- and I am?

CLINT  
Oh, mother doesn't understand---you.

HONA  
But I understand mother so darned well that it would be  
rather embarrassing to be her daughter in law.

CLINT  
Oh, what's the difference, you wouldn't be marrying mother.

HONA  
I'd be marrying the family, Clint!

CLINT  
(Protesting)  
Oh---

HONA  
Clint, I believe you're serious--- but--- I understand you  
better than you do yourself--- you don't really love me---

CLINT  
I've loved you since you were a kid and---

HONA  
And you sneaked me in through the back fence to the party  
your mother didn't think me good enough to invite me to?  
Oh, I know, Clint--- you were sorry for me, pitied me---  
You've been sorry for me ever since, kept right on pitying  
me till you fancy yourself in love with me.



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CLINTON  
Don't you think I know the difference between pity and love?

NONA  
No, you don't— men never do— until they discover the difference and then it means a miserable time for some one!  
(She toys with her fan)

CLINTON  
It's because I haven't a bunch of money—

NONA  
No— no— it's because I don't love you any more than you love me— Clinton, I'm going to tell you something about yourself that you don't know.

CLINTON  
Must be something I haven't noticed.

NONA  
You haven't. You'll be surprised to know that you are, unconsciously in love with Nancy Raynes, just as much as she is in love with you!

CLINTON  
Good heavens— "Nancy"— she's one of the family!

NONA  
That's the trouble— take "Nancy" away from the family for a month— and you'll realize how much you want her back in the family.

CLINT  
You're the most impossible girl!

NONA  
I wonder— Clint, after all there's nothing like love in the world, is there?

CLINT  
Well, is there?

NONA  
I don't know, I've never been in love— that's why I think it's wonderful!  
(She sees he is growing angry, rises and crosses to him, takes hold of his lapels and smiles up at him.)  
You've been awfully good to me, Clint— and if it weren't that I'm really grateful— I would marry you— just to spite your mother— it's so easy to get a divorce now-a-days.

But you're such a decent chap, and I'd hate to lose you as a friend.

CLINTON  
Would rather have a friend than a husband?

NONA  
They're much more dependable!

CLINT  
I don't know where you get your ideas!

NONA  
Studying the men!  
(Clinton crosses stage, she pauses then follows him.)  
Go in and dance with "Nancy"— will you— to please me?

CLINT  
Nancy— don't want to dance with me!

NONA  
Ask her, just to please me! Won't you— please, Clinton! Of course you will!

(She leads him to door.)  
Just try and discover yourself, Clint— you know what I mean— just to please me!  
(Baby vamp bus)

CLINT  
Well, hanged if I do, but I'll do it any way!

(Exit to house.)  
(Nona crosses to a table, sits down— fans herself.)

NONA  
Oh, what a life!  
(Lights a cigaret— Farron enters L. U.— comes down stealthily, stands behind her. She glances up sees him, but pays no attention to him. Toys with fan. Farron gets curious, wondering if she has seen him or not. Farron, by the way should be a good looking, rather fascinating sort of chap.)

FARRON  
Er— Miss Ramsey.

NONA  
(Without looking up)  
Yes!

FARRON  
(Goes to opposite side of table—  
Fine night!





Heater morning!  
NOMA

FAIRBORN  
Ma, ha! Yes! Do you know, I've been wanting a word with you ever since I first saw you.

NOMA  
What about?

FAIRBORN  
You struck me all in a heap.

NOMA  
I apologize!

FAIRBORN  
You don't know me.

NOMA  
I don't know—

(She looks at him)  
I think I do!  
(He starts a little fearing that she knows he is detective.)

FAIRBORN  
We never met before.

NOMA  
No.

FAIRBORN  
Then how can you know me?

NOMA  
One look is enough sometimes!

FAIRBORN  
(Laughs)  
Ma, ha! I see—well, then you must know that I'm a pretty good fellow!

NOMA  
You—give the impression. Married and a family—best wife in the world—but she doesn't understand you—never did—never will—makes life a misery—you'd divorce her tomorrow, but she really loves you and you're too much of a gentleman to break her heart, so you carry your burden around on your back for every one to see!  
(Farren stares at her in surprise)

FAIRBORN  
Do you know my wife?

NOMA  
It isn't necessary.

FAIRBORN  
You're a wonder—got me down to a T—you sirree—I'm saddled—best wife in the world—but—angel—but—

NOMA  
And you're looking around for the other women—?—  
I believe there is one!  
(Farren jumps up—then remembers his part and laughs and sits down again.)

FAIRBORN  
Not yet, Miss Ramsey—but I have hopes!  
(He reaches over and pats NOMA's hand which is resting on table. NOMA looks at his hand resting on hers and smiles—turns her attention to her cigaret.)  
I have hopes, Miss Ramsey—I'm a rich man—I can give any girl anything in the world she wants, and when I love a woman, I love her!  
(NOMA apparently without noticing flicks ashes from cigaret on his hand, he withdraws it quickly.)

NOMA  
Oh, I'm so sorry—  
FAIRBORN  
I don't believe I know your name—

FAIRBORN  
Oh, what's in a name, you know me!

NOMA  
(Smiles on him)  
Very well!

FAIRBORN  
That's good—a fine girl like you—well, I wish I could say what's in my heart—

NOMA  
Say it, don't mind me!  
(Farren is gradually beginning to admire her)

FAIRBORN  
You are a fine girl!

NOMA  
(Just turns her eyes on him. He's gone)  
Thanks!

FAIRBORN  
(Forgets his business and grows serious)  
With a woman like you a man could do anything—

NOMA  
(Still smiling)  
He could get himself into serious trouble!



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FARRON  
(Rises and crosses around to her)  
What would it matter— so long as he had you!

NOMA  
(Rises and turns to him, warding him off with her fan)  
What are you driving at!

FARRON  
I'm crazy about you—

NOMA  
You seem to be crazy about something—

FARRON  
How can any man talk to you for five minutes and—  
You're wonderful girls— you're— don't all the men  
tell you that?

NOMA  
Most men don't know what they are talking about, half the  
time!

FARRON  
I'm in earnest— why— with you— I— I'm not a poor man—  
I can give you anything you want— say the word— I will  
get a divorce— I—

NOMA  
(Looks up in the sky)  
I thought the moon might be affecting you— but there is  
none—  
(She looks at him)  
You seem sober,

FARRON  
I am— I—  
(He tries to take her hand, she draws it away)

NOMA  
Nothing doing!  
(Turns away from him and when she is across  
the stage from him she says, turning to him)  
You'd better tell Mr. Arcourt's butler to pass some gin  
in your punch!

FARRON  
(Realizing what a fool he has made of himself  
but still under her spell— crosses to her)  
I'm serious, girlie— never was more so—

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NOMA  
So am I— and let me give you a little hint— if I  
were your wife— I wouldn't be the best woman in the  
world, nor an angel either, I'd be exactly the kind of  
wife you deserve to have—

FARRON  
Miss Ramsey, I— I've made a fool of myself.

NOMA  
You're rather expert at it!

FARRON  
I don't know what to say—

NOMA  
You've said enough! Now I'm going to say something to you—  
You got an idea that I was— what you'd like me to be—  
didn't you— there are a lot of men like you— they think  
because they've got a few pretty dollars, they can buy any  
decent girl going— and who the devil can blame the girls  
if they work the old fools for all they're worth! Why I  
ought to have taken at least a diamond bracelet from you—  
but it wouldn't be fair to the angel wife and the kiddies—  
but I tell you what— I wouldn't even let YOU bet on a horse  
for me— now toddle along daddy— and when you get home  
creep into the bed room and kiss the kiddies in their sleep,  
and thank the good God over you that Noma Ramsey is a decent  
woman— go on, get away from me!

(While Farron stares at her in surprise  
Miss, Nancy and Joan and the other two girls  
come out Parrot sneaks out as they are  
talking.)

NINA  
Oh, here you are!  
(She perches on a table  
Tells us how you do it!)

NOMA  
Do what?

NINA  
Vamp the men!

NOMA  
Vamp them— I wouldn't call it that!  
(The girls group around her)

JOAN  
It comes rather near it, doesn't it?

NOMA  
You want some lessons!

NINA  
I'll say so!



It's really when you know how!

Doubtless.

(Looks at her, notes her sneering attitude)  
Now, for instance, *own, my dear*, that pose of yours— that little sneer would scare any man away!

Really!

Men never like to feel that you think you are superior to them— Oh, they want you to be and if they don't think you are— it's a lost cause where you're concerned, but they don't want you to know you are!

There is something in that.

Tell us some more.

Oh, I haven't begun— You've got to make yourself valuable to a man. And most men— of course, you understand, you've got to know the types, just how to take each one individually— in the main, they're all alike— but in spots— all different— different cases, different treatment.

How do you know what treatment to apply?

We'll take the generalities first, and specify later. Most men, in fact, the great majority, value you by what they spend on you.

Howso?

There are exceptions, but when a fellow is a tightwad when he's trying to win a wife— God help the wife when he's got her, she'd better start right in taking a dressmaking course or— write motion picture stories in her spare time! Of course, no man can go beneath his depths financially— when he does— why— he's just a fool, and the girl who makes him do it is— worse!

Your lesson is interesting!

I'm trying to make it profitable! You know girls— the first thing you want to do, when you decide on your— victim— is find out if he can buy a string of tiffany pearls— or just the Icedia variety— or— just one of the two fifty strings in the Broadway shops. If he's in the tiffany class, nothing less than tiffany for you— if he belongs to the Icedia variety, make him feel your doing him a favor— always make them feel you're doing them a favor— if he's in the two fifty class, and you still care to go ahead— well, you're in love with him and you're lost. You'd better look around for a bungalow or a four room apartment and begin to air out the hope chest.

And then it's all over, ah?

Oh no, then it begins! Another thing— never let a man see you are for him— keep him guessing. Don't be too nice to him, never let him be sure of you—

But suppose he gets tired guessing and sort of slips away?

That's the time to be nice to him— make him appreciate the difference— he'll be glad enough to stick around. *over play* ~~some~~ stud poker— put your cards all on the table you know— always hold back something— on the draw!

I don't play poker— I don't think I understand.

Yes you do— we all do— life's a game of poker— we're all waiting for draw— for fate to hand us out a few cards and we're so darned anxious to see what she's going to give us that we rush her sometimes and then we think the cards are stacked against us.

But suppose you love a man, *Hona*—

All the more reason to be on your guard— nothing loses a man so fast as a woman's love, when he knows it— he's so sure of it, that he do can't even make an effort to hold it.

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36  
NANCY  
But I thought the happiest marriages—

NOMA  
Are the ones where the man is always interested in his wife—  
it works both ways— an interested husband is an interesting  
husband. Let them feel the need of you, let them want you—  
appreciate you and keep them guessing— just a bit— enough to  
keep them interested you— and teach them how to live.

NINI  
That's his order, Noma!

NOMA  
There are only three events in the life of a man— Birth,  
life and death— he doesn't realize his birth, he suffers when  
he dies and — he forgets to live.

NINI  
But, Noma— suppose the girl doesn't — you know, do an't  
care any more— ceased to love her husband?

NOMA  
Her own fault, if she'd kept him interested, he'd be just as  
worth loving as when she married him— of course, girls,  
(She looks at Jean with a little smile)  
I'm speaking of girls who marry for love— the other kind—  
the money hounds— well I don't know that line at all — and  
I can't help you a bit!

JEAN  
Really, I thought you were expert at that!

NOMA  
You wanted the honest stuff, didn't you?

GIRLS  
Oh, yes, yes!

NOMA  
I'm giving it to you!

NANCY  
But how do you get a man interested in you in the first place—

NOMA  
Natural talent, method, cultivation— depends on the  
individual case and after you've studied the less dangerous  
of the species you'll know what treatment to apply to each  
individual case.

JEAN  
You have quite a range of knowledge, haven't you.

37  
NOMA  
Why not be a bit more kindly disposed, Jean! I'm giving  
you all the fruits of my wonderful education— gratis!

NINI  
You're O.K. Noma, but tell us— how do you get 'em— you  
know, upset 'em— get 'em interested, start them going!

NOMA  
I'm afraid I'm better at demonstrating than explaining—  
Send me a couple of men and I'll show you how— one at a  
time please.  
Nini

NINI  
Any special one?

NOMA  
Oh, no, any one will serve!  
And you girls stick around and watch the proceeding!  
(Nini crosses to house)

NINI  
I'll send the first one out I— Oh— there's the man's  
from God's own country—

NOMA  
He'll do whoever he is!

NINI  
What'll we do!

NOMA  
Oh, hide in the bushes!  
(The girls conceal themselves)  
(Noma rises and sits in a different position,  
so that the light falls on her—  
the odds to the odds)  
Get the effects right whenever you can!  
(She sits, rather pensively. Preston enters.  
He lights a cigaret.)

PRESTON  
Gosh— stuffy inside!  
(He sees Noma)  
Miss Nancey— deserted!

NOMA  
Just stole out here for a little bit of air.  
(Noma is slyly looking ~~themselves~~ him over)

PRESTON  
You like the open?

NOMA  
Adore it!

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PRESTON  
(Sits)  
You'd like the mountains!

NOMA  
If I could do it, I'd pack and go out to them tomorrow!

PRESTON  
(Interested)  
Honest? Why don't you?

NOMA  
None ties, can't break away.

PRESTON  
Not— not— not— married!

NOMA  
Absurd notion! Folks, parents, brother.

PRESTON  
Good daughter must make a good wife!

NOMA  
All a woman's put here for isn't it?

PRESTON  
Yes, that's right, but so few women realize that. They don't think that man is Lord of Creation, no matter how you take it!

NOMA  
It's this new woman idea, creeping in, we all feel a touch of it, but fundamentally, we must admit the old regime is the only one— woman's place is in the home, for the home— her husband's helpmate. Woman's place is to help the man.

PRESTON  
You're one woman in a thousand, Miss Ramsey!

NOMA  
What do you expect of a woman, she must do her duty to the race, mustn't she?

PRESTON  
So damn few of them do it though— I beg your pardon—

NOMA  
Don't— a little profanity in a man shows his— superiority over us of the weaker sex.

PRESTON  
(Gets very much upset)  
I wonder if you— do you think your folks would care to go out West?

NOMA  
Oh no! they'd never leave the old home.

PRESTON  
But suppose you married— we'll say— some one from out West!

NOMA  
It would be very hard, but my first duty would be to my husband.

PRESTON  
I— I— Miss Ramsey— won't your name, isn't it—  
(He gets very excited)  
You know— you're the woman for me!

NOMA  
Mr. Preston— this is rather sudden, isn't it?

PRESTON  
I'm hope of these laggards, I see what I want and I go after it— I want you— you're the woman for me—

NOMA  
Do you love me?

PRESTON  
Do you suppose I'd ask you to marry me if I didn't? What do you say— honest I'm no beggar— got a million or so— and— you'd look well with the—

NOMA  
Mountains for a background— but my dear Mr. Preston, you must give me time to consider.

PRESTON  
Take all the time you want, I'll get you if I have to move the mountains to do it!

(He takes her hand, she draws away just a little— his natural respect for women asserts itself—)  
Miss Ramsey— make me a happy man— you won't regret it— say you'll— say yes!

NOMA  
Mr. Preston— you may take me for granted, but you can hardly expect me to do the same— when a woman is to entrust her life to a man's keeping, she must know something about the man— you must give me time— to know you!  
(She smiles at him sweetly)

PRESTON  
There's hope!

NOMA  
Of course there is!

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PHREDON  
I'm satisfied! We'll be happy— you and me!

MONA  
(Coquettishly with just a touch of dignity)  
I hope so— if we— should marry!  
(He kisses her hand, she draws me away)  
You have taken me so by surprise— won't you please give me a few minutes to think— alone?

PHREDON  
Do I get the next dance— Oh, I do— or I won't go?

MONA  
You'll have the next dance!

PHREDON  
It's a wonderful night!  
(He draws a deep breath and turns to her)  
Mona, you're a wonderful girl!  
(With a sigh he exits to house. Mona watches till he is out of sight and motions for girls to come out.)

MONA  
Girls! Come— lesson, no, demonstration number one!

MINI  
For pity sake, I never saw anything like it!

JEAN  
It's rather enlightening!

MONA  
You got the type— conceited, self centered, egotist called noticed it by the jerk of the collar, the tones of that— sound, stuffy insides!— took it for granted— because he thought so— food that speaks up on vanity— play the clinging vine, then don't drop right over them, let them dangle a little, and their yours!

JEAN  
Shall we try another?

JEAN  
I notice Professor Greene coming this way— he's a scientist— they say he knows more of humanity than any man alive— economist, I think— you'll never make him propose!

MONA  
Won't it?

JEAN  
No, you won't! Never looks at a woman more than three times— and I've believe you've had the three looks.

MINI  
I believe the professor's got your number, Mona!

MONA  
Wouldn't save his neck, if I want it to fall!

MINI  
Surely— like that bracelet you got on— sport?

MONA  
None!

MINI  
Set you this ruby ring against the bracelet you don't get him to propose!

MONA  
Take the bet— less than five minutes and I become Mrs. whatever his name Greene, if I feel like it!

MINI  
Fine! Jean, you be stake holder! No— don't approve!— sorry— all right!  
(Takes off ring— gives it to Nancy, Mona takes off bracelet and hands it to Nancy)

NANCY  
Girls, you're foolish! He looks like the sort of man who couldn't see a woman through a microscope!

MONA  
He couldn't— he's got to see her without glasses! Set up to your places!  
(Girls hide.)  
(Mona crosses to rail, sits on it with her leg showing rather generously. She starts to lean a little, and keeps her face away from where professor enters, so that he looks around to see where the sound comes from. She looks at her— a bit embarrassed at sight of her leg, believing she is innocent of his presence. She looks up suddenly, sees him, quickly pulls down her skirt. She is all embarrassment.)

PROF  
I beg your pardon, Miss Ramsey?

MONA  
Oh, I was just day dreaming again— and at night to!

(Takes off the railing)  
Sometimes I think I need a guardian.

PROF  
Not Really?  
(Amused)

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NONA  
I'm the most complex creature in the world. Now, you're a professor of— what is it— what is your especial study?  
( She crosses to him baby vamp stuff )

PROF  
I'm particularly interested in economics.

NONA  
Oh, that's— you're a wonderful person, aren't you? I never could study in my life. But do you know, I think I could teach you some things!

PROF  
Now what for instance?

NONA  
Well, how to think more of yourself and less of an ungrateful posterity that will never thank you for the wonderful sacrifice you are making for them.

PROF  
Sacrifice!

NONA  
Naturally— you are sacrifice every man's heritage for future generation— that they may profit by your discoveries— You ought to be married and have a family— some nice half 'irl— half woman— who would take your mind away from your work sometimes and yet have the intelligence to understand you!

PROF  
I never thought— you're right.

NONA  
And time is precious, professor— every minute is precious— and a man like you— it's not just to the race to— well— what am I talking about— day dreaming again— I told you I need a guardian— I've unhappy faculty of saying what I feel—

PROF  
Unhappy, on the contrary, it's a rare gift, Miss Ramsay— Do you know you're a study— no man would ever grow tired of trying to solve the mystery of you!

NONA  
I a mystery— you mean you could study me?

PROF  
( Off his guard )  
Would you let me?

NONA  
You mean— I could teach you things?

PROF  
Wonderful things— you are teaching me things, now—

NONA  
My book learning doesn't amount to anything!  
( She hurries up— looks at wrist watch(?) )

PROF  
Those things are not in books!

NONA  
Where are they?

PROF  
In your heart!

NONA  
You mean—

PROF  
You could teach me love—

NONA  
Professor— I'm afraid I don't I don't understand—  
( Very dignified )  
I may be— rather foolish— but—  
( She draws away )  
I hadn't intended to invite— insult!

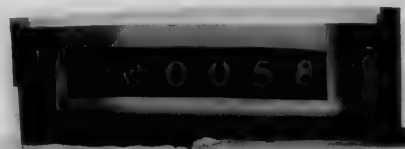
PROF  
Miss Ramsay— I— I'm asking you to be my wife!

NONA  
Why— why I haven't spoken to you for five minutes!  
You're not serious!

PROF  
I was never more serious in my life!  
( Gas )

NONA  
Thank you— I'm afraid, you didn't understand me— I'm not the kind of a wife who could make you happy— I know so little of the things that interest you!

PROF  
What a joy it would be to teach them to you! Don't say no! I may have been— too bold— I'm not used to the ways— of— I'm afraid I don't understand the little fine arts these women are concerned, but I'm sincere— please think it over!



NONA  
You have honored me, professor-- I thank you!  
(This is really sincere on her part, she does not exactly want to make a fool of the man)  
But I am afraid that when morning comes, you will regret what you have just said.

PROF  
Will you give me your telephone number? I want to call you up and repeat it!  
(He hands her a leaf from a note book, she hesitates-- takes her dance card pencil and writes on the slip.)  
Thank you! I shall call you up at ten!  
(NONA crosses to door of house with him.)

NONA  
I cannot tell you how much I appreciate-- I'll expect your call, professor.  
(She stops at door.)

PROF  
You are not coming in?

NONA  
I'll follow you, please!  
(He bows)

PROF  
Your will is law!  
(Exit to house, bus, Nona comes down)  
(Nini and Jean and Nancy and girls gather around her. Nona is triumphant.)

NONA  
Well, Nancy, hand over the ring, fair bet!

NINI  
I'm a good loser, you won honestly!  
(Nona looks at the ring)

NONA  
Pity there's a flaw in the stone!

NINI  
What are you talking about?

NONA  
I can detect a flaw at sight, whether it's in a stone-- a man-- or a horse. Pretty ring though.  
Well, girls, get the idea! You see, the professor wanted something to study-- and to protect-- he's of a protecting nature-- Notice, his first emotion when he came out here and saw me on the rail-- was to protect me from falling off--

PROF  
I saw him looking at your rather-- or exhibition of--

NONA  
Oh, no he sees enough of them now-days-- he thought I was going to fall-- and--  
(winks)  
show more!

NANCY  
Nona, you horrid girl!  
(Good naturedly)

NONA  
Want to bet some more?

NINI  
(Thoughtfully)  
I'll bet my necktie against that ring there's one man you can't vamp--

NONA  
The ring against nothing-- you're a game kid!

NINI  
As you say!

NONA  
Who's the man?

NINI  
ROBERT VAN STURDIVANT!

JEAN  
(Protecting)  
That's outrageous!

NONA  
No more so than either of these other two men! They're as good as he is!

NINI  
What are you worrying about, Jean? He's never been in love in his life, and he isn't the kind to fall off his perch in five minutes! He's a blaze sort, Nona, I want you-- that's only fair, since you're so decent about the bet.

NONA  
I know his kind! And he's just the sort I like to take down a little, trot him along-- and profit by the education!  
(Jean protesting, angrily)

JEAN  
This is the most disgraceful thing-- Nini, I shall tell your mother--



Liked, are you? <sup>MIMI</sup> Let Nona beat you out!  
 What do you mean? <sup>JEAN</sup>  
 You're afraid of her? <sup>MIMI</sup>  
 Nonsense! <sup>JEAN</sup>  
 Then why not let the experiment go on? I promise not to accept his proposal! <sup>NONA</sup>  
 You do? <sup>JEAN</sup>  
 I do! If he proposes to me here tonight, I will not accept him— is that satisfactory? <sup>NONA</sup>  
 Yes! <sup>JEAN</sup>  
 Go ahead, Mimi! <sup>NONA</sup>  
 I'll go hunt him up! <sup>MIMI</sup>  
 { Exit into house }  
 { The music continues to play. Nona does a few steps, turns to the girls laughingly }  
 Well, Jean, my dear— watch close, and maybe tomorrow you can follow my methods with the young millionaire who's never been in love! <sup>NONA</sup>  
 She— she Mimi's got him! <sup>NANCY</sup>  
 { She is watching at door }  
 I admit I expect a little trouble here! <sup>NONA</sup>  
 { Nancy pulls Jean behind. The other girls also hide. Mimi comes on with Van. Van looks a little at a loss. }  
 Dad wanted me to ask you— Now I've forgotten— I'll run in and find out— wait a minute. Oh, Nona, dear— keep Mr. Van Sturdivant company till I find Dad! <sup>MIMI</sup>

If Mr. Van Sturdivant can endure so long enough! <sup>NONA</sup>  
 { Mimi laughs and instead of going into house conceals herself behind one of the French windows }  
 { Drops easily into a chair opposite her }  
 I think we can manage, don't you? <sup>VAN</sup>  
 { He offers her a cigaret. She refuses }  
 You smoke? <sup>VAN</sup>  
 When the rest do! <sup>NONA</sup>  
 Oh! Mind if I — ? <sup>VAN</sup>  
 No! <sup>NONA</sup>  
 { She is apparently indifferent to him }  
 { He watches her }  
 This sort of thing bothers you? <sup>VAN</sup>  
 I'm like you surfeited with it! <sup>NONA</sup>  
 { Looks at her over his cigaret }  
 Ah! <sup>VAN</sup>  
 I'm tired of being run after, flattered— and— when one comes right down to it— money is a curse! <sup>NONA</sup>  
 You don't care for money then? <sup>VAN</sup>  
 I wish there were no such thing in the world. It hedges a person in, doesn't give them a chance to be themselves— they never know whether they're liked for their money or themselves! <sup>NONA</sup>  
 { Thoughtfully }  
 That is one unpleasant aspect of having— money. But you wouldn't be very happy, if you didn't have it, Miss Nancy! <sup>VAN</sup>  
 Oh, I'm used to it, I suppose, but I think it would be interesting, and educational to be obliged to get along with out it. <sup>NONA</sup>

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It might.

VAN

NOVA  
Rich people are never contented-- they never have a home-- I mean they have so many they don't know which one is their real home. Now, Dad, for instance clings to his old place in Glenwood Park-- Mother is attached to the old estate on the Hudson-- I like the little place at Tuxedo, and Mother is crazy for the shack in the mountains.

(Laughs lightly)  
You see, there's no real home-- I mean home for all!

VAN

I see your logic. You're right. My folks have a half dozen places, and-- we live in hotels most of the time-- or travel in Europe.

NOVA

And no home life-- no chance to be yourself, artificial-- just living up to-- your reputation for-- money!

VAN

And some day you'll marry a rich man and have still more money!

NOVA

No-- when I marry, it will be a man I love and respect-- a man who is himself-- real. I wonder if you understand?

VAN

I think I do!

NOVA

A man able to break away from the conventions of his family, to whom money-- social position, means nothing-- who places love above all things-- for after all-- love is life-- it's the only thing worth while, the only thing that lasts.

VAN

(Reflecting her serious mood)  
Love for love's own sake, yes.

NOVA

It is such love that I am speaking of, and such love is selfish-- it calls for the real man, the real woman of us-- and not this veneered surface that wealth and social position demand of us! Oh, I suppose you have felt it too-- or-- haven't you?

VAN

I have felt it, Mrs Ramsey-- felt it constantly, and it embitters me--but it's as you say, we have to live up to the veneer.

NOVA

Unless we have courage enough to break through the surface!  
(She speaks softly, and looks at him earnestly)  
Have we?

VAN

I wonder sometimes-- and my answer is-- yes, if find some thing worth while, but the world would never accept us as we are.

NOVA

No-- doubtless not, yet we are ourselves! Each other-- would we accept each other as we are?

VAN

Why not-- if there were a motive-- as love for instance?

NOVA

Ah, yes, but where is love as the incentive?

VAN

Will you let it be my incentive? Will you take it for yourself?  
(He reaches over and takes her hand. Nova groans nervously-- she is realizing that Van is not the supercilious sort she thought him and in short the clever young vamp is falling for him herself.)

NOVA

I don't think I comprehend your meaning!

VAN

Simple enough-- let me prove my real self to you-- with love as the incentive!

NOVA

(Darting away)  
You mean that you-- nonsense-- you have never been in love in your life--

VAN

Never before with a woman-- but often with an ideal-- with love-- you are my ideal-- in many ways-- a real woman-- beneath the surface-- you are love-- with a mate like you--

NOVA

(Suddenly. Dramatic moment)  
Don't-- please don't-- Mr. Van Sturdivant! We don't realize what we are saying--

VAN

I am asking you--

NOVA

Don't! Please don't! Here is Mini--  
(She looks around. Mini is behind door, but Van does not see her.)

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( Van does not see her, but looks at Nona in surprise)

Nona!  
VAN

( Sternly)  
What have you been doing--- playing with me--- as you play  
with these other men who flock around you? Don't know when  
a man is serious, don't you know when a man loves you---  
don't you know the difference between love and infatuation?  
( He takes her hands and holds them)

Nona  
I do! And that's why I ask you--- please--- don't say any more---  
( She looks up at him, he is just about to take her  
into his arms, she pulls herself away)  
If you do love me--- then--- prove it---and ---  
( She indicates the house)  
leave me. Please!  
( Van releases her, without a word exits to house.  
Nona has one big dramatic moment. Mimi comes  
from her hiding place. Nancy and Jean come on-  
Jean is too outraged to speak coherently.)

JEAN  
You--- you contemptible little Nancy! So that's your game, is it?  
( Nancy steps between them)

MIMI  
She played fair!

NANCY  
She kept her word!

NONA  
( Holds Mimi ring)  
Nancy--- he didn't propose!

MIMI  
You didn't let him!

NONA  
Take the ring Mimi--- the bet was--- he was to propose?  
( She drops ring into Mimi's hand)

JEAN  
I'll expose you!

NONA  
( Looks at her)  
Go on!

MIMI  
Why didn't you let him propose!

3.  
I kept my word! NONA

MIMI  
But why didn't you---

NONA  
Because I intend to accept him--- and I don't want the whole  
world looking on!

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT TWO.





## THE HUSSY

## ACT 5.

## SETTING:

Handsome interior, representing an old fashioned living room in the mansion or manor house of an old estate on the Hudson, "known as" "Horseshoe Manor". Furnishings old and rich- big windows through which panoras of Palisades are seen. Stairs to upstairs- doors to other rooms. Grand piano, reproductions of Rembrandt. (supposed to be the real thing.)

## AT RISE:

Tom on small step ladder hanging a family portrait of the Ramses's under the supervision of Ramsey who is dressed in golf togs. Butler in disgust is dusting off the canvases that have been removed for the frames and in which the Ramses pictures are now framed. Several of the Ramses pictures on the walls where the Rembrandt's have hung. Butler is absolutely disgusted. Ramsey is regarding the latest picture hung.

RAMSEY  
Little to this side, Tom--  
(Sus.)

ALRIGHT? TOM

RAMSEY  
Yes.  
(Tom comes down)

TOM  
Looks more home like, eh, pop?

RAMSEY  
(Picking up one the canvases)  
Well, you can see who they are any way! This here Rembrandt family--- they're most faded out!  
(Picks up a picture with free hands, holds off both canvases)  
Dark stuff--- never liked it. Reckon this fellow didn't know his business when it came to painting pictures.  
Rembrandt--- must a been a bunch of them--- I thought they

were "orvicks by name---"

TOM  
(Budging father and indicating Butler who is carefully putting the canvases in place)

SHI  
(Aloud)  
The--- Rembrandts were the mother's side of the house, maybe.

RAMSEY  
Most like! Well, I don't think much of them.  
(Puts the canvases down)  
(To Butler)  
Put these things up in the attic.

BUTLER  
(In astonishment)  
The attic, sir?

RAMSEY  
The cellar then!

BUTLER  
(Even more astonished)  
The cellar, sir?

RAMSEY  
I said cellar!  
(Butler hesitates)  
Well, the woodshed, then! Or stick 'em up in the barn.

BUTLER  
The woodshed--- the barn did you say, sir?

RAMSEY  
Take down to the Hudson, throw in and go on after 'em!  
Get out of here!  
(Butler takes pictures under his arm and exits.  
Tom sees to piano and starts to thump. Ramsey looks at him)

TOM  
See, this is a swell piano!

RAMSEY  
And you leave it alone!  
(He pulls Tom away by the shirt collar)  
Do 'ya suppose we're goin' to pay four dollars to have some one else's piano tuned?  
(He looks the piano and pockets key)

TOM  
You're livin' in their house, you shouldn't be so ~~stingy~~ stingy.

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RANSBY  
Your sister paid the caretakers three hundred dollars to let us live here one month! High way robbery--- and we'll get locked up for it in the end!  
(He flops into a chair)

TOM  
You leave that to Nona.

RANSBY  
I've left so much to her that's she's got me on the way to the penitentiary! I didn't want to do it!

TOM  
You put on enough airs with that butler though, tellin' him you bought the estate for your daughter's wedding present! Gee, there's nothing small about you, is it dad!  
(He looks around the room)  
Some dump! And Nona gettin' married to Van Sturdivant! Leave it to her to get away with it!

RANSBY  
I ain't been too sure of that young man!  
(Mrs. R comes in in a pretty but ill fitting dress)  
Ma, I feel trouble coming!

MRS. R  
What's the matter, pa?

RANSBY  
Everything! I ain't used to this here stuff!

NONA  
MRS. R.  
Well, you know, pa, we couldn't disgrace Nona in front of her young man.

RANSBY  
What do'ye mean--- disgrace? We disgrace her? When--- when---  
(He rises, angry)  
Disgrace--- we--- her!

NONA  
(Comes in from outside, sport clothes)  
Who's being disgraced now!

TOM  
You are!

NONA  
(Apprehensively)  
What's happened?

Nothing!

TOM  
NONA  
(Sighs with relief)  
Why do you frighten me like that! I'll have heart disease before I'm married!

TOM  
You'll have it after!

RANSBY  
I got it right along- livin' in other people's houses--- putting on lugs that ain't ours---

NONA  
(Looks at the pictures)  
What you do that for?

RANSBY  
When a man's family pictures are on the wall, it looks more like the place was his! I got a feeling any how---

NONA  
Oh, keep it till after tomorrow, when we're married---

RANSBY  
And when that young man finds out you been lyin' and cheatin'!

NONA  
Kinda tough, I admit, but that's my lookout, and well, when one's married, one's married.

TOM  
You did bag a millionaire while you was about it, didn't you?

NONA  
Oh Tom, be still.

TOM  
Will you buy me a Pierce arrow when you're married?

NONA  
I'll buy you a garage! Give you a chance to work for your living!

TOM  
Oh, well, I can hire help.

MRS. R  
Nona, I'm a little scared myself, these servants---

NONA  
Now, mother you start in! I told you that these here servants were dead and gone a good many years. Their descendants, the ones that own this place are in Europe and not expected till



the middle of October and this is the early part of September! And besides, the caretakers will watch out, do you suppose they want to get caught in the act? Worse for them than for us! "Och, Ma, you look a sight!"

MRS. R

(Bus)  
Yes, I shouldn't wonder. I didn't get this dress on quite right—

NONA

It'll never do for the lawn party— "ut— here, let me fix you up!"

(Bus, starting to make her up)  
(The protesting Nona puts her gently into a chair. Makes her up)

MRS. R

Nona, dear, after all you're getting married. I hope you'll be happy!

TOM

Why shouldn't she when he's got millions? Pa— let's have the key— you gotta open the piano you know—

RAMSEY

(Throws the key to him)  
Take it! Hey, what 'he devil you doin' to your mother!

NONA

Makin' her beautiful!  
(Stands back to admire the effect)

RAMSEY

She's good enough for me!

NONA

You're not the only one she's got to suit!

RAMSEY

What— after all these years! What you mean? Oh, now, you're gettin' married— you want her to go gallavantin' around, runnin' around the race track, eh?

NONA

Awcome! Lord no— she's got the looks, but she lacks the speed.  
(Admires Mrs. R)

What do you think of yourself, Ma!

MRS. R

(Looks in mirror)  
Feel kind of queer—

RAMSEY

Quit those queer feelin's aound her, I won't have 'em!

NONA

Look here, "ad— that eyebrow of yours—  
(Bus)

RAMSEY

(Jerks as she pulls hair from eyebrow)  
Hey, what you doin'!

NONA

Hair out of place— looked bad.

RAMSEY

There'll be more than a hairout of place before we get through here and it'll look worse!  
(Nurses his eye brow.)

NONA

Oh, have a heart! How's the golf coming on?

TOM

Gee, Nona, dad hit the ball right through the minister's window—

MRS. R

Thomas!

RAMSEY

They shouldn't build minister's house alongside golf links!

NONA

Betwixt he swore all right!

TOM

Ought to heard Pa—

RAMSEY

Now listen to me, Nona, I got something serious to say to you.

NONA

Yes.

RAMSEY

I don't like this here what's his name's looks!

NONA

Van— he's handsome!

RAMSEY

There's something about him I don't like!

NONA

What is it?

RAMSEY

It's a smile back of his eyes that you never see!

NONA

As long as you never see it, I wouldn't worry about it.

MRS. R

I do hope you'll be happy— Nona!

006

7-

NOMA  
Go on upstairs, Ma-- get a different dress on, and don't rub the make up off!

MRS. R  
You don't take this seriously-- when I got married--

NOMA  
I know, when you got married you cried over the love notes dad sent you-- Van's never sent me any! Nothing to cry over!  
(Mrs. R goes up stairs and off)  
Go on, Tom, get dressed-- you too dad--

HANNEY  
What do you mean, get dressed!  
(Tom goes up stairs.)

NOMA  
This is a lawn party, you can't wear those togs!  
(Ma looks at himself.)

HANNEY  
All right, I'll put on a lawn tie!  
(Thinks he has said something funny, goes upstairs.  
NOM goes to window-- thoughtful Mandy and girls run in-- BUS.

(Let girl)  
(To Mandy)  
(Indicating NOMA)  
Love dreams!

NOMA  
(Turns to them quickly)  
No-- dreams nothing! Real thing!  
(Girls laugh.)

HANNEY  
Very much in love, aren't you, Mandy? NOMA?

NOMA  
That would be telling secrets!  
(The two girls laugh and run upstairs. They are all in sports clothes.)

HANNEY  
(Goes to NOMA)  
Are so glad for you, NOMA!  
(BUS.

NOMA  
Thanks.

HANNEY  
It was so good of you to ask me out here for a couple of weeks-- NOMA-- I've never enjoyed myself so much!

NOMA  
(Smiles, looks at her)  
Thinking of Clinton?

HANNEY  
NOMA!  
(Dreads that NOMA has penetrated her secret)  
(NOMA puts hands on her shoulders)

NOMA  
I've known it a long time, Mandy-- ever since we were children-- and I think-- Clinton will have had a pleasant two weeks thinking of you! Wonder to me Mrs. Monerville over let you come!

HANNEY  
She thought-- she was terribly upset over your engagement to Mr. Van Sturdivant.

NOMA  
Naturally. Wanted you to keep her posted as to developments, ah? Come confess!

HANNEY  
(Laughs)  
You're awfully clever, NOMA!

NOMA  
I wonder if she'll come this afternoon, she and Jean.

HANNEY  
She'll come-- don't worry about that!  
(Clinton enters)

CLINT  
Hello, girls! Mandy! NOMA!  
(Shakes hands)  
Mandy, you look fine-- Gosh, girl, I've missed you!

NOMA  
I thought you would, never appreciate the blessings at our door till some one takes them away!  
(The two of them look at her)  
You two have a lot to say to each other-- suppose you-- you won't be disturbed on the links?  
M.  
Run along! Best wishes!  
(Mandy hesitates)  
(NOMA to her)  
You darned fool get him when he's in the mood!  
(Exit Mandy and Clinton)

0066

( She starts to go up stairs. Van enters, white  
( trousers- dark coat, etc)  
( He looks at the pictures- bus. Calls, crossing  
to stairs.

VAN

Hena!

HENA  
( Extends her hand across banister)

Bob!

VAN

Just one more day! I'm counting the hours!

HENA

You really love me, don't you, Bob!

VAN

Can you doubt it? You wise little lady--- you're such an  
expert on love, you know!

HENA

Stop laughing! Let me, Bob!

VAN

Pardon me!

HENA

Some times I wonder--- if I were really as wise as I thought  
I was--- love is a wonderful thing--- I never thought it---  
it was just like it is---

VAN

Neither did I!

HENA

You're not disappointed?

VAN

No! And you!

HENA

No!

( He kisses her hand)

Bob!

( "approachfully", bends down to him, he kisses --  
her.

VAN

Sweetheart!

( Tamsy appears at head of stairs, excited. Van  
looks up at him- Hena turns sees a telegram in  
Tamsy's hand.

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RANSBY

Have read this, and maybe you'll wake up!

HENA

( Takes the wire- it tells that the owners will  
( arrive that afternoon)  
she ( She staggers- but catches herself up, turns  
to Ramsby

Dad, dear, why DO you always intrude upon me with business---

RANSBY

Say, you can read, can't you!

HENA

Of course, of course--- I'm not interested in your stock  
speculations! I told you not to make that investment!

RANSBY

What the--- where's he!

( He races off up stairs.

HENA

Dad never can stand the slightest loss without getting upset---

VAN

Naturally! ( "e watches her)

HENA

If you don't mind dear--- I'm going to change--- The Somervilles  
and the "arcourts will be here any minute---

VAN

Go ahead---(Bus)

HENA

( Goes up stairs, bumps into Tom)

Tom! Look where you're going!

TOM

Am I all right?

HENA

You'll never be all right! There's about half of you that's  
that's beyond correction!

( Exits upstairs. Tom comes down and looks at  
Van.

TOM

Say, Mr. Van--- she's a peach, but she's a lemon when it  
comes to being a fellow's sister!

( crosses to piano.

Bob!

( "e starts to thump. Van gives him a look

10067

11

( He exits. Arranged according to scenery )

See, I wonder didn't he like my playing!  
 ( Butler admits Mrs. S, Jean, Mrs. H and Mini-  
 all in summer attire-

BUTLER  
 I shall tell Madame--- this way, ladies---  
 ( They enter, bus.

Hello, folks!  
 Ah, Thomas!

Hello! Tom, old dear!

( Looks at her quickly )  
 Oh, it's you!

Who did you think it was?

Oh, you! Just you!

If you don't mind, Mrs. Somerville--- I think I'd like to  
 see the grounds!

They're fine!

I didn't know that your people were in any way related to the  
 Somervicks, Thomas.

( Bus )  
 They're ma's folks, Nona says--- they had a row for years,  
 and- they didn't like about ma marryin' pa, but now it's  
 all right, and everything is all right!

Interesting!

Rather a surprise, but one never knows!

Very odd! Come, Mini, dear.

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Yes money, dear!

( Scream between this pair )  
 She crosses obediently to her.  
 but when she etc outside, she stops and as others  
 exit, she runs back, as Tom is playing, Xee to  
 ( Plans, bus )

Tom, I think you're wonderful!

Isn't!

You're going to be a great musician! ~~amused~~

My folks don't think so!

One's family never recognizes a genius!

( Looks at her )

( Imitating "ma's manner" )  
 You should have some one, who understands you--- your little  
 moods and whims, you know, all the little things--- y peculiarities!  
 ( Tom stares at her.  
 You are so wonderful!

Listen, kiddo, I'm a hard boiled egg, and I'm wise to that  
 stuff, seen Nona pullin' it till it's old stuff!  
 She's been puttin' you wise, eh? Practise it on some other  
 fellow!

( Laughs )  
 Be I pull it right!

Havi you ain't got Nona's polish!

Now that she's going to get married and settle down, I'm going  
 to be her successor on the vamp business!

Swell chance you got! You ain't got her lines! Maybe I could  
 show you a few things!  
 ( Nona comes down stairs, worried )  
 "Ar- she is--- say, this here kid's been trying to pull your  
 stuff-----





NONA  
Get out, Tom! Hello, Mimi!  
(Mrs. R enters in afternoon frock)

MIMI  
Lucky girl, Nona! Congratulations, happy future, everything  
you want, including twins if you want them!

NONA  
Mimi!

MIMI  
Just told Tom I'm in training for your discarded crown!

TOM  
Been practisin' on me!

NONA  
(Laughs)  
Tell you, Mimi—when the real thing creeps into your heart—  
it's—

MIMI  
All the little rules don't count!

NONA  
That's just when they be in to count!

MIMI  
Oh, I'm an apt pupil— but just now— water as Ulrik calls  
he is outside with Lady Somerville and her daughter, I'm  
supposed to be with them— boiling over with rage, the three  
of them! I want to watch the bubbles!

NONA  
Enjoy yourself!  
(Mimi runs out)  
Demi!

TOM  
What's the matter?

NONA  
Of all the— that's always the way!

TOM  
What—  
(Mrs. R enters, dressed in pretty frock)

MRS. R  
That man that works for us here said Mrs. Somerville and ———  
Nona, what's the matter?  
(Hanshey appears at head of stairs, dressed in  
afternoon suit)

HANSHEY  
What are you goin' to do about it? I told you we'd be looked  
up yet! We're ruined, we're disgraced!  
(He comes down)

MIMI, R  
What is it, pa?

HANSHEY  
She'll tell you— the care takers brought me a telegram—  
they're out in the kitchen, waiting for an answer!

MRS. R  
But what is it all about?

HANSHEY  
They're comin' back tomorrow morning!

MRS. R  
The folks that own this place?

NONA  
Yes, arrivin' a month ahead of time— they're in a hotel  
in New York City— wired the caretakers to get the place  
ready for them— they'll be here in the morning!

TOM  
Oh, gosh!

MRS. R  
If they only would have waited till after the wedding!

NONA  
They will!

MRS. R  
But the wedding is for noon!

NONA  
The wedding will be to-day! Leave that to me! I'm not  
going to lose Van after—

TOM  
I don't believe you, after all this trouble!

MRS. R  
But what will he say!

HANSHEY  
That we're a lot of liars and thieves and cheats!  
We're disgraced, that's all!

NONA  
If you'll get still and keep a level head on you and give  
someone else a chance to think, we'll get out of it!



RAMSEY  
Out of it! I guess we will get OUT all right!

MRS. R  
But Mr. Van---what will he say!

NONA  
What does it matter what he says after we're married!

MRS. R  
He'll be angry!

NONA  
I can't help it!

RAMSEY  
What did you play this rotten trick for any way!

NONA  
Oh, a slip of the tongue!

RAMSEY  
Slip of the head, and say! If he'd loved you--- it wouldn't have made any difference---

NONA  
What do you know about it! I had a love a background!

RAMSEY  
You might have kept your own and not stolen some one else's! Devil, background, man loves a girl and that's all!

NONA  
What do you know about it!

RAMSEY  
Well, I loved your mother, I know! Oh, Jan- background didn't bother us!

(MRS. R, runs around his wife)

Now with your nonsense, you've disgraced us! I pack my duds and get out- you see how you get through this!

NONA  
(Looks at him, surprised at his confession of love for her mother)

You stay where you are---just don't get upset---

(Harcourt enters following butler, greatly excited)

HARCOURT  
How do you do, folks--- how do you do!

NONA  
Mr. Harcourt--- have you met my mother! My brother! You know Dad!

HARCOURT  
That's why I'm here, and it's lucky for you, my girl that I do know your dad!

RAMSEY  
What's happened now!

HARCOURT  
I can't talk in front of ladies--- Come on outside, Ramsey--- I got a word with you---

RAMSEY  
What's up now!

HARCOURT  
You come along, I don't want to frighten the ladies--- we'll have it out outside!

NONA  
Have it out!

HARCOURT  
Oh, no trouble, no trouble--- Come, Ramsey- every minute's precious!

(He pulls Ramsey toward entrance.  
You'll thank me, all of you will!  
(Pulls Ramsey off stage)

MRS. R  
I'm quite upset!

NONA  
Keep your bearings! Tom, hunt up Van--- he's out'd do somewhere and keep your mouth shut!

TOM  
See, what do you think I am! After you promis'd me a garage after you're married!

NONA  
Hurry!

(Exit Tom)

MRS. R  
What are you going to do, Nona?

NONA  
Marry him this afternoon!

MRS. R  
But when he finds out!

NONA  
I'll be his wife!

(Girls come down stairs)

End Girl  
Where's the rest of us!

NOMA  
Grounds some where!  
Clinton and Nancy enter  
Well, folks! Clint, you know Miss Dempsey- Miss Wilson!  
(Bus)

NANCY  
How stunning you look Mrs. Ramsey!

MRS. R  
I feel kind of uncomfortable!

IST GIRL  
You'll get accustomed to it bye and bye!  
(She sits on piano stool)

END GIRL  
Play something Betty! Please!

NANCY  
Will you sing Clint!  
(Bus)

NOMA  
Go ahead!  
(Specialty.  
During Specialty Van enters with Tom and crosses  
to Norma. She bows to her.  
At finish they applaud. Mrs. Scervile, Kim and  
Jean and Mrs. "a court enter.  
"General greetings, etc.

MRS. RAR  
I thought I saw my husband with Mr. Ramsey--

NOMA  
You did, they're outside now!

MRS. S  
What could have brought him?  
(Crosses to Norma)  
Really, my dear, I have never had opportunity to congratulate  
you on your rather brilliant conquest! And you are to be  
married in the morning!

NOMA  
Unless dad kills the minister with a golf ball!

MRS. S  
How very original!

MRS. RAR  
Really, you should have been an actress, Miss Ramsey!

NIMI  
All wrong, Momsey, Norma should have been a Sunday school  
teacher! She could have taught the girls a thing or two--

NOMA  
I may take a Sunday school class after I'm married, if I  
husband doesn't object!

NIMI  
Really going to consult husband?

NOMA  
Naturally, we haven't outgrown that yet!

NIMI  
No more vamping?

NOMA  
No!

NIMI  
Oh, what some poor chaps will miss--

JEAN  
Too bad, such clever work too! Never again to be seen!  
( "moving her)

NIMI  
Give us one last demonstration, Norma!

NOMA  
(Laughs)  
All right-- mind Bob dear?

VAN  
Not if I'm to be "the fool there was!"

NOMA  
Glad you didn't say--"there is!"  
( "Norma's specialty!"  
(Bus)

NIMI  
What do you think of it?

MRS. S  
Amazing!

MRS. RAR  
I still say, Miss Ramsey should have been an actress!

MONA

Thanks!

VAN

See what she's been one all her life!  
(General business)

MONA

After that I move we adjourn! Mrs. Somerville---

MRS. S

Thank you!

(Pauses)

(She steps aside motions Mrs. Harcourt)  
(Mona exits, followed by Mrs. Harcourt--  
Van with Mona, to arrange detail of general  
exit-- Mrs. S detains Clinton.)

Well!

(Nancy lingers)

Did you make an effort?

CLINT

Did you tip Van off-- those people are nothing but imposters--

CLINT

Now mother---

MRS. S

I engaged "arron'd detective agency to look into this--  
we got got the right data, didn't we?

CLINT

What good would it do? Mona's---

MRS. S

A miserable adventures-- she should be shown up and I'll  
do it, if you don't!

CLINT

I wouldn't-- I don't think it make much difference to Van--

MRS. S

You don't! Well, I do! Why do you think I came out to-day?  
To pay a friendly visit to this lousy! Why do you suppose  
I permitted Nancy to come out here--

NANCY

Mrs. Somerville, Mona and Van-- it would be a pity--  
and she must know what she's doing!

MRS. S

Oh, yes, "ean was right, her stakes were high-- Millionaire  
wasn't enough, she had to look for family and social position!  
She's hypnotised the man, it's time some one awakened him  
from his trance!

CLINT

I think that we'll keep our hands out of this mother. I can't  
afford to lose Van's friendship, he's backing my invention--  
lost interest for a time, but Mona made him promise to do it--

MRS. S

Inventions! Cultivate Mind Harcourt!

CLINT

We might as well have it out here and now, mother-- Nancy  
and I are going to be married!

MRS. S

(Starts at them, too enraged to speak)  
You two, penniless beggars!

CLINT

That isn't our fault, mother-- and we won't discuss the  
matter any further!

(To Nancy)

Come, Nancy when mother cools down we'll talk to her!  
(Exits with Nancy. Mrs. Somerville clenches  
her fists, dashes out after him.  
Mona and Van re-enter.)

MONA

Bob, dear!

VAN

What's on your mind, babe?

MONA

Bob, wouldn't it be romantic if we ran across the golf links  
and-- got married this afternoon!

VAN

Afraid dad's golf balls may get in their deadly work?

MONA

Kind of?

VAN

Come on!

MONA

Oh, Bob-- you mean it!

VAN

Of course! Come!  
(She hesitates)

Well--

(She drops on sofa or chair)

MONA

I can't, Bob! I can't!

VAN  
(Sits beside her)

RONA  
Bob, you'll hate and despise me--- but I can't go on--

VAN

Yess

RONA  
I must tell you the truth!

VAN  
That this isn't your home at all--- that you just rented it for a month from the caretaker?

RONA  
You know!  
(Surprise)

VAN  
Of course I know, know all along--- And for God sake Rona, don't let your father throw out these Rensdants! They must be worth a couple of hundred thousand!

RONA  
Bob--- you know--- and it makes no difference!

VAN  
Not a bit. I supposed you--- were just trying to put something over on the Amervilles and the Marcourts, why not let you have a little fun!

RONA  
No, Bob, it was to deceive you---

VAN

Why?

RONA  
That night at the ball, you remember?

VAN  
I'll never forget that night, dear.

RONA  
They dared me to make you propose, it was a bet--- and---

VAN  
You didn't let me propose.

RONA  
No--- I lost the bet! I didn't realize when I was lying about our home and--- everything---and then all of a sudden---

I--- Oh, I'd have given anything if I hadn't lied to you! But it was too late and I--- had to keep up the deuce--- I couldn't tell you the truth--- and I was desperate---

VAN  
Foolish little girl!

RONA  
I'm just a mean little cheat an imposter--- a lousy!

VAN  
All right, if you want to be, you're three--- the dearest little cheat, imposter, lousy in the world!

RONA  
He kisses her.

RANSBY, Mrs. R and Marcourt enters all three very much upset.

RANSBY  
But that right out, young man!

RONA  
We may not be all we want to be, but we pay our way any way!

(Rns)

RONA  
Bob?

RONA, R  
Oh, Rona, my poor baby!

RONA  
What's the matter?

RANSBY  
That young man is not--- Robert Van Sturdivant, the millionaire, at all!

(Rns)

RANSBY  
Well, now we got you--- what you got to say!

VAN  
I never said I was, the heir of the Van Sturdivant fortune! I don't think any of you ever heard me lay claim to being that person!

(General lns.)

RANSBY  
Did you refuse to sell me their land?

VAN  
Why naturally!

RANSBY  
Didn't you tell me to communicate with their lawyer?

VAN  
That is hardly a crime!

MARGOURET  
(Showing letter)  
Well, I did and I got this answer!  
(Reads)  
My dear Mr. Harcourt

In reply to yours---  
well, it says here, that the Van Sturdivants are in Europe  
and he has written to Robert Van Sturdivant at the Cecil in  
London and is now awaiting his reply!

And here's another letter that says, Mr. Van Sturdivant left  
London and is travelling on the continent with his mother  
and sister and my letter will be forwarded to him! Now, what  
about it young man!

VAN  
Nothing at all. My name is Van Sturdivant--- I am not to  
blame if you mistook me for some other Van Sturdivant, am I?

MARGOURET  
Well, you let 'em believe it, you let 'em trot/ their daughters  
out before you and spend their money givin' you a good time---  
and then you turn out to--- bah--- a fine business!

HAMNEY  
And you get out of my house!

MARGOURET  
That's the way to treat these imposters---

NOMA  
Haven't I word to say?

VAN  
None!

HAMNEY  
You don't mean that you-- you won't marry him now, that's  
be nothin' or nobody!

NOMA  
Why not? I love him--- that's all that counts!

HAMNEY  
Good God! Do you know what you're doing!

NOMA  
Maybe I don't--- but it doesn't matter!

MRS. R  
You know best Noma--- but--- maybe you'd better think  
it over--- I want to see you happy!

NOMA  
When you married Dad, you loved him, didn't you?

MRS. R  
Yes!

HAMNEY  
Oh, stuff and nonsense!

NOMA  
Nothing in the world would have made you change your mind---  
the only thing that mattered was--- Dad!

MRS. R  
Yes!

NOMA  
You see, I know--- I love him--- that's all that matters!  
(He turns to him)  
Bob--- we'd planned to--- to--- surprise them all!  
And I'm really afraid of Dad's golf balls, you know!

VAN  
You mean it, Noma! It doesn't matter?

NOMA  
I can't say that I knew it all the time, Bob--- it's a kind  
of shock--- but it doesn't matter, not the least little  
bit!

MARGOURET  
Well, I, I be damned!

HAMNEY  
It's a fine case!  
(Harcourt follows butler on.)

HUTTEN  
Gentlemen wants to see everybody!

HARROW  
Yes, I want to see everybody!

NOMA  
Mr. Harrow, I believe! Now's the angel wife and---

HARROW  
(Uncomfortable)  
Now, Miss Ramsey that thing don't go here--- you're all  
right, but you do some damned queer things--- now I'm onto  
this game, and you get out of this and---

VAN  
Mr. Harrow---





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FARRON  
Oh, you, here! Now there won't be any trouble-- these people  
will get out here--

VAN  
Just a minute!  
(Hands him a legal document)  
(Aaron takes it, reads)

What the--  
FARRON

VAN  
Only that this estate belongs to Miss Mona Ramsey Farron.  
I made it over to her several days ago, ~~and~~ intended to  
give her those deeds on our wedding day! So much better than  
jewelry-- she'll get that on her birthdays!  
(General business.)

HOWA  
Bob-- I don't understand!

VAN  
Girls-- the next time you cop an ancestral estate, for  
heaven sake find out who owns it!

You-- you--  
HOWA

VAN  
Yes, "scamp" on the distaff side of the family for a hundred  
years, great grandmother was a Merwick-- hence the name--  
plain now, pet!

HOWA  
But the owners-- that telegram-- and--

VAN  
Invited my mother and sister to come out and spend a few weeks  
with my wife-- they arrived in New York yesterday!

HOWA  
I don't--

HAN COURT  
Then you are-- you are-- Bob rt Van Sturdivant?

HAN DEW  
Who the devil did you think he is?

HANNEY  
But you--

VAN  
I never said-- wasn't dad--

26  
Trouble is you folks take too much for granted without  
investigating!

HANNEY  
Well, I'll be!

VAN  
Come on, Mona-- and Dad-- don't play golf till we get back!

HANNEY  
Where you goin'?

HOWA  
Ministers house to get married and Dad-- for heavens sake  
put those Rembrandt's back in their frames and take the  
photograph gallery up to your bed room!

(Mona and Sam about to exit-- she turns back)  
The Rembrandts are worth a couple hundred thousand dollars!

CURTAIN.

END OF PLAY.

Mae West

Playscripts

Ac. 17, 268

"Chick" (1924)

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00076

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TITLE OF PLAY: **GRACE** by **Carl M. Jacoby and Sydney Rosenfeld**  
NUMBER OF ACTS: **Three**  
SET NUMBER: **Two Sets**

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**FROM**

**GRACE LA SALLE**  
**PLAY BROKER**  
Regan Building  
140 WEST 42nd STREET

Telephone 3840-Dwight  
3841 Bryant

NEW YORK CITY

000077

## An Unpublished Scandal

By Sidney Rosenfeld

"Now it can be told!"

The action occurs in the Duchy of \_\_\_\_\_ during the last two days prior to the recent revolution which overthrew the Empire.

1924.  
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WILLIAM FREDERICK.....the Grand Duke (aged 45)  
ANNA MARIA.....the Grand Duchess (aged 27)  
FRINCH CHRISTIAN.....nephew to the Grand Duke and  
                                heir presumptive to the throne  
                                (aged 28)  
CHAMBERLAIN COURT V. VEITHAUSEN...(aged 60)  
VON PREUSSER....."President" of Police (aged 50)  
BELLA THOMASINI.....once ballerina of the Court  
                                Theatre     (aged 40)  
RUTH.....her daughter (aged 18)  
BARON ALEXANDER V. GRABBE.....Bella's second husband (age 33)  
DR. OEDHARD.....leader of the new Party (age 60)  
KAFFEL.....hotel proprietor  
FRITZ.....his head waiter

HOOKE }  
ETIENNEL } .....Laqueys at Court

ACT I:      Sitting Room at Hotel

ACTS II & III - Room at Court.

000078

## ACT I.

SCENE:

Room in a hotel, located in the capital of one of the German States, just previous to the overthrow of the Empire.

The scene is one of direct confusion and disorder. A pair of woman's slippers stand in the middle of the room. Various portions of feminine attire are strewn about on chairs and sofas. Bandboxes, displaying hats and ribbons are in evidence. A large trunk occupies space in one of the corners. On the centre table a theatrical make-up box is displayed, with all its accessories. By its side stands a burning alcohol lamp, upon which curling irons are heating. A cheval glass stands at back.

AT RISE:

BELLA, an easy-going and still attractive dame, fair, fat and forty, is discovered at her make-up -- doctoring her eyebrows with a burnt match, the rest of her face already showing the evidences of artificial improvement. She is clad in a once elegant "matinee", which now shows gaps and wounds.

Enter BARON GRABBE, through one of the side doors L. The Baron is a picture of elegance. A finished product of studied noblesse, in frock coat, high silk hat, and monocle. He is drawing on his gloves, with a cigarette dangling between his lips. He approaches Bella, and imprisons a casual kiss on the back of her neck, and speaks in a tone half caressing, half indifferent.

Baron

Adieu, ma mignonne!

Bella

(In gentle but impressive tone)  
Now you know where you are going. Straight to the Palace of Prince Christian, to demand an interview, Demand, mind you! My letter must have got there by this time.

Baron

All right, my angel.  
(Exits)

(Bella, having finished with her eyebrows, rises and goes to the large mirror, and inspects herself from all angles, striking a ballet pose as she does so, and humming the tune of the "Danse des Poupées". Backing away from the mirror, always regarding herself with satisfaction, she presses the electric button)

Bella

The nerve of them!

(She then floats, with outstretched arms back to the mirror, after which she makes a coquettish dive for the curling tongs and frizzles her locks, the while she speaks off through the door R.)

Isn't it about time you crawled out of your nest,--you in there?

Ruth

(Off stage, in a sleepy voice, murmuring into her pillow)

Oh that's all right, Mamma-- Let me alone.

Bella

(Persisting)

But it's going on eleven.

Ruth

(As before)

Coffee up yet?

Bella

(Working on her hair)

No. The nerve of them! Shut down on our coffee!

(Slight pause)

Ruth

(In same voice as before)

Have you got on my left stocking?

(Bella does not answer, but in a moment hangs up the curling iron, pirouettes to the looking glass, kisses the tips of her fingers to the reflected image, and then quickly goes off L. In a moment voices emerge from the room)

(Ruth, off, with a scream of protest)

Oh Mamma!

Bella

Let go of that spread!

(A short struggle of feminine voices)

So!

Ruth  
(Remonstrating, off)  
If I catch my death of cold it won't be my fault!

Bella  
(Off)  
If you roll yourself up like a hedgehog you'll tear your nightie! Get up, you little minx! Get up!  
(She re-enters not at all angry. Does more ballet steps before the mirror, and then resumes operations with the curling irons)  
(A knock at the door)  
Come in!

(FRITZ, the head waiter, after a furtive glance behind him, enters. He carries a tray with coffee, etc.)

Fritz  
(In a demi-whisper)  
Hedn't ought to be doing this. Dead against orders. All the same--  
(Shoves aside the make-up box, and places tray on the table)

Bella  
(The tongue in her hair--the perfect queen)  
Dead against whose orders?

Fritz  
Proprietor's.

Bella  
I like his nerve!

Fritz  
Yes'm.  
(Makes furtive attempts to peep through the open bedroom door)

Bella  
(Still fixing her hair)  
I rang ten times. Why did nobody answer? The Baron had to go without his coffee!

Fritz  
(In ominous whisper--tragically)  
He wants to chuck you out!

Bella  
Who wants to chuck who out?

Fritz  
Mr. Kappel.

Bella  
(With a sneer)  
Indeed!

Fritz  
We ain't allowed to serve you no more victuals.  
(Confidentially)  
You'd better not show up in the dining room. I'll see what I can sneak into you.  
(Grating his neck at door R.)  
Ain't Miss Ruth up yet? Maybe I can take her coffee to her bed.

Ruth  
(Answering from the bedroom)  
Oh yes, Fritzie!

(Fritz starts at once to pour a cup)

Bella  
(Not yet finished with her hair--but in a jolly tone)  
Nothing like that! No familiarities!  
(Then in a matter of fact tone)  
Besides---I've taken off her covers!

Fritz  
(With a sudden look of intense longing towards the door)  
Ah if you knew! I just can't stand it! I'll go to the Savings Bank. I'll fetch a couple of hundred--and tell Mr. Kappel the Baron gave them to me. You won't move out then, will you? You'll stay here with Miss Ruth!

Bella  
That will depend.

Fritz  
(Whole-heartedly, but in an undertone)  
I come of a good family, I do. My father was a hotel keeper. He lives off his interest. I have about three thousand in the Savings Bank here, and I've got five thousand more in Spatsburg---and in summer I have a good job at the Springs, and when Aunt Lena dies I'll come into thirty thousand more.

Bella  
(Secretly measuring him)  
Ha! You don't say!

Fritz  
(Quite fervently)  
I--I-- Miss Ruth is so--  
(He gropes with his hands to find words, and out of the fullness of his heart he moans)



Fritz (Cont.)

Oh--but I do love her so! I have never loved anyone as I love Miss Ruth! I wanted to have a word with the Baron just man to man-- I mean--what I wanted to say was--if I could help him out with a little money --

Bella

(Grandly)  
We'll see about it! We'll see about it! How much did you say you would come into?

Fritz

(In quick whisper)  
Thirty thousand.  
(A possessive knock is heard at the door)

Bella

Come in!  
(Going to the breakfast tray, sits down with dignity)

Fritz

(In another whisper)  
That's the Boss!  
(Starts to leave -- ENTER KAPPEL)

Kappel

(With some severity, but not too much)  
Well--what are you doing here?  
(To Fritz--then seeing tray)  
And how about that? Haven't you had orders?

Fritz

(Stuttering)  
Yes-- but the Baroness said--

Kappel

Whatever you serve in this room comes out of your pocket. D'you understand?

Fritz

Yes, sir.  
(Quick EXIT)

Kappel

(Through force of habit rubbing his hands as if cold--looks around the room)  
What's going on here? A rummage sale?  
(Tries to peer into the bedroom)

Bella

You needn't rubber. She's still in bed. You'll permit me to finish my coffee, won't you, even if I don't pay for it.  
(Pours another cup)

Kappel

(In a half whisper)  
This is what I get for having mixed in with a theatrical crowd twenty years ago! I was a jassass!

Bella

I'm too polite to contradict.

Kappel

(Still in an undertone)  
I don't know who ever tipped my wife off--about us--but she knows it. There was a smash-up. Knocked all the glass-ware off the sideboard with one wallop. Says if I don't turn you out today she'll give us away to your husband.  
(He has been continually trying to take furtive peeps into the bedroom)

Bella

(Viciously)  
Don't sprain your neck!

Kappel

(Gaught)  
Eh--who? Oh--  
(Comes forward)

Bella

(As before)  
She's just getting up. But if it will do you any good-- you may close the door!  
(Kappel hurries to the door and takes a furtive peep)

Ruth

(With an outcry)  
Oh shame on you--Mr. Kappel!  
(Kappel closes the door)  
(From within)  
I'm dressing.

(Kappel, rather sheepishly, comes down rubbing his hands)

Bella

The old goat!

Kappel

(Trots hither and thither in some confusion and then comes to a sudden stop)  
Hang it all! You can stay on here. I'll go to the bank and draw out a couple of hundred-- I will tell the old woman you've paid up.

Bella

(Tantalizingly)  
Well, look at that now!



Bella (Cont.)  
(Wedding head towards the door)  
Some kid, eh?

Kappel  
(In some agitation over it)  
I should say! How did you ever come by her! By Gripps!  
She's enough to fever a saint!  
(Whispering to her)  
Why--say-- if you knew your business---

Bella  
(With a silent chuckle)  
Think how long it was ago! Why for all you know she might be yours.

(A loud knock)  
Kappel  
(Falling back as if struck)  
What do you mean?

(Enter hurriedly FRITZ)  
Fritz  
(Addressing Bella, but also for the benefit of Kappel)  
President of the Police calling on you!

Bella  
Never knew the police had a President! More fancy titles!  
Kappel  
(Aghast, to Bella)  
What have you been up to now? He was here last night. You were both out. What does he want with the little one---  
(Walking towards the bedroom)

Bella  
(Amused at his anxiety--leaning back on the cushions)  
Did he ask after her? How do I know? Perhaps he's in love with her too!  
(To Kappel)  
Yes--old dear--what'll you bet we don't get fired today?  
(To Fritz)  
Show Mr. President in! What's he president of? Oh yes-- police. Show him in! Show him in!  
(Exit FRITZ quickly)  
Maybe you think I'm scared! Me and the Police! Ha! Maybe you think we don't understand each other--the police and Bella Thomasini! It makes me laugh!  
(Dismissing him with a gesture)  
Beat it! And suddenly. Love to your old woman! Tell her the police have heard about us!

(Enter PRESIDENT of Police in uniform, ushered in by FRITZ)  
Pres.  
(In elegant attire, with riding crop and monocle)  
Morning!  
(Gives a glance around the room)

Kappel  
(Unconsciously)  
Good morning, your excellency!

Bella  
(Nonchalantly)  
Good morning.  
(Aside)  
Another grating his neck!

Pres.  
(Quickly to Fritz)  
Do we need you here?  
(Fritz shoots off)

Kappel  
(Noticing that the visitor wants to be alone with Bella)  
Well, I take it this is private business-- so if you will excuse me-- I bid you good-day!  
(Exit bowing himself off)

Pres.  
(Curtly)  
Morning.  
Bella  
(With an airy drawl)  
Good morning!

Pres.  
(After a slight pause of general scrutiny)  
Yes-- Quite so.  
(Comes down to chair facing her, leans on arm -- passes)  
Well, what do you think?

Bella  
(Crossing her arms)  
What?

Pres.  
You.  
Bella  
Me? About what?



The whole affair. Pres.

Bella  
Why should I worry! I should rather say----

Pres.  
(Harshly, yet with elegance)  
Never mind what you'd rather say--I mean--what did you have in mind when you wrote that letter? Did you think we should fall for it?

(With a slight sneer)  
Ha! When I say "we" I refer to His Royal Highness.

Bella  
(Mockingly)  
Then "we" is right. But if it's all the same to you, I'd rather you'd soft pedal your voice. My daughter is in the next room! May I finish my coffee?

Pres.  
Pray do!  
(Sits and taps his boot with his crop)

Bella  
(Breakfasting)  
Time was when I took my breakfast with the All Highest. Remember?

Pres.  
Oh yes. I remember.

Bella  
Well, I didn't know. You might not have remembered. By the way--won't you let me offer you a seat?

Pres.  
Eh?  
(Taken aback because he is already seated)  
Oh I see!  
(Rising and making her a chivalrous bow)  
Thank you.  
(Re-seats himself)  
Pardon!

Bella  
(With her own assumed elegance)  
Don't mention it!  
(With a comic sigh)  
When I think that nineteen years ago, lackeys opened the door for me, while the High Chamberlain ushered me in backwards, bowing so low that I ached for his back---  
(Taking a sip of her coffee)  
And today I'm sitting opposite a policeman crossing his legs.

Pres.  
(Uncrossing his legs)  
Pardon! -- At the same time I'm no policeman!

Bella  
Oh aren't you?

Pres.  
(Rising and bowing)  
Police President, von Proussen.

Bella  
(Playing the Queen, balancing the cup in one hand and the saucer in the other)  
Honored! I'm sure!  
(Then setting the cup and saucer down noisily)  
And to what am I indebted for the honor?

Pres.  
(Seated, speaks with official brusqueness)  
The orders of the High Command are to deal unsparingly with Madame and her husband -- and with some consideration towards the young lady.

Bella  
(Crossing her own legs importantly and spitefully)  
Well--start in! Deal with me unsparingly!

Pres.  
(Rather baffled)  
Pardon me, Madame--or rather---since we are alone--shall I say Mam'selle?

Bella  
(Indignantly)  
Eh? Eh? Who do you think I am?

Pres.  
You'll pardon me if I don't take a hotel register literally.

Bella  
Oh! You have the late lamented All Highest in mind! You see, when we were travelling, he and I--we were never sure how we'd register. No, my good sir, I'm married. Unmistakably and continuously. Since three years. And what is more, to an "honest-to-God" Russian Baron.

Pres.  
You don't say! Well, we'll let it go at that! I will come to the point. You are accused of blackmail.

Bella  
Not so loud. My daughter is in the next room.

00083

Pres.  
(Lowering his voice, but still harshly)  
What you have been guilty of, is neither more nor less than blackmail.

Bella  
To what may you be alluding?

Pres.  
To the letter you addressed to His Royal Highness.

Bella  
(Defiantly)  
On that---

Pres.  
Yes, madam, and were it not for a certain consideration, arising from, let us say a certain kindly attitude held towards you by the late father of His Royal Highness--- I should be at this moment taking steps----  
(Pause)

Bella  
Fish! Also Tush!

Pres.  
What do you mean?

Bella  
Fish Tush! I've got you all scared.

Pres.  
Scared!

Bella  
Yes. The whole bunch of you. Consideration indeed! If you weren't scared stiff do you think you'd be sitting here parleying with me?

Pres.  
What do you mean, madam?

Bella  
Not by a jug-full. They'd have sent a couple of real cops after the whole family, and put us under lock and key. I believe you have a cooler close by.

Pres.  
We are not living in the Middle Ages.

Bella  
You must be--if you're scared stiff by a little scandal.

Pres.  
(Impatiently)  
We are not getting on. The letter you sent was a clear case of blackmail. The only point I am anxious to have explained is what did you expect to gain by it? What do you expect us to do?

Bella  
When you say "us" -- do you mean the police, or the All Highest?

Pres.  
I'm speaking in the name of the All-Highest.

Bella  
Well, I had to know that. You police have tricky ways. Very well then. Proceed. You got my letter--

Pres.  
Here it is!  
(Produces a sacred, and lays it open on the table)  
Blackmail! Pure and simple!

Bella  
I don't care a button what you call it! That states my case! (Leaning back in her chair)  
It's nineteen years since I was dethroned. His sainted Supreme Highness was crazy about me. Simply crazy! Everybody knew that. But one day--as it always happens--when one of us poor girls of the ballet gets tangled up with one of those Supreme Highnesses--he began to weaken. That's one thing you can always gamble on with a man who's crazy about you-- Sooner or later he weakens. A new rapture creeps into his heart. The male heart is ever young that way--no matter how old it gets. The Royal Theatre Director gave me a gentle hint to look for another job. He even suggested there was a vacancy in the Slap Stick Opera House on the side street. "Not much!" says I. I know it would not be long before there was another mouth to feed--if you know what I mean. I let His Supreme Highness into that secret. He seemed quite "palmed". The next day he sent the Royal Chamberlain to me with a check for a hundred thousand, and four weeks later, by special arrangement with the Great and Only, I became the happy bride of the bassoon player.

Pres.  
Well---go on!

Bella  
Go on! I'll skip the next nineteen years---and here I sit--busted!

Pres.  
Well--go on!

Bella  
Still further on? How far do you want me to go? Didn't I tell you I'm busted?

Pres.  
D'you mean to say the whole hundred thousand---

00084

Bella  
(With theatrical grief)  
Five years ago my husband died! God rest him, he was a man of honor! He knew what he owed to me.  
(Blows her nose)  
While he was alive I had the hundred thousand.

Pres.  
Well--  
(He is about to say "Go on" again--when she takes him up viciously)

Bella  
If you say "go on" again, I'll throw something at you!  
(She continues)  
Three years ago, for the first time in my life --  
(With deep sentiment)  
there stole into my heart that intense yearning known as true love, and I indulged myself in the luxury of marrying a real dyed-in-the-wool nobleman--the Baron--my present liege lord.  
(Slight pause)  
It took him about six months to get rid of the whole hundred thousand.

Pres.  
But, my good woman, you keep continually talking about yourself. You will pardon my mentioning it--but the intimate recital of your movements, or those of your dyed-in-the-wool Baron, are of no immediate concern to us--what his Royal Highness wants to know about--

Bella  
(Rising, and proudly clasping her bosom)  
I am the integral part of my child! I am left here with her--the daughter of the deceased sovereign of this country--the sister of the reigning head of the Royal House,--here in his own capital!

Pres.  
(Correcting her in a severe tone)  
Half sister--if you please. That is the utmost you can claim!

Bella  
(Impatiently)  
Half or whole--what's the odds! The main thing is we're left here without a red, and that worm of a landlord wants to chuck us out! And we owe our last cup of coffee to the generosity of the head waiter, who happens to be in love--up to his frozen ears, with my daughter, and this daughter, who is beholden for her last cup of coffee to the head-waiter with the frozen ears, is the sister of your so-called All Highest.  
(Dryly)  
Half sister or whole--suit yourself!

Pres.  
(Still more severely)  
And what do you demand of His Royal Highness in this matter?

Bella  
In the first place to get us out of hook. That is the least he can do in common decency. As a Grand Duke he ought to be humiliated to know that a sister of his owes her breakfast to a head-waiter with frozen ears.

Pres.  
(With great energy)  
I must request you to leave the word sister out of your conversation. We do not recognise any sister of His Supreme Highness.

Bella  
You don't, but I do. And for the matter of that, nineteen years ago you would have risen to your feet when you had the honor of addressing me!

Pres.  
(For a moment stunned, then swinging to his feet)  
I do not wish my deportment criticised. You seem to forget whom you are facing.

Bella  
Not so loud! The little one's in the next room.

Pres.  
(In a lower tone, but extremely irritated)  
Let's stick to the subject. I'm better informed about you than you imagine.

(Again posing behind the chair)  
At the time when his late Serene Highness said goodbye to you, you saw fit to stage a tragic farce, by jumping into a fish pond -- with the water reaching hardly above your knees!

Bella  
Did you expect me to lie flat in it and drown?

Pres.  
The affair got into the papers. That was what you were after. To prevent further extravagances on your part, his late sainted Highness paid you the hundred thousand. These were for you. As for the child: -- later on, to silence the scandalous activities of the penny-a-liners, and in a spirit of noble, but unthinking benevolence, His Royal Highness the reigning Grand Duke, arranged that out of the private purse of his nephew Prince Christian, the heir presumptive, a monthly allowance of two hundred and fifty gold marks should be paid your daughter. This sum has been so paid to the various guardians and custodians among whom you, in your maternal solicitude, have allowed your child to knock about. And now I ask you, what more do you expect?

00083

Bella

(Indignantly)  
Haven't I told you I'm broke! Stony! How can I make it any clearer to you? When the hundred thousand went up the flue I tried to economise by taking the child out of boarding school and keeping her with me. But you don't imagine that all three of us can live on two fifty a month!

Pres.

(Losing patience)  
Do you consider this His Highness's problem?

Bella

Whose else's?

Pres.

(Grinly contradicting)  
You'll permit me---

Bella

(Just as firmly)  
You'll permit me!

Pres.

(With suppressed fierceness)  
She's your child!

Bella

Only half! The other half is charged to the account of his late Royal Highness - Thank Heaven!

(Poses triumphantly)

Pres.

(In great rage)  
I have handled other impossible people in my time---and let me tell you, Madam, if reason fails with you I shall resort to measures---

Bella

Don't shout! This is no police station!

Pres.

(Now quite enraged, but suppressing his voice as best he can)  
I'll shout as loud as I like! D'you understand! Don't play the persecuted innocent with me! I have a whole list of your didoes. What have you been doing at this very hotel? You have had the brazen impudence to parade your alleged grievance against the Royal House in public---at the very dining table! You have stated your "case" and produced what you call documentary evidence! And this evidence you have shown!--it is inconceivable!--inconceivable!--to the one man who above all others has fairly revelled in it! You know to whom I refer! To that wild-eyed editor of the Social Democrat! The one man who is itching to humiliate the Royal House! And what has this man had the temerity to do in consequence! To seek an interview on the subject with Prince Christian himself---the

Pres. (Cont.)

heir presumptive to the throne! All this you are answerable for, and you will only have yourself to blame for the consequences! And so let me tell you, madam, in obedience to the royal decree---you will be given till midnight to escape---to vanish. Otherwise the police will take you in its net! You and your dyed-in-the-wool Baron, and your daughter. It is with deep regret that we include the young woman, whom we have never seen, in these orders, but you have only yourself to blame! Your bills will be paid! And as further consideration to your daughter, I am instructed to advise her to apply at some future date, and from another address, in writing, to His Royal Highness for such consideration as he may deign to bestow.

Bella

(Visciously, with deep obedience)  
Fine! And noble indeed of His Royal Highness! But there's one kink in it! --- I won't agree to it!

Pres.

(Blankly)  
You won't agree! You dare to oppose the wishes of the All Highest!

Bella

Flat!  
(Copying his previous words and manner)  
I've managed other impossible people in my time.  
(Pres. flops speechless into a chair, and sits open-mouthed)  
D'you think I'm afraid of any of your crowd! Bella Thamsini afraid! Forget it!

Pres.

(Starting up from his chair, stands in front of her shaking his fingers under her nose)  
You--you! In an hour my officers will be here. If you are not gone by that time we shall see!  
(Starts to leave with his spurs rattling)  
(RUTH appears at door R. She is beautifully dressed, and gives a final stretch to that beautiful, well-proportioned virginal body of hers)  
(Pres., surprised by her entrance stands rooted to the spot)

Pardon.  
(Draws his heels together a la militaire, and introduces himself)  
von Frousser!

Ruth

(With a little laugh of confusion)  
Beg pardon! I thought it was mother's husband!  
(To Bella)  
Saasha still in bed?

00086



Bella  
Your father's gone out. You must get over that habit of calling him by his first name. After all he's your father.

Ruth  
Sasha! Why I've only known him six months!

Bella  
All the same! What's this gentleman to think?

Ruth  
(To Pres.)  
Do you know my mother's husband?  
(As Pres. shakes his head)  
He's still a young man---not over thirty-three.

Bella  
(Introducing Ruth quickly)  
My daughter, Ruth.

Pres.  
Charmed, mam'selle!  
(Once more he bows)

Ruth  
(Greets him once more, but this time with a proud nod of her head. She conveys the combined natal influence of a droll mother and an imperial father. She goes to centre table to take her breakfast)  
Are you the Court Theatre Director?

Bella  
(At his side---spitefully)  
Nothing like that! Nothing of the Court about him! He belongs to the police! President---or something. Somebody with a say. He had something to say to me. But you wouldn't have understood it.  
(To Pres.)  
How about it?

Pres.  
(Helpless with chagrin and embarrassment)  
Quite so! Quite so!

Ruth  
(Coquettishly---as she eats her roll)  
President of the Police! Have we been breaking the law?

Pres.  
(Demurely)  
Oh mam'selle!

Bella  
You may well ask! He's been giving me a long yarn. But I'll be whipped if I can make head or tail of it!

Ruth  
(Coquettishly)  
Too bad! Police! And I've been expecting---

Bella  
(Explaining to Pres.)  
She's been expecting word from the Royal Theatre. The little Chick's got it into her head that she wants to go on the stage! And behind my back she writes to the Director! And she's just simple enough to think the Director will call in person! Doesn't that show how little she knows of life?  
(Teasingly)  
She has that from her father.

Ruth  
(Fating)  
Now mamma, what sort of a fairy story is this? You know I only wanted him to send you an answer. Personally all this talk about royal protection on the stage leaves me cold. I don't want protection. I want to rise by my own talents, if I have any. Don't you think I'm right?  
(To Pres.)

Pres.  
Quite so!

Bella  
Isn't she a child! A perfect child!

Ruth  
(With a quaint smile)  
I don't know what's going on in this house, but it's something droll! Mother keeps on sending me begging letter after another to all sorts of people, and she never gets an answer. We've been cooped up in this hotel for two weeks using up all our money---not that we have any to use---and the proprietor, Mr. Kappel---d'you know him---and Weiss---the head waiter, they come in every now and then and look me over in such a funny way--

(Applying it to the way in which the President is now looking at her)  
you know! And now we have a gentleman of the Police with us! --with something to say! Funny, isn't it! What's it all about?

Bella  
Just listen to the chick!

(Pres. laughs politely)

Ruth  
(To him)  
Mamma's funny, isn't she? I'm always Chick to her.  
(With a little sigh)  
There have been a good many things in my life I couldn't make out. But since we're here, I'm all at sea! What's wrong?

00087

Why man'selle!

Pres.

(Reprovingly)  
My child!

Bella

Ruth

(To Pres.)  
Listen. D'you know Prince Christian?  
(As he doesn't answer she looks puzzled  
at Bella)

No? Well mother does! And just imagine what a part he plays in my young life. Since I'm six years old I've been wishing him a Happy New Year by mail and sending him my thanks.

(Laughing)  
And I don't know what for! Because he pays Mamma a pension? What have I got to do with that? And for the last seven years, since I was in the Seminary, I've been embroidering him a pair of slippers every Christmas. Just imagine me--Chick--and a real live Prince! And d'you know what my French teacher read me about him from the Almanac de Gotha, or some such telephone book. He's the heir presumptive--whatever that may mean! It's all so funny! And can you see him putting on a new pair of my embroidered slippers every year! Good Lord! He must have a ear lead by this time. And if he has any sense of humor at all mustn't he laugh his princely head off!

(Laughs heartily--then stopping short)  
Is it half past eleven yet?

Pres.  
(Quickly consulting his wrist-watch with  
the accustomed sweep)  
Just about, man'selle.

Ruth  
Then it's time for me to be off.

(To Bella)  
I'm going to take a look at the Prince.

Bella  
(Startled)  
What!

Ruth  
Take a look at the Prince. He goes out walking every day at noon with the Grand Duke and Duchess. I found that out. And there's always a whole crowd of folks with nothing else to do--like me--waiting at the Palace to see them come out.

Bella  
But Chick---

Ruth  
(Laughingly addressing Pres.)  
You don't blame me for wanting to know what he looks like. The man I have been embroidering slippers for for seven years.

Pres.  
Certainly not, man'selle.

Ruth  
(To Bella)  
There!  
(Coquettishly to Pres.)  
Are you walking towards the Palace?

Pres.  
(All aglow)  
It's right on my way!

Ruth  
(With a bewitching smile)  
Then we can walk together. What a funny face you're making--would you rather not be seen walking with a young lady?  
(Archly)  
Perhaps you are married?

Pres.  
Oh not at all! Not at all!

Ruth  
Then wait here till I get my hat.  
(Off quickly)

(Pres. stares sheepishly at Bella)

Bella  
(Approaching him rather jestingly)  
Well, my pretty fellow! How about getting us all into your net. Eh?  
(With a hearty laugh)  
All alike! Now 'em a pretty face, and they go daffy!

(Ruth re-enters, still putting on her hat)

Ruth  
Ready, Mr. Police General!

Pres.  
(Correcting)  
President.  
(Then turning finally to Bella)  
Your most obedient!

Ruth  
Bye bye!  
(Waves adieu with her gloves to her mother and EXITS with the President)

Bella  
(Pirouettes to the mirror as she calls)  
Frits!

00088

(Frits, who has evidently been hovering outside the door enters hurriedly, looking back over his shoulder)

Bella  
You can take these things away.  
(As he starts doing so)  
And by the way--could you spare me another tenner, as you are going to your bank.

Frits  
With pleasure, madame.  
(Diving into his pocket and producing coin.  
Then says in an anxious tone)  
And you'll let me come back for a little while this afternoon, when I bring up the tea--and maybe some cookies wouldn't be bad.

Bella  
(Condescendingly)  
You may!

Frits  
You'll put in a good word for me, won't you. Thirty thousand coming, and eight of my own already saved up!

Bella  
(Nodding)  
Um--um! Got a cigarette?

Frits  
Sure!  
(Hands her his cigarette case)  
Sterling silver. Notice! Here's the Hall mark. Nothing dinky about me! And I'm a man of some education, too! Went to High School. My brother's a professor. Not that I'd swap jobs with him! I make more'n he does!

Bella  
(Puffing her cigarette)  
Chick must have time to develop. You have no idea who Chick really is. I'm not talking about it!

Frits  
I know.

Bella  
Well then, you can give her a little kiss every now and then when you are alone with her. I mustn't see it! But no nonsense. You understand?

Frits  
Oh yes'm! No'm! A kiss! My Lord! I wouldn't dare! Why, when I'm alone with her I can't open my mouth!

(Knock at door)

Bella  
Comm!  
(Enter COURT CHAMBERLAIN--an elderly party of some elegance, and much importance)

Cham.  
Pardon! I may come in!

Bella  
(Refusively)  
It's my little Chamberlain! At last!  
(With a theatrical impulse she flings herself around his neck with such violence that he collapses)

Cham.  
But--allow me--madam!

Bella  
Oh--that's only Frits--he doesn't count!

Frits  
I haven't seen a thing-- not a thing!  
(Has screened himself behind his serviette, and makes an exit with the tray)

Bella  
He's off, honey! Speak out!

Cham.  
(Trying to be dignified)  
May I ask you to suppress the honey?

Bella  
(Patting his cheek)  
Why should I? But if you prefer me a little aloofer! Oh very well! We strive to please!  
(Drags him to centre table--seats him, and then herself alone to him)  
But I am tickled to see you!  
(With sudden access of emotion)  
I knew you'd come, honey!

Cham.  
(Recalling from the word)  
Please--please--

Bella  
Very well then, we'll out the honey. I knew you'd come!  
(Blows her nose)  
You always did come when there were intimate duties to perform. It was you who brought me the hundred thousand! Remember. Excuse my tears.  
(Wipes her eyes)

Cham.  
Quite so. That's why I'm here now!

00089

Bella  
The Lord be praised! You always were the right sort, honey.

Please, madam. Cham.

Bella  
It's hard to leave off the honey. It's hard to lop off a pet name that for so many years—

Cham.  
But permit me to remind you of the fact that you are married now.

Bella  
(Touched)  
True! Time flies!  
(Again wipes her eyes)  
But those were happy days. Eh?  
(Giving him a confidential nudge)  
If his defunct Highness had ever suspected! Ha! And you the custodian of my virtue! Ha!

Cham.  
(Slightly indignant, and trying his best to assert his dignity)  
Once more, madam, let me recall to you the fact that you are married.

Bella  
And what do you think of her?

Cham.  
Of whom?

Bella  
Why of my little Chick. You must have met her on the stairs.

Cham.  
(Fuzzled)  
Your little chick?

Bella  
Isn't she a dear! Takes after her mother!  
(Again wipes her eyes)  
And there she goes with the Police President little dreaming that—  
(Breaks off suddenly)  
But that police duck's a brute!

Cham.  
Who?

Bella  
That President—so called! If we haven't skidooed by midnight, he's going to pinch us! What do you think of that?

Cham.  
(Stupefied)  
Who—hell! What's the Police President got to do with it?

Bella  
(Laughing)  
Orders from the All-Highest!

Cham.

(Stupefied)  
Orders!  
(Shaking his head)  
Those police officials are bigger fools than the police allows. It is I who have come with orders from the Highest! How does any police agent dare to anticipate me! These police do play the very devil!

Bella  
Of course—and that's what you are for?

Cham.  
(Rising ceremoniously)  
In a word, madam, in the name of His Royal Highness the Grand Duke, I am instructed to request you to take your— that is to say— to lose no time in—in point of fact to wipe yourself off the face of the map! Do you grasp that?

Bella  
(Stunned, but hostile)  
What's that?

Cham.  
The liquidation of your existing debts will be undertaken in the name of His Highness Prince Christian. The hotel proprietor will send his account to me. As for your further personal needs, they do not concern us in the slightest!

Bella  
(Irritated)  
Is that so—o—o?

Cham.  
We positively decline to let you make any further raids upon us. You will depart at once!

Bella  
(With increased resentment)  
So—o—o—o!

Cham.  
Yes. Half an hour ago a man had the presumption to present himself at the palace—calling himself Baron Something or other—from Russia back there.

Bella  
Yes. My husband.

Cham.  
Well and good your husband! He did prove some such claim, with some sort of papers. What on earth could have possessed you and this fellow from Russia—but let that pass. To get rid of him we gave him a check for ten thousand.

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Bella  
Hooray!  
(In great joy tries to embrace him)

Cham.  
(Blushing her)  
In exchange wherefore, you will sign this document absolving us from any and all future claims.  
(Producing document)  
As for the child---Chick as you call her---His Royal Highness, Prince Christian will continue to provide for her, as heretofore.

Bella  
(Eagerly grabbing the document)  
In a minute!  
(Goes instantly with document to the table and signs it)  
There! Take your old gas bill!

Cham.  
(Pocketing the document)  
Heaven be praised!  
(Savagely)  
His Royal Highness the Grand Duke, and my lord Prince Christian, unite in requesting a positive and absolute end to all communications with yourself and the Baron, and they also unite in wishing you a happy and immediate journey! Is that understood!

Bella  
(Takes both of his cheeks in her hands, and caresses him in spite of his resistance)  
Sure honey!

Cham.  
(Escaping her further blandishments)  
That is all!  
(At door)

Bella  
(In ballet pose on her toes)  
Auf Wiedersehn!  
(Kisses her finger tips)

Cham.  
I hope not!  
(Exit G.)  
(Through the open door Frits is seen standing ready with his serviette, and Kappel disappearing)  
(FRITZ enters with letter)

Frits  
This letter just came by messenger.  
(Hands it)

Bella  
(Scanning the unopened envelope fore and aft)  
Why it's from my husband!  
(Tears it open in feverish haste, gives it a hurried reading, and then with a cry like a locomotive whistle, falls into the nearest seat)  
Kappel! Kappel! Where is Kappel!  
(Kappel has dashed in on the first mention of his name)

Kappel  
What's the matter! Not so loud! And Mr. Kappel please! My wife is on this floor!

Bella  
(With a theatrical moan)  
Think of it! Think of it!  
(Including Frits)  
This scamp! This loafer! My husband! Went to the palace with a letter of mine, got ten thousand and from the chamberlain! And he's skipped with it! Flown! Flitted! Fled! My Gawd!  
(Hands letter as she bellowa)

Kappel  
(Glances through the letter)  
Thunder and blazes!

Frits  
(Has been reading the letter over Kappel's shoulder)  
Thunder and blazes!  
(Both sink into seats and stare dumbly at each other)

Bella  
(Pacing the stage distractedly)  
If I leave him that ten thousand he won't have a farthing by morning! What am I to do? What am I to do?  
(Suddenly)  
Frits! Run down! Send up a porter---quick!  
(Drag him out of his seat)  
And order a taxi!

Frits  
(Flashing off in haste)  
Yes.  
(Exit)

Bella  
(Continuing in sad excitement to Kappel)  
And you---lend me fifty.  
(Pulling open her trunk as she drops on her knees)

Kappel  
Who, me?



Bella  
(Theatrically)  
I must go after him!  
(Begins to collect all her things promiscuously,  
and pile them into the trunk)

Kappel  
But what about my bill?

Bella  
Don't be an ass! The Court will pay that! Go/the Chamberlain for it! You heard what he said! You were listening at the door!  
(Pushes in and out of the adjoining rooms  
filling her trunk)

Kappel  
(Following her, and occasionally helping)  
What about Chick?

Bella  
Do you expect me to hunt for her--or wait for her--while He's making off with my money!  
(Bellowing)  
Oh that tallow-gorging Bolshevik! I'll wire Chick where to join us when I've found him! In the meanwhile tell her to go to the Chamberlain--or to Prince Christian/  
(Loftily as she packs)  
I give you power of attorney! Tell her all if necessary! Up to now I've told her nothing!  
(Drily)  
Let me have that fifty! The wretch! He won't have a smell of that money left by morning! Throw me over those boots! I might have known it! What a fool I was! See if I've left anything inside! Besides she has a perfect right to go to the Prince! She doesn't have to beg! She can demand! Or better still, go to the Grand Duke himself! Why not! He's her brother! Illegitimate? My foot! Let me have that fifty!  
(Kappel opens his wallet and gives it)  
Charge it in your bill! Better make it a hundred!  
(He gives her another fifty)  
Illegitimate? Ha! The Court's got to look after her! Do they expect me to trot round the world with her without a farthing? And it's their fault! Why did they hand over my ten thousand to the Russian pill! And tell her not to let them hoodwink her. She's more than seven!  
(Begins to bawl again)  
I've got to fetch my man back!  
(Clapping down the trunk lid)  
He's only thirty-three, and I'll never get another as young as that!  
(FRITZ enters with Porter)  
(To Porter)  
Take this trunk.  
(To Fritz)  
Got the taxi?

Fritz  
(Shrily, but quickly)  
You still owe me eighty.

Bella  
Tell it to him.  
(Indicating Kappel)  
He knows what to do. Add fifty for tips---the Court will pay.  
(She has been putting on her travelling sack)  
Help the porter with that trunk.  
(She seizes linatick and toilet articles,  
and shoves them into her handbag)  
The wretched Blackguard! Does he think I pick my money off the sidewalk!  
(Has finished)  
There!  
(Theatrically)  
Farewell!  
(Falls on Kappel's neck with deep emotion)  
I should have married you! But I was lured! Lured by the splendor of a crown!  
(Wailing as she departs)  
All that money! My hard earned gold!  
(Exit C.)  
(Kappel collapses in chair and tries to whistle. FRITZ enters quite crushed)

Fritz  
(To Kappel)  
She says you'll pay me what she owes.

Kappel  
(Rising and assuming authority of the Proprietor)  
Make out your bill. Stick in the eighty---there are a hundred of mine to be added.

Fritz  
(Lamenting)  
Yes---but the Baron got into me, too!

Kappel  
For how much?

Fritz  
Another hundred.

Kappel  
Careless cuss! Serves you right! Why did you get stuck on the girl?

Fritz  
Everybody's stuck on her. And if she's the sister of the Grand Duke---why what's a hundred more or less to a Grand Duke! Stick that on the bill too!  
(Anxiously)  
Chick will be staying on here, won't she?

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(Enter RUTH G. followed by PRESIDENT,  
who appears smitten with her)

Ruth  
Mamma! Where's Mamma?

Kappel  
(Trying to compose himself)  
Your mother has gone.

Pres.  
Gone? Left town?

Ruth  
(Standing still)  
Without me! Why you're crazy! Where's she gone? And where's  
my mother's husband?

Kappel  
(More at ease)  
He's skipped! With money from the Chamberlain. Your  
mother's gone after him!

Ruth  
Gone after him!  
(To Pres. baffled but smiling)  
I don't understand it, Do you?

Kappel  
(In an undertone to the President--shrugging  
his shoulders)  
Prince Christian is to pay my bill---the rest is none of my  
business.

Ruth  
(Mystified)  
But what's to become of me?  
(Turns to the solemn looking President, and  
says quite open heartedly)  
I haven't a cent of money!  
(As no one answers her she begins to show  
alarm, and sinks into a seat, gradually in tears)  
I haven't a cent of money!

Pres.  
Don't lose heart, little one!

Frits  
(Blurting out, sympathetically)  
If you need any I'll lend it to you especially now that  
you're the sister of the Grand Duke!

Kappel  
(Digging him in the ribs)  
Jackass!

Pres.  
(Laughs it)  
Jackass!

Ruth  
(Amazed)  
I'm who do you say?

Kappel  
(Discomfitted)  
All you have to do is to go to Prince Christian. He'll  
look after you.

Ruth  
(Having risen, advances to the President)  
Who did Frits say I am! The sister of -- why what nonsense!

Pres.  
(To Frits)  
You donkey-- Why did you butt in?

Kappel  
(Supplementing the Pres.)  
You don't know enough to come in out of the rain!

Frits  
(Trying to justify himself)  
You heard it yourself!  
(To Kappel)

Ruth  
Won't any of you tell me! Why do you call Frits a donkey?  
Has he told the truth?  
(All are silent)  
Then who am I? I want to know!  
(As they still don't speak)  
Who is my father?  
(Gradually weeping)  
You all know--and you won't tell. And why shouldn't I know!  
(Cries bitterly, like a child, as the

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"CHICK"

ACT TWO

ACT TWO

**SCENE:**

Prince's apartment in the Palace, separated by portieres from an ante-room which contains the registering table for applicants for audience, the book in which the names of applicants are registered lies open on the table. The ante-room itself is largely visible when the portieres are open.

For list of furniture and appointments of both rooms in detail, see scene plot. A small dining table with service for two is arranged in a cosy corner.

**AT RISE:**

At rise of the curtain discover HOOK and STOMPEL, two lackeys, in Court costume, engaged in earnest conversation.

Hook

Things are on their way, take my word for it. The fuse is lit. You will see a damned demolition before you are many days older.

Stompel

Damned demolition is a mild term for it. The whole aristocracy is doing a grand totter! But the Boss will never quit. Not he! He'll stick to his royal job as long as there's a farthing in the box!

Hook

What's the use of sticking when there's nothing to stick to?

Stompel

You know him! He won't know he's through till they carry him out feet first!

Hook

And us with him, maybe!

Stompel

Shouldn't wonder! History shows that when things are ripe for revolution, they chop off the heads of the lackeys first. I can't sleep nights for thinking of it!

Hook

Then why wait for them to revolt?

(Enter the Court Chamberlain in uniform)

(For dress see costume plot)

(The lackeys withdraw to back instantly)



Cham.  
(Surveys the scene with a quick glance, steps to the dining table, and punctiliously adjust the two chairs to their proper angle)

Hook!

Hook  
(Obsequiously hurrying forward)

Yes m'lord!

Cham.

You're an ass!

Hook

Yes m'lord!

Cham.

I want no corroboration from you! D'you understand!  
(Stepping close to him)

Hook

No m'lord - Yes m'lord!

Cham.

I don't like the expression of your face! Have you anything up your sleeve?

Hook

I don't know what you mean, m'lord.

Cham.

Anything rebellious? Revolutionary?

Hook

Oh m'lord--the idea!

Cham.

Well if you have don't express it! Don't show it! Not by the bat of an eye! Not yet! Do you understand?

Hook

Yes m'lord.

Cham.

I know very well what you think about me.

Hook

Yes m'lord.

Cham.

But it is of no consequence. I've told you what I think of you. That's the difference between us. I can afford to say what I think and you can't. Not yet! Things may change--I say they may--but in the meanwhile you're a jackass!

Hook

Yes m'lord!  
(Exchanges looks of intense amusement with Stempel while the Chamberlain turns away)

Cham.

I want you to serve that supper-by and by--you--alone--  
(Indicating the spread table)

Hook

Yes m'lord.  
(Stempel glides off into the ante-room)

Cham.

That young lady complained about you last night. She said that as you helped her on with her wrap as she was leaving, you deliberately winked at her!

Hook

Winked at her, m'lord!

Cham.

That was a distinctly revolutionary act. A young lady of the ballet may seem only a young lady of the ballet to you--but it is your business to regard her as a real lady. This may all change--but it hasn't changed yet! D'you understand?

Hook

Perfectly m'lord.  
(The Police President has entered the ante-room with haste and importance)  
(Being the first to perceive him says with discretion to Chamberlain)  
President of Police!

Cham.

Ah!  
(Hastens to portieress)

President  
(In some excitement--after greeting)

m'lord!

Cham.  
(Extending his hand)

Von Frousen!

President

I've come to report--

Cham.  
(Coming down into the room)

Yes--yes--His Highness may be here any minute!



President  
(Wiping his brow)  
It's that Tomasini matter! The Russian Baron took the two o'clock train for Dingelback,--and was followed on the three o'clock train by the---ha---Baroness!  
(The "ha" carries a note of contempt)

Cham.  
Thank God! We've escaped a scandal!

President  
Perhaps! But the young one, the daughter of the--ha!--Baroness returned to the hotel, and found her so-called parents gone!

Cham.  
(In excitement)  
Yes!

President  
She lost her head completely--and decamped also! And for the past six hours she has been presumably drifting around the town! We haven't been able to locate her!

Cham.  
(Quite overcome sinks into seat)  
The chick still here!

President  
It has been my painful duty to so inform His Highness. The young lady is quite penniless--and we stand in momentary expectation of an invasion from her! And I may add parenthetically, that the young lady is nit without a certain amount of--er--ginger!

Cham.  
(Facing the stage in agitation)  
That is a fine state of affairs! Talk about scandal. The Social Democratic press is just waiting for a tit bit like this! What in Heaven's name are we to do!  
(Stempel enters hastily through the portieres, and as hastily whispers)

Stempel  
His Highness, the Grand Duke!  
(Enter the Grand Duke in military uniform. He is a fine handsome up-standing man of forty odd)

Grand Duke  
(Also very much excited, in tone of command)  
I wish to speak with His Highness Prince Christian at once!

Cham.  
(Much unnerved, but with great humility)

Cham. (Cont.)  
His Highness left the palace an hour ago, and ordered the supper served for eight o'clock.  
(Looking tremblingly at his watch)  
It lacks half an hour.

Grand Duke  
(Throwing a withering look at the lackey who instantly vanishes, then addressing the others)  
A pretty pickle! That's all I have to say! A pretty pickle!

Cham.  
(As before)  
As Your Highness says--a pretty pickle!

Grand Duke  
(Severely)  
Don't echo me! You're a gifted specimen of a Court Chamberlain, you are! You come under the head of a natural born genius! Will you tell me by what license you dive into the Royal Treasury and extract ten thousand for the benefit of a beggarly Cossack! I suppose you think that any back-woods adventurer can ransack our Treasury, and decamp with ten thousand!

(Turning with sudden fierceness on the President)  
And you--our high and mighty Head of the Police--can stand by and not lift a hand! And that daughter! Some-where in our capital she's roaming about for hours, and you can do nothing about it but stand with your mouth open! That daughter! That young woman with some sort of a Morganatic claim upon the Royal household. Do you realize how she can turn the whole palace upside down! I ask you, do you realize it?

President  
Fully, your Royal Highness.

Grand Duke  
(Halting fiercely in front of him)  
Then let me tell you I shall hold you personally responsible for whatever happens.

President  
At your service, your Royal Highness!

Grand Duke  
At my service! Rubbish! Fine service indeed!  
(Throws aside his cap and crop and flops on a chaise longue)  
It's rotten! There's no other word for it!

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Cham. & President  
(Together)  
At your service, your---

Grand Duke  
Shut up! Both of you! And as for you--  
(Leaps up and waves his finger under the nose of the President)  
If the Press reports this! I'll throw you to the dogs!  
The first thing you know all the illegitimate sprouts of the royal family will hold a convention in this palace, and invite me as their guest!

Cham. & President  
At your service, your---

Grand Duke  
Damn such service! That young woman must be found!

President  
(Starts to say)  
At your---

Grand Duke  
(Choking him off)  
And what is more--not a whisper to your agents as to who or what the young woman is!

President  
Not a whisper, your Royal Highness. My men haven't a suspicion!

Grand Duke  
(Grinly sarcastic)  
Of course not! Your men never have a suspicion! And if that young woman raises the slightest alarm, do you realize what particular time they have chosen to stir up the Press? Aren't we skating on thin enough ice as it is?

Cham. & President  
Very thin ice, your Royal Highness!

Grand Duke  
Is that all the comfort I can get out of you! This girl must be found! And this very night! Report to me!  
(To Chamberlain)  
His Highness Prince Christian is to wait here for me. I shall return in an hour! And not a word about this is to be spoken in the palace. And above all--not a syllable to Her Highness the Grand Duchess! Good evening!  
(He gathers up his cap and stick and with clanking spurs is about to exit through the portieres, when he runs into Ruth entering)  
(Falling back)  
Who's this?

Cham.  
How did you get in?

Ruth  
(Very calmly, but with no impetuosity)  
Nobody stopped me, and so I came in.  
(Courtseying to Grand Duke)  
I know who you are I saw you out walking yesterday.

Grand Duke  
(After a glance at both men, whose faces indicate blank astonishment)  
Are you looking for me?

Ruth  
Not exactly. But I'm awfully glad you're here.

Grand Duke  
(Speechless for a moment)  
You're awfully glad I'm here.  
(Turning fiercely on his attendants)  
Who let her in? Where are the guards?  
(Then to her)  
You don't seem to know where you are!

Ruth  
(With a quiet smile)  
Oh yes I do!

Grand Duke  
You do! And who do you think I am?

Ruth  
You're the Grand Duke.

Grand Duke  
(Gasping)  
Then perhaps you'll afford me the extreme felicity of telling me who you are?

Ruth  
(As before)  
I'm Ruth. Ruth Tomassini!

Grand Duke  
(Staggered)  
You're who?

Ruth  
Ruth Tomassini.

Grand Duke  
(To President)  
Why did Heaven in its wrath, make you President of my Palace!

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Grand Duke (Cont.)  
 (Recovering himself takes off his cap, and with fine irony addresses Ruth)  
 Allow me--  
 (Bows very courteously)  
 I'm William Frederick! The Third! Grand Duke! Up to the present!

Ruth  
 (Politely, but unawed--returning his bow)  
 Delighted!

Grand Duke  
 (Not knowing what to say)  
 Don't mention it!  
 (Tries to find his footing in this extraordinary situation)  
 Since as you say -- you're awfully glad I'm here, would it be presuming too much to ask what you wish?

Ruth  
 Not at all. Why not?

Grand Duke  
 (Baffled, repeating the words to the others)  
 Not at all. Why not?

Ruth  
 (Very calmly)  
 I only wanted to ask you what's to become of me?

Grand Duke  
 (Assuming some severity)  
 My good young woman, you will pardon my mentioning it, but I am not in the habit of being addressed as plain "you" I am the Grand Duke. THE Grand Duke, and those who have the honor of conversing with me, are expected to address me as Your Royal Highness.

Ruth  
 Really? Well I didn't know that. But I can just as well call you Royal Highness.

Grand Duke  
 (To the others)  
 That's very amiable of her!  
 (Once more venting his rage on the President)  
 Oh! I owe you a few for this! A fine evening's entertainment you've provided for me! I'll give you your entertainment later!  
 (To the Chamberlain--fiercely)  
 See that the guards at the Palace gate are discharged! And let the Marshall report to me in the morning!

Cham.  
 At your service, your Royal Highness.  
 (Glad to escape the scene he withdraws at back)

Grand Duke  
 (Pulling himself together takes a step as two)  
 Now then! You wanted to know  
 (To Ruth)  
 what was to become of you - You will kindly permit me to ask you a question.

Ruth  
 Surely -

Grand Duke  
 (Ironically)  
 You are naturally informed about certain so-called--ahem--relations existing between us?

Ruth  
 Naturally.

Grand Duke  
 (Ironically)  
 Naturally! Otherwise I should not be able to explain your presumptuous tone.

Ruth  
 (Politely though emphatically)  
 I am not presumptuous!

Grand Duke  
 (Annoyed at the contradiction)  
 I say you are presumptuous!

Ruth  
 (As before)  
 Oh no!

Grand Duke  
 (Still more annoyed.)  
 Don't contradict me! When I say you are presumptuous, you are presumptuous!

Ruth  
 (Astonished, but unyielding)  
 No!

Grand Duke  
 Why--  
 (About to answer angrily--checks himself)  
 Why--Well--you'll grant this much, I hope. I don't have to listen to you any further do I? Being the Grand Duke I can dismiss you summarily. I have that power. But I will waive that. I will deign to listen to you. You ask



Grand Duke (Cont.)  
 what is to become of you? Let me enquire by what right  
 you ask that of me?

Ruth  
 The right of my existence.

Grand Duke  
 And what do you mean by that?

Ruth  
 Well I exist don't I? I'm here. I'm on earth and I not?

Grand Duke  
 (With fine irony)  
 Presumably.

Ruth  
 Well, that isn't my fault, is it?

Grand Duke  
 (Somewhat stunned)  
 No. I don't suppose it is!  
 (The Chamberlain again comes down)  
 (Continuing)

But let us suppose the guards at my gate had done their  
 duty, and those thick skulled lackeys of mine, who are  
 now listening to this conversation behind the curtains,  
 had not let you in--What then?

Ruth  
 Oh I was prepared for that!

Grand Duke  
 (Amazed)  
 You were?

Ruth  
 (Smiling)  
 I should have raised the devil!

Grand Duke  
 (Excitedly to the others)  
 She would have raised the devil. Did you hear that? Well  
 by thunder it will be my turn to raise the devil. By and  
 bye! When we're alone!

Cham. & President  
 Yes, Your Royal Highness!

Grand Duke  
 (To Ruth)  
 Pray continue. You would have raised the devil. And what  
 then?

Ruth  
 I should have made you understand that my mother had  
 gone away and left me without any support--and I'm--  
 I'm hungry.

Grand Duke  
 We won't deny you food. But proceed.

Ruth  
 I should have made it clear that I am not to blame for  
 being in my present position.

Grand Duke  
 (Grimly sarcastic)  
 Perhaps I am?

Ruth  
 Precisely.

Grand Duke  
 (Resenting)  
 Permit me!

Ruth  
 Aren't you my brother?

Grand Duke  
 (Thunderstruck)  
 Your what? What am I?

Ruth  
 (With quiet dignity)  
 My brother.

Grand Duke  
 Did you hear that, Count Veltheusen?

Ruth  
 Why shouldn't you admit it! You are my brother! Even if  
 your mother wasn't my mother!

Grand Duke  
 She was not indeed, thank heaven!

Ruth  
 But that doesn't alter the fact. You are still my brother.

Grand Duke  
 Thanks.

Ruth  
 (With a complete change of manner as though  
 the pride of birth were asserting itself)  
 I don't know that a man of your high estate can quite  
 grasp the feeling of a simple young girl when she hears

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Ruth (Cont.)  
for the first time in her life that she is only---I roamed the streets ashamed! I felt that the whole world was pointing its finger at me in scorn. But when I reached this palace I drew myself up! I came into my own! Why should I be ashamed I asked myself. If there is any shame let it fall on the others---the late Grand Duke, my father, who was your father as well, and on you, your Royal Highness, the son of my father!

Grand Duke  
And why should I feel ashamed?

Ruth  
For having given no thought to your sister in all these years.

Grand Duke  
My good young woman, do you not know that my late lamented father---

Ruth  
(Quickly adds)  
My father also.

Grand Duke  
(Impatiently)  
Very well--your father also. Please don't interrupt.--made ample provision for your mother--and so far as you are concerned--I have reason to believe, that through the graciousness of my nephew, the heir presumptive--Prince Christian--you have not been left in want.

Ruth  
When you say want--you mean money--Does money make amends for every injustice?

Grand Duke  
There was no injustice done your mother.

Ruth  
(With anger and pride)  
But there was to me! Perhaps you don't consider it an injustice to brand a young girl's name. For it has been branded. Even you so regard it--else you wouldn't be treating me in such a cavalier way--You--my brother, or half brother as the case may be!

Grand Duke  
(Fiercely, to the Chamberlain)  
Count von Velthausen, will you kindly instruct this young woman as to the proper way of addressing me!

Cham.  
(Quite flustered)  
At your service, Highness.

Cham. (Cont.)  
(Hurries over to Ruth--and tries to be impressive)  
In the third person, young woman. For heaven's sake in the third person--His Royal Highness!

Ruth  
Rubbish! However--let it go at that--His Royal Highness. Let His Royal Highness imagine what it means to be hungry!

Grand Duke  
Do you think I've never been hungry in my life?

Ruth  
You!

Cham.  
(Prompting her)  
Third person--for heaven's sake! Royal Highness!

Grand Duke  
Just a final word, Miss Ruth. The heir presumptive, His Royal Highness Prince Christian will attend to your case. Wait for him here.

(To the Chamberlain)  
See that the young lady is fed.  
(With lofty irony to Ruth)  
You'll pardon me if I deny myself any further enjoyment of your conversation. I leave you with one request. Don't raise the devil. In the first place I do not want to have him raised, and in the second place, I can meet him quite as fiercely as he comes.

Ruth  
Very good, sir.

Cham.  
(Budging her--whispers)  
Royal Highness--

Ruth  
(Quickly)  
Royal Highness.

Grand Duke  
And I warn you--as well as the rest--If a word of this gets into the papers, then look out!

Ruth  
(Quickly)  
Why should I be afraid--I've done nothing wrong!

Grand Duke  
All the better for you! You'll permit me to withdraw!

Don't mention it. Ruth

G-and Duke

(Continuing)

Good evening!--Well!

(Running his finger under his shirt collar)

This has been a charming evening!

(Giving sharp orders)

Von Freussen, follow me!

(Exit swiftly, followed in frantic haste by the President)

Cham.

(Holds his head in both hands, and moans in broken sentences)

My, oh my! Been at Court thirty-five years, nothing like this--ever before.

(Gazing at Ruth)

If I only knew how to treat her!

(Ruth has been gazing at the decorations on the walls)

Mam'selle!

Ruth

(Over her shoulder, with assumed aristocratic air)

Yes. What is it?

(Resumes her occupation)

Cham.

(To himself)

And she's so pretty! So damn pretty!

(Becoming smitten)

I wanted to say, mam'selle,--If you had only come to me first. I know how to deal with His Highness! He has such a quick temper.

Ruth

I don't mind people's tempers. I'm used to them.

Cham.

But what I mean to say--If you had come to me first you would have found me most appreciative--most appreciative You'll pardon me for saying so--but there's something very winning about you. I've seen them come and go for thirty odd years--but for sheer winsomeness--I'm a dotting old fool--

(Takes her hand)

Ruth

(With affected artlessness)

Are you?

Cham.

(Patting her hand)

If there's anything I can do for you--anything in the world!

Ruth

(Releasing her hand)

Yes--there is one thing---

Cham.

(Eagerly)

Yes! What is that?

Ruth

Won't you get me a sandwich?

Cham.

Bless my heart!

(Voice of Prince outside)

Prince

Look alive! Hook! I'm as hungry as the devil!

Ruth

(Overhearing)

Thank Heaven. Here comes another hungry one.

(Enter Prince Christian in Tuxedo, throwing his hat and surcoat to Hook who follows him)

(The Prince is an attractive young man, still in the twenties)

Prince

(Immediately on entering sees Ruth)

Ah!

(He bows to her in courtly fashion)

Cham.

(Explaining her presence)

The young lady, by order of His Highness the G-and Duke, is waiting to see your Highness.

Prince

(Immediately extending his hand)

Capital ideal! And I know who you are! You are the famous Chick! -- Am I right?

(As Ruth, for the moment embarrassed, simply stares at him; he continues glibly and amiably)

The entire Police force has been hunting for you. I began to fear you would be found floating in the river!

(In silent admiration of her)

That would have been a pity--wouldn't it!

Ruth

(Getting back to herself, and realizing with feminine instinct the impression she has made upon him)

Ruth (Cont.)  
That's a matter of opinion!

Prince  
I'd like to find anyone with a different opinion!--after  
looking at your eyes.  
(To Chamberlain)  
And why was the young lady told to wait for me?

Cham.  
To regulate the little affair which is in your Highness' hands.

Prince  
(In high spirits)  
Really! That will be delightful!  
(Turning to Ruth)  
It won't take us long to regulate things--will it?

Ruth  
(Also beaming upon him)  
One never knows!

Prince  
I'm a good judge of human nature!

Ruth  
So am I.

Prince  
Gorgeous! And besides, I am a very amiable party! You are willing to grant that, I hope?

Ruth  
(Smiling)  
Quite. Quite willing. But we haven't been introduced.

Prince  
(With mock severity)  
Then I must regard your presence here as an intrusion. That's punishable! How do I know that you haven't a hand grenade concealed about you?

Ruth  
(Goettishly)  
I don't think I shall need one!

Prince  
I should say not--with such eyes!

Ruth  
All the same--as I said before--you haven't yet told me--who--

Prince  
Permit me! I'm Prince Christian! Nephew of the reigning Duke. A highly important personage! Oh yes! For whom I

Prince (Cont.)  
hope you feel due reverence--not to say awe!  
(Expecting a snappy answer)  
Don't say a word! I know the feeling is there! I have a feeling of my own.  
(Laughs)  
but it's principally hunger!

Ruth  
(In the same spirit)  
I share that feeling with you at least!

Prince  
I knew at once there'd be a bond of sympathy between us! And we've only just started!  
(Presses the bell)  
Will you take off your things and have a bite of supper with me?

Ruth  
Would that be decorous?  
(But she doesn't decline his assistance in helping her off with her coat and hat)

Prince  
Nothing could be more so! If you know how many have considered it decorous before you!

Ruth  
That's what I imagined! I suppose I'm going to eat some other girl's supper.

Prince  
That's easily fixed--  
(To Chamberlain)  
Telephone and call it off.  
(Exit Chamberlain)  
(To Ruth)

I'll give you credit for one thing--You don't seem the least bit frightened of me.

Ruth  
I may be yet!

Prince  
You know I'm the enfant terrible of the Court!  
(With some pride)  
I'm the Red Prince!  
(With hearty laughter)

I'm so thoroughly in the bad books of the whole Royal Family, that their only hope is to get me into a straight jacket. You know of course what I mean by straight jacket--marriage--It's a joke! As if any respectable Princess would have me!

Ruth  
(With comic sympathy)  
Poor soul!

Prince  
Now I leave it to you--wouldn't that be an awful fate  
for a perfectly charming young prince like me!

Ruth  
(Keeping in the key)  
Quite awful!

Prince  
We agree once more! Delightful!  
(Rock serves the soup)  
May I have the honor.  
(Chivalrously motioning her to sit at  
the table. She takes seat behind table,  
while he sits R.)  
I hope your appetite is as good as mine!

Ruth  
I'm sure of that.

Prince  
Oh I'm a glutton! I eat for two!

Ruth  
Same here!

Prince  
Then neither need be ashamed of the other.  
(They eat)  
(Then he stops suddenly, and gives her  
a quizzical look)  
Come to think of it, you must be that little Rieky-  
Ticky--who has been bombarding me with embroidered  
slippers all these years.

Ruth  
I'm that Rieky Ticky.  
(Eats)  
But I always thought you were an old man!

Prince  
Instead of which you find a handsome, lively, and al-  
together desirable young party. How's that for self-  
appreciation! I hope you won't find I have over billed  
myself! And by the way--you've been writing to the Di-  
rector of our Royal Theatre. About an engagement, I pre-  
sume.

Ruth  
(With a laugh)  
Oh that was just one of mother's notions. I don't want  
any of your old Royal Theatre!

Prince  
Why not?

Ruth  
Everything goes by favor there.

Prince  
Indeed?

Ruth  
You know that. Mother always says that no girl can get  
on at the Royal Theatre unless-----

Prince  
Unless-----

Ruth  
Unless--she - why you know what I mean.

Prince  
(With subtle irony)  
Now should I know what you mean! A poor unsophisticated  
youth like me! And why do you have to go to any theatre  
at all?

Ruth  
(More earnestly)  
I have to earn my living. I have to work at something.  
But of course that's what you can't understand. The  
State supports you.

Prince  
(Winning for a moment, then with a loud  
laugh)  
Capital! The State supports me! We'll drink to that!  
(Reaching for the cooler as he presses  
the button, and then filling their glasses)  
Prosit!  
(They clink glasses)  
Look me straight in the eyes!

Ruth  
I am looking at you!

Prince  
Hold it!  
(They look at each other for a moment)  
Fine eyes  
(He sighs)

Ruth  
(Sipping)  
Nothing of the sort!

Prince  
I'm the best judge of that!



Ruth  
Not at all! I'm the only judge! They're my eyes! You  
have fine eyes!

Prince  
(Almost perplexed)  
Fancy that!

Ruth  
But it's a Prince's business to have fine eyes! That's  
why he's a Prince! I have cat's eyes. You'll see that  
if you look at them right.

Prince  
Then let me look at them right! Prosit!  
(They clink glasses again and start  
looking deeply and absordedly into  
each others eyes)  
Cat's eyes for a fact! Grey green! But charming!  
(Ruth confused sets down her glass and  
turns away, as Hook who has entered  
serves the second course)  
(Hook takes in the situation and makes  
knowing grimaces as he goes off)  
It just occurs to me that I've done all the talking. And  
I'm very anxious to hear you talk--  
(Pause)  
\* (The pause becomes protracted as Ruth  
appears lost in introspection)  
Why what's the matter! You've grown silent all of a sudden!

Ruth  
(Evasively)  
I don't know what to say.

Prince  
That seems hardly possible - Well by way of prompting  
you, tell me how you got around his Royal Highness the  
Duke sufficiently to get him to make this appointment  
with me?

Ruth  
That's one of the things that's keeping me silent. I don't  
want to offend you.

Prince  
That sounds mysterious!

Ruth  
And another thing--and this may offend you too--is puzzling  
me--why you, the Heir Presumptive to the throne, should  
affect such consideration towards me!

Prince  
Affect it!

Ruth  
Because in your eyes I must seem a mere nobody.

Prince  
Stop right there!

Ruth  
No, you must let me finish now that you have got me  
started. I am wondering if whether both these things  
don't spring from the same source.

Prince  
What source?

Ruth  
I am wondering whether you both are not just a little  
afraid of me!

Prince  
(Rather taken aback tries to laugh  
it off)  
Afraid of you!

Ruth  
And this little supper may be only a peace offering!

Prince  
Good heavens! To speak so meanly of our little supper!  
Why, you funny little mouse, who could be afraid of you?

Ruth  
Calling me pet names doesn't alter the situation! I might  
as well tell you now. I'm a little revolutionist!

Prince  
(Still treating it as a joke)  
Then three cheers for the revolution!

Ruth  
And wasn't the last thing His Royal Highness the Grand  
Duke said as he left me "Don't raise the devil!" And  
didn't you yourself say the whole police force was after  
me?

Prince  
True enough. What then?

Ruth  
Then putting two and two together, and doing the best I  
can with my eighteen years old brain--it must be that the  
whole Court is afraid of me.

(With quick change of manner)  
It's just too funny! I know what it is! You're afraid of  
some scandal!  
(Seizing her wine glass and laughing  
heartily)  
Here's to the scandal!

Prince  
Here's to you, Chick! You don't mind my calling you Chick?

Ruth  
Of course not, Your Royal Highness.

Prince  
And it isn't absolutely necessary for you to call me Royal Highness.

Ruth  
No! I'm glad of that; it does seem a mouthful.

Prince  
I want you to feel at your ease, Chick.

Ruth  
Oh, thank you, Chris! How's that?

Prince  
All right my little revolutionist--just as you say.

Ruth  
(Enjoying her own mischief)  
Chris!  
(Hook has just entered to serve the third course. His face is a picture as he hears this. He continues his facial display as he makes his exit)  
(Ruth who has noticed it)  
You ought to have seen that lackey's face behind your back! I bet I've got him scared too!

Prince  
(After throwing a quick glance at the departing Hook)  
But let's get back to that scandal. What do you think about it?

Ruth  
I don't care what it is! Not now! Not after I've supped with you--and looked into your honest eyes. And if I am a revolutionist it is because mother says I must be--and Doctor Boxmeyer says I must be. You know Dr. Boxmeyer. He's the Editor of that fiery paper. He's mother's friend. He says he's going to turn things upside down--and mother's going to help him--and I'm going to help mother. Can you see me turning things upside down?

Prince  
I certainly can. You've turned me upside down!

Ruth  
You know I can fight.  
(Showing her firm little fist)

Prince  
(Seizing her fist and opening it)  
In the meanwhile I'll kiss those darling little finger tips!

Ruth  
(Letting her hand rest in his)  
I wouldn't if I were you. By tomorrow you may be wishing you'd bitten them off!  
(The Grand Duchess Anna Maria glides swiftly into the room. She is a merry, attractive creature not older than 30--all breeze and bon-homie, with no royal airs whatever. She has a little shawl thrown over her head, and she flings herself gaily into the scene)

Duchess  
(As she enters)  
Where is she?  
(Sees Ruth)  
That's Chick I'll warrant! Oh keep your seat! Keep your seat! I only dashed in to have a peep at you! You've set the whole Court agog  
(With a joyous laugh)  
William Frederick's raving! Raving! Dashing from one room to the other cursing--and every blessed man of his Court, from his nobles to his lackeys are creeping into their holes!  
(In sheer delight)  
It's just heavenly! I never saw my lord and master in such a fury before! And you did it all. You little witch!  
(Taking her hand, but insisting that she remain seated)  
Don't disturb yourself! It would spoil all my fun!  
(The Prince having risen)  
I'll take your seat Chris, if you don't mind.  
(Does so--the Prince standing behind her chair)  
And you're supping with her already! Lost no time! That's like him! Pour me a glass of wine!  
(Laughing)  
It's a perfect joy the way William Frederick has stampeded his herd!  
(Folding her hands in gratitude)  
Thank the Lord things are getting different at last!  
(With a delicious chuckling laugh)  
different at last!  
(With a delicious c)  
Prosit! You little wonder-worker, you! and you--Red Prince!  
(Drinks)  
Ah! Doesn't it get into your veins like magic! It makes me want to be a Revolutionist!  
(To Ruth uninterruptedly)  
Don't let them get the best of you! Here's my hand! I'll stand by you!  
(Gives her hand to Ruth and the other to the Prince)



Duchess (Cont.)  
So will he! I command it--I as his Grand Duchess!  
(To the Prince)  
You heard me!

Prince  
Why didn't William Frederick come with you?

Duchess  
(In excess of high spirits)  
How should I know! Why should I care! Nothing matters now. I'm happy for the first time since I've been a Grand Duchess! William's raving!  
(Again with folded hands and up-turned eyes)  
Heaven knows I never hankered to be a Grand Duchess, and I've never troubled the Lord with many prayers--but do grant me this one. Keep him raving! Keep him raving!  
(Ruth amazed, looks from one to the other)

Prince  
(Laughing outright)  
Anna Maria!

Duchess  
I'm fed up! Up to here! I want something to happen! Nothing has happened in all these years, and I'm bored to distraction! Come here little one!  
(Ruth hesitates)  
For heaven's sake don't be afraid of me! If you only knew how I admire you!  
(Quickly to Prince)  
They let me into the secret! The Grand Duke doesn't suspect! I want to know!  
(With great triumphant delight)  
He's got an illegitimate sister!  
(Breaking forth ecstatically)  
Why bless my soul, in 1806 my Grandfather was dethroned by the little Corporal! And my father lived down there in the South on his peasant farm, and nearly all of the village youngsters were my illegitimate brothers and sisters. And I've never been so happy since! My dear old Dad was literally the father of all his people!

Prince  
(Laughing out loud)  
Why Anna Maria!

Duchess  
(Continuing joyously)  
The happiest days of my life--knocking around with those dear little love-brats!

Duchess (Cont.)  
(Seizing both of Ruth's hands)  
Here I'm smothered with legitimacy! The air of this Court stifles me! There is not one speck of truth or candor in the whole place! They are all hypocrites from the High Court Chamberlain down to the lackys.  
(Draws Ruth closely to her, as Ruth kneels at her feet)  
And you listen to me! You're not going to leave here! Do you understand me? Never! Never! And if they pester you--come to me!  
(Looking into her eyes and addressing the Prince)  
Don't you see that she has his eyes! Why they're as like as two peas!  
(With deep sincerity to the Prince)  
You ought all to be ashamed of yourselves. Instead of being proud of such a gorgeous member of your family, you shrink behind your God-forsaken virtue! If it is to be war to the knife! Remember --  
(To Ruth)  
We'll fight it out together! Whatever you may be to the others, to me you're a sister!

Ruth  
(Deeply grateful)  
Oh thank you, your Royal Highness!

Prince  
It is a foregone conclusion that I shall take this young lady under my wing.

Duchess  
(In that spirit of banter which is second nature to her)  
I haven't any too much confidence in that wing of yours, no nonsense now, Chris.

(Enter HOOK)

Hook  
(Speaking in a hurried but impressive undertone)  
There's a Dr. Gebhard in the ante-room, and he won't take "no" for an answer.

Prince  
(Going to Duchess)  
Gebhard! Why that's the leader of the people's party--the fire-eater!

Duchess  
Oh I should love to have a look at a fire-eater! Do have him in!





(Prince nods assent. Exit Hook)

(Enter DR. GEBHARDT. Much to the surprise of everybody his looks belie his reputation. He is an imposing, pleasing figure with full grey white hair, his charming face and manner revealing the utmost geniality. He stands for a moment in the portieres)

Dr. Geb.  
I beg pardon! I didn't expect to find such a charming assemblage. How am I expected to behave? I've never been at Court before. There's some sort of especial bowing I've got to do. You'll set me right, won't you!  
(Bows with charming simplicity)

Duchess  
That's very nice indeed.... I should suggest that you be yourself!

Dr. Geb.  
Thank you, your Royal Highness.

Prince  
I'm sure you haven't come here to take lessons in Court etiquette. Your reputation as a fire-eater has preceded you, and if we may judge by those scathing articles which appear ever your signature in the Social Democrat---

Dr. Geb.  
(With a perfectly charming smile)  
That Editor Boxmeyer is a friend of mine! I try to follow his instructions. "Make your letters burn!" That's his cry, "Make 'em burn!" But you mustn't judge a man by what he writes! Why I haven't a vicious hair in my head.  
(As he runs his fingers through his mane)  
And that's saying something!

Prince  
But my dear sir, you are the acknowledged leader of the new party. They're going to make you President--  
(Swallowing)  
Same day! You've practically started the revolution!

Dr. Geb.  
(Thoroughly enjoying himself)  
Why, your Royal Highness, the revolution is fully under way! But it's a revolution of the new school. The days for throat cutting are gone by! I have come to talk things over! We expect all the crowned heads to withdraw, without giving us any trouble whatever. We are humane dentists. We extract what has got to be extracted without pain to the sufferer.

Duchess  
(Enjoying herself)  
How perfectly charming!

Prince  
(In a humorous vein)  
Personally I may be inclined to favor your plan. But I have grave doubts about His Royal Highness, my uncle! He's just pig-headed enough to want to stick to his job. He seems to like it.

Dr. Geb.  
(With comic self-assurance--laughing)  
We'll talk him out of that.

Duchess  
(Quite excited)  
You will! How perfectly grand!  
(To Prince)  
Can you see William Frederick being talked out of anything?

Dr. Geb.  
But there is one little matter of a rather personal nature about which I really came to see you---and if it seems a rather more intimate matter than the People's Party, as a party ought to concern itself with---you will understand that, after all, I am only the Spokesman---and spokesman must be intimate---sometimes.

Duchess  
(Always in the same spirit)  
You can't be too intimate for me!

Dr. Geb.  
Well then---it concerns--  
(Catching Ruth's eye)  
this---may I be permitted to say---very charming young lady!

Ruth  
Howdy do, Doctor.

Dr. Geb.  
(Jovially)  
Oh, you remember me!  
(Taking her hand)

Ruth  
Yes. I met you at our dining table!

Dr. Geb.  
In company with the Editor. Quite right!

Ruth  
Nether had lots of talks with you.

Dr. Geb.  
Quite right.  
(To the others)  
She laid her documents before us. I don't care to go into details, because I want to avoid even the semblance of

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Dr. Geb. (Cont.)  
 hostility. But the party has decided to espouse this young lady's cause!  
 (Laughingly)  
 You see it wouldn't be a party if we didn't have a few grievances! And so it has decided to make the Thomasini Case one of them!

Prince  
 I don't quite follow you!

Dr. Geb.  
 Why try? I can make myself sufficiently clear without discord---when I say to this young lady, "You are our child! You are to come to us! We have made you the daughter of the Federation."

Duchess  
 (To Ruth)  
 Fancy that!

Dr. Geb.  
 (Holding out his hand to Ruth)  
 You will come with me?

(As Ruth hesitates the Duchess steps forward)

Duchess  
 She has already promised to remain with me.

Dr. Geb.  
 Oh, for the time being. Very well. In that case I can find no excuse for prolonging my present visit. But remember--  
 (To Ruth)  
 you are to call on us whenever you need us!  
 (To the others)  
 I have had a very delightful visit! Very delightful indeed!  
 (Starts to go)

Duchess  
 Oh do stay! You haven't met the Grand Duke!

Dr. Geb.  
 Will that be necessary?

Duchess  
 Not necessary---but exciting!

Dr. Geb.  
 Do we need excitement?

Duchess  
 You may not---but I do! Why we haven't had any fireworks! We must have fireworks!

Dr. Geb.  
 (Deprecatingly)  
 Oh, your Royal Highness!

(Smiling beautifully)

(Just then the voice of the Grand Duke, very much enraged, is heard shouting in the ante-room "Who admitted him?")

Grand Duke

(Outside)  
 Who admitted him! Who admitted him! That's what I want to know! Who admitted him?

Duchess  
 (In a delighted spirit of mischief)  
 Thank the Lord---here he is!

(Enter the GRAND DUKE in a towering rage, followed by the POLICE PRESIDENT.)

Grand Duke  
 Well! There he is, I suppose! I know him by his hair!

(From now on a spirit of hostility is engendered, much against his will in Dr. Gebhardt, who still tries to be genial)

Dr. Geb.  
 (Bowing)  
 Your Royal Highness! I can't help my hair!

Grand Duke  
 Of course you can! Why don't you cut it! It isn't decent to have all that hair!

Duchess  
 (Hiding him)  
 But William! Behave! We have more important things to talk about!

Grand Duke  
 With that man! That anarchist! Who let him into the palace?

Duchess  
 Well he's here!  
 (Trying to placate Dr. Gebhardt)  
 His bark's worse than his bite.

Grand Duke  
 (Overhearing)  
 Nothing of the sort! I resent this man's being here! I resent him and his party! Why! If I had my way----

Duchess  
 But you see, dear, you haven't. Not altogether!



Grand Duke  
(In the grandeur of his rage)  
And why not? Who is to gainsay my authority?

Dr. Geb.  
(With simplicity)  
The people hold--

Grand Duke  
What do I care what the people hold? Who are the people?  
I'm the people!

Dr. Geb.  
That is an exploded idea!

Grand Duke  
Since when?

Duchess  
You seem to forget there's a revolution going on!

Grand Duke  
I haven't heard of any!

Dr. Geb.  
(Now asserting himself)  
That's your difficulty! Your eyes are closed! You don't see what is going on around you! You think because no guns are fired--because your palace is not ransacked--nor your throat cut, there is no revolution! If you had not been so blind you'd have read the handwriting on the wall! Why, your Royal Highness, I don't wish to play Cassandra, and forecast your doom! But it is possible that before morning you will find yourself dispossessed. YOU--ROYAL HIGHNESS--GRAND DUKE THAT WAS!!

Grand Duke  
(To Police President)  
Show this man the door!

Duchess  
(Intervening)  
One moment!  
(Countermanding his order to the Police President with a gesture)  
You haven't given this gentleman an opportunity to explain the object of his visit.

Grand Duke  
That's of no consequence to me!

Duchess  
But it is to me! Because it concerns this child--whom I have adopted as a sister!

Grand Duke  
(Staggered)  
Have you gone mad!?

Duchess  
Let him state his case.

Grand Duke  
And what has he got to do with her?

Dr. Geb.  
(With dignity)  
Our party has espoused her cause! I have already stated my case. I didn't want to elaborate it for decency's sake, but since your tone is one of sheer defiance, let me tell you that it is not only for the child herself that we are up in arms, but for the moral tone that underlies it,--the license that you noble lords allow yourselves in your wanton pleasures!

Grand Duke  
How dare you! How dare you! Concern yourself with your own illegal sprouts!

Dr. Geb.  
I haven't any!

Grand Duke  
All the worse for you!

Duchess  
(In comic dismay)  
William!

Prince  
(In same tone)  
William Frederick!

Grand Duke  
We can at least do that much for our population.

Dr. Geb.  
But at the people's expense!

Grand Duke  
(To Duchess)  
How much longer must I endure this!

Dr. Geb.  
Not much longer! You leave but one course open to me! The galley proofs are waiting over at the Democrat's office. They state the Thomasini Case in full. Up to now I have suppressed it! They await word from me to release it! Come here little one!  
(Takes Ruth's hand)  
Forgive me if I have been compelled to talk too plainly--only remember that you belong to us! You are our daughter! When you need us come to us!  
(To all the others)  
I bid you good day!

(He bows himself off, leaving Ruth perplexed in the centre of the stage)

Grand Duke  
(Foaming at the mouth strides up and down, finally flinging himself into a seat down R.)  
(The others, all except Ruth take the other side of the stage in excitement)

Duchess  
A pretty kettle of fish!

Prince  
(To Duke)  
Well, I must say William Frederick, you did let yourself go! Damnable!

Duchess  
What are we going to do about it?

Prince  
There's nothing to be done about it. Only grin and bear it!

Ruth  
(Waking up)  
Oh yes there is! Yes there is! We may grin, but we needn't bear it!  
(From this point on the lines follow each other in very quick succession)

Duchess  
What's going through your little head?

Ruth  
Do you think I'm the daughter of the Federation for nothing? With all those papers don't you think I can find one to help me!

(Duchess and Prince laugh)  
Do you think I'm going to let them print all that scandal?  
Oh no, indeed!

Prince  
What are you going to do about it?

Ruth  
I'm going over to the newspaper office!

Prince  
(Quickly)  
I'll go with you!

Ruth  
(Just as quickly)  
Oh no! That would gum the works, as mother would say! I'll do this job alone!

Prince  
Then I'll wait for you after.

Ruth  
(Coquettishly)  
I can't help that! - What'll you bet that I don't win over my whole bunch of new papers! Not that I care what they print! They can't hurt me!

Duchess  
Well, if you're not doing it for yourself, for whom in heaven's name, are you doing it?

Ruth  
Why bless my soul!  
(As she runs over to the collapsed Duke)  
Do let me do something for BROTHER WILL!  
(She pulls the Duke's ears playfully, and runs off, followed by the Prince)

(Duchess in hilarious laughter falls into a seat, while the Duke, outraged, rises in his, and seizing his crop begins to flog the upholstery of his chair in impotent rage. The Police President endeavoring to calm the Duke, intervenes and gets a whack for himself which adds to the general joy)

THE CURTAIN HAS FALLEN

"CHICK"

ACT III

ACT THREE

SCENE: As in previous Act.

It is the next afternoon.

DISCOVERED: GRAND DUKE seated--impatient. Enter the DUCHESS followed by POLICE PRESIDENT and CHAMBERLAIN.

Duchess

Well, have you spoken to him?

Grand Duke

Spoken to him! I haven't set eyes on him! Not since last evening when he dashed off after that silly girl!

(To Police President)

Have you nothing further to report?

President

Nothing more than was contained in this morning's bulletin!

Duchess

(To Grand Duke)

Since when do you have the movements of the Hair Presumptive watched?

Grand Duke

I have everybody's movements watched in times like these. Even YOUNG.

Duchess

(Sally)

Capital! I wish I had known of it before! I should have given them a few things worth reporting!

Grand Duke

(Reprovingly)

You have been exhibiting a spirit of levity lately, that does not accord with the dignity of a Grand Duchess.

Duchess

I have been trying for a long time to make out what's wrong with you William Frederick. I have solved it at last. You are utterly without a sense of humor.

Grand Duke

There are times when playing the garden ape will get us nowhere! Von Fronsau!

President

(Hurrying forward)

At your service, your Royal Highness.

(In same tone) Grand Duke  
Count von Veltheusen.

Cham.  
(Hurrying forward)  
At your service, your Royal Highness!

Grand Duke  
I have here in my possession several pink slips--  
(Producing them from his inside pocket)  
all bearing the same mystic inscription.  
(Reads)  
Do nothing! Say nothing! Just join the W.D.\* This one I  
found in my library--this one in my smoking room--and this  
one in my bath tub! Will you be good enough to inform me  
how they got there?

President  
I haven't the slightest idea, your Royal Highness!

Grand Duke  
You never have. But that doesn't answer my question  
(To Chamberlain)  
How about you?

Cham.  
I can only surmise--your Royal Highness!

Grand Duke  
Well then, surmise.

Cham.  
W.D. stands for World Democracy. They must have been  
smuggled in by one of their party!

Grand Duke  
It needs no ghost from the grave to surmise that! Through  
whom were they smuggled? That's what I want you to tell me!  
(Both men shrug their shoulders. The Duke continues with biting irony)  
I don't want to hurt the feelings of either of you two gentlemen--I certainly don't want to make one jealous of the other--but which of you two is the most hopeless dander-head, only the high gods can tell!

President & Chamberlain  
(Together)  
(Bowing low)  
At your service, your Royal Highness!  
(Grand Duke dismisses them both with a wave of his hand. They withdraw into background)

Grand Duke  
(To Duchess)  
There's revolution in our very palace!

Duchess  
Of course. Didn't you know that?

Grand Duke  
And you can take it so lightly!

Duchess  
My dear William Frederick if you could only realize how weary I've grown of all our royal inertia, you wouldn't blame me for starting something of my own!  
(Chamberlain sees Prince entering through ante-room and announces him)

Cham.  
His Royal Highness, Prince Christian.  
(Enter Prince Christian in uniform)

Prince  
Greetings!

Grand Duke  
At last!  
(Prince comes down and kisses the hand of the Duchess)

Prince  
To what do I owe the honor of this family visit?

Grand Duke  
(Plunging into his subject)  
You have not been inside the palace since yesterday!  
(During the subsequent dialogue, the President and the Chamberlain are in silent debate in the background)

Prince  
Quite right. If you remember I escorted Miss Ruth to the newspaper office, and met her afterwards.

Grand Duke  
Is that all you have to say?

Prince  
I may add parenthetically that she accomplished her purpose. There wasn't a line about us in the morning papers.

Grand Duke  
That's neither here nor there. I want to know what became of you afterwards!

Prince  
(Laughingly)  
Must I tell you that?

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Grand Duke  
I will tell you. You took the ten o'clock train for Hochstadt!

Prince  
(In high spirits)  
Correct!

Grand Duke  
The young lady was in the same train.

Prince  
Correct!

Grand Duke  
In the same compartment with you--with the heir presumptive to the throne!

Prince  
Incognito!

Grand Duke  
You went--on foot--together with this young woman--from the Anhalt Station--to--to--

Prince  
(Adding)  
Potsdam Square!

Grand Duke  
And then--always in company with this young woman--you had coffee in the Cafe Jost!

Prince  
She ate four cream puffs, two apple tarts, and two poppy cakes! At your service!

Grand Duke  
After which you rowdied round the town. I use the word rowdied advisedly. You and your questionable company. You dined in at Dressels, and finally wound up at the Venus Gardens.)

(Now including Gham. and President in his remarks)  
A Tingle-Tangle gentlemen--a notorious resort, where young women bare themselves from their heels up, even more flagrantly than the Court ladies do from their heads down!

Duchess  
But William, you seem strangely conversant with the doings of that Tingle-Tangle!

Grand Duke  
We will for a moment draw a veil over the intervening hours!

Duchess  
(With deep disappointment)  
Oh that's too bad!

Grand Duke  
(For her benefit)  
But we shall return to them!  
(She brightens up)  
Early this morning, as soon as the Wertheim Department Store opened its doors I went with your partner to that emporium and made the most intimate purchases.

Duchess  
(Quissically)  
Intimate purchases!

Grand Duke  
(To everybody)  
Shouldn't you call them intimate, when they included stockings, waists, petticoats, and lingerie--such as--ahem--silk underthings with blue ribbons! I leave it to you, was I wrong in calling them intimate purchases?

Duchess, Prince  
President & Gham.  
(In unison)  
At your service, your Royal Highness!

Duchess  
(Still laughing, but striving to defend the situation)  
But surely the young woman must have a change of clothes.

Prince  
(Jumping at the defense eagerly)  
Surely she must change her clothes!

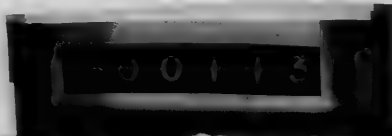
Grand Duke  
Yes, surely she must! But you didn't have to help her!

Duchess & Prince  
(In violent comic reproach)  
William Frederick!

Grand Duke  
(Angrily)  
I'm not to be taken literally! I'm referring to the purchases! And at such a time as this--when we are hanging by a thread! Any moment the crash may come--and our future historians will inform a gaping world that at the moment of the crash, the heir presumptive to the throne was buying intimate underthings with blue ribbons!

Duchess  
(With seeming innocence)  
Don't you think the future historians will have more important things to write about?

Grand Duke  
And now we will return to the intervening hours. They





Grand Duke (Cont.)  
still remain to be accounted for.

Duchess  
(With great interest)  
Ah!

Prince  
Do you think that is necessary?

Grand Duke  
Perhaps you imagine that I don't know that both you and your partner spent the night at the Hotel Adlon!

Duchess  
Is that so, Christian?

Prince  
Yes!  
(Hastening to add)  
I was on the third floor, she was on the fifth!

Duchess  
(With a laugh, tantalizingly to the Duke)  
Doesn't that make it perfectly respectable?

Grand Duke  
In your eyes perhaps. Not in mine! Can you conceive of a respectable young woman junketing with a Prince of the Royal House, all these hours! I should think you would be indignant!

Duchess  
I am indignant! Indignant beyond words!  
(With mock fierceness)

Grand Duke  
Ah!

Duchess  
Indignant to think that in all these years you have never junketed with me once!

Grand Duke  
(Outraged)  
Anna Marie!

Duchess  
I mean it! How listen to me William Frederick! Heaven knows I have never been unreasonable, and when they caught you incognito in Paris last winter with that little red-headed Pierette, I never opened my mouth. But this suddenly revealed familiarity of yours with all these disreputable resorts has stirred my blood! I give you twelve hours to consider, and if you don't decide to take me on a junket incognito--to dine me at Brasserie, to buy me underthings at Wertheimer's--and to lodge me overnight at the Hotel Adlon-----

Grand Duke  
Anna Marie!

Duchess  
Then look out for squalls!

Grand Duke  
Are you quite finished?

Duchess  
Not yet! When I married you I thought I had married a man! Not merely a title and a uniform! No wonder you've got to have an Heir Presumptive, instead of an Heir Apparent!

Grand Duke  
Now are you finished?

Duchess  
(Now calm)  
Quite. Now you can go ahead and play the Grand Duke.

Grand Duke  
(Peremptorily)  
Count von Veitshausen.

Cham.  
(Hurrying down obsequiously)  
Royal Highness.

Grand Duke  
(In tone of command)  
This young woman--this Ruth Thomassini is to be married off at once!

Cham.  
Service, your Royal Highness!

Grand Duke  
At once! If I am not mistaken, you married off her mother!

Cham.  
Service, your Royal Highness.

Duchess  
(Dryly)  
Then you've had practice!

Grand Duke  
Within an hour you are to bring me a list of possibilities. Inasmuch as the prospective bride is, in a manner of speaking a direct descendant of my sainted royal father, I shall de raise her to the nobility. Should one of the gentlemen of our Court declare himself ready to marry her---

Duchess  
What's the matter with Christ?



Grand Duke  
(With the greatest indignation)  
I forbid such ribaldry!

Duchess  
(Recklessly)  
Well if there's to be a revolution, we might as well keep her in the family!

Cham.  
(Very insinuatingly)  
If it please your Royal Highness--may I offer, with becoming modesty to jump into the breach myself.

Grand Duke  
(As it registers)  
Capital! That will be the simplest solution!

Duchess  
(Sneering and angry)  
Good Lord! Why he has hardening of the arteries!

Grand Duke  
Hardening of the---  
(Suddenly turning to Police President)  
Von Preussen!  
(President comes down)  
Are you a bachelor?

President  
Service, your Highness!

Grand Duke  
(Scrutinizing them both for a moment critically)  
I wish you gentlemen to take this matter under immediate advisement. The young lady, although under a cloud, is by no means an undesirable parti! Especially as, besides being embeled, she will receive a commensurate dowry!  
(Dismissing them)  
Within the hour!

Cham. & President  
(Together)  
Service, your Highness!  
(Bowing low they withdraw, but under the portieres exchange looks of hostile rivalry. Exit)

Grand Duke  
(Heaving a sigh of self-satisfied relief)  
There!

Duchess  
Well, all I can say is that you ought to be thoroughly

Duchess(Cont.)  
ashamed of yourself! Thank Heaven I was reared in the South, where we look with contempt on that northern conceit of yours which claims kinship with the Almighty! What right have you to traffic with a young girl's life!  
(Turning suddenly to the Prince)  
Why, if there's a spark of manhood in you Chris, you will revolt! Though you were a thousand times Hair Presumptive to the throne!  
(Getting back to her colloquial self)  
This includes my portion of the entertainment!  
(Quick exit)

Grand Duke  
(With supreme dignity to Prince)  
There can be no question of revolt with us! It is your princely privilege to philander with as many young women as you choose--you may even buy them underwear--though the time is not well chosen! But beyond that I need not remind you what you owe to the State!  
(Starts to go)  
(Ruth enters)

Ruth  
(Greeting)  
Your Royal Highness!

Grand Duke  
(Greeting)  
Good morning!  
(Exit Grand Duke)  
(Ruth is dressed in a fetching costume, evidently one of the morning's purchases)

Ruth  
(Coming down in comic perplexity)  
I just ran into the Grand Duchess. She was in a hurry! She said she hadn't time to talk--the Grand Duke was just behind! She grabbed me in her arms, kissed me on the neck, but all she said was "Don't you let them do it to you! Don't you let them do it!" Now what under the sun are they going to do to me?

Prince  
(With whimsical brevity)  
You're to be married off.

Ruth  
Married off? What do you mean by off?

Prince  
Well, don't you think the old Chamberlain is off enough? Or would you prefer something offer?

Ruth  
Marry the Chamberlain! Good Lord! What have I done to deserve that?



Prince  
You have been guilty of a cardinal offense against the crown!

Ruth  
Gracious me! How did that happen?

Prince  
You have compromised the Heir Presumptive to the throne!

Ruth  
Compromised the whisky  
(Close to him, toying with his forelock)

Prince  
Listen to me attentively, and—dear—  
(Gently removes her hand)  
You have had the temerity to allow yourself to be housed overnight at the same hotel with the Heir Presumptive. Do you know what is likely to happen to you?

Ruth  
I know what is likely to happen to you if you don't talk sense.  
(Pulls his hair)

Prince  
That's my hair you're pulling!

Ruth  
And some of it will come out if you don't behave!  
(Still pulls it)

Prince  
Ouch!

Ruth  
That won't do you any good! When I start a revolution worse things will happen to you than losing your hair.  
(Releasing him)

Prince  
And when do you expect to start it?

Ruth  
I've laid out a regular program. First I'm going to marry the Chamberlain. That will make me respectable. After I've married him I'm going to deceive him! That will make me still more respectable! That will fit me for the nobility! Then I'll join the Socialists, so they may know what it feels like to have the nobility working for them. And by that time nobody will know who's who, and I'll be as good as anybody.

Prince  
And where do I come in, in all this?

Ruth  
Well I haven't decided yet with whom I shall deceive my husband.

Prince  
(Half amused, half shocked, and wholly fascinated)  
Why you outrageous little witch! How dare you talk like that! Why - if I thought you were in earnest ---!

Ruth  
I'm dead in earnest! I want to be in your class!

Prince  
You're just trying to see how far you can go!

Ruth  
(Continuing)  
You've made your reputation by deceiving people, why shouldn't I try my hand at the same game?

Prince  
I've never deceived you!

Ruth  
Don't be too sure of that!

Prince  
(Quite impassioned)  
I'd rather chuck over the whole nobility than deceive you!

Ruth  
Words are cheap---especially Royal words!

Prince  
(Very much in earnest)  
Why you little wonder-child, if I were not the heir presumptive --if I were not tied to a convention that through centuries has kept our royal household alive--do you know what I would do to you?---

Ruth  
No--and I don't care!  
(Walking deliberately away from him)

Prince  
(Assuming royal command)  
Come here!

Ruth  
(Taking his tone)  
You come here!  
(Prince swallowing his pride, marches upon her, then suddenly seizes her in his arms)

Prince  
Kiss me!



Ruth  
Not in a thousand years!

Prince  
I love you!

Ruth  
Of course you do! That's the easiest thing you do!

Prince  
Why won't you kiss me?

Ruth  
Because I'm tied by a convention that through centuries  
has kept a decent woman a decent woman!

Prince  
But just one kiss.

Ruth  
It isn't that one kiss--or I should have kissed you when  
you were on your knees to me last night. I was grateful  
enough then for all the kindness you lavished on me--a  
homeless girl. But it's what that kiss would mean to me!

Prince  
I might steal it!

Ruth  
And if you did, it would mean nothing!  
(Eludes him)

Prince  
I'll take my chances on what it may mean!  
(He starts to pursue her, but she  
dodges him tauntingly)

Ruth  
Now you naughty little Red Prince!  
(As she gets the table between them)  
Heir Presumptive! Too presumptive by half!  
(He has almost caught her, when the  
porteress open and in some excitement  
the Chamberlain enters)(He takes the  
quickest possible survey of the situa-  
tion, as he tries to find speech)

Cham.  
(Gasping)  
I couldn't keep her out, your Highness. I tried my best,  
but I couldn't keep her out!  
(Bella strides in)  
(She comes in with greatest possible  
authority. She is gorgeously dressed,  
and carries small satchel)

Bella  
(As she enters)  
Royal Highness--Grandmother! I'm the royalist Highness  
hereabouts!

Ruth  
Mamma!

Bella  
(Very theatrically)  
Come to my bosom, my long lost Chick!  
(They embrace)  
(Bella does not relinquish the bag)

Cham.  
(To Prince who has been staring looks  
of fierce enquiry at him)  
I'm innocent, your Royal Highness!

Ruth  
But mother--mother--where do you come from?

Bella  
From Monte Carlo!  
(With intense theatrical emotion)  
I am happy! Happy beyond words! I can fling their pinnace  
at their feet!  
(In great triumph)  
Your father broke the bank!  
(Points to the bag)

Cham.  
What?

Bella  
I have half a million right here! I've let him keep the  
other half. Would you like to see what half a million looks  
like?  
(Starts to open bag)

Cham.  
(Approaching her and trying to suppress her)  
But my good woman--

Bella  
(With lofty scorn)  
I'm not your good woman! I never was! But let that pass--  
I'm here to give them back their tainted gold!  
(With quick afterthought)  
All except the ten thousand!

Cham.  
(Tremblingly to Prince)  
I'm innocent, your Highness!  
(He makes another attempt at crushing  
Bella)  
Listen to me--



Bella  
Now honey! Trot along!

Cham.  
(Outraged)  
She honey's me! And in the presence of his Highness!

Prince  
(Taking control)  
Allow me to ask you, madam, what you have come for?

Bella  
(Always theatrical)  
Can you ask I have come for my daughter! My child! My Chick!

Prince  
You need give yourself no anxiety about your daughter. She is to be taken care of at Court. She is to be raised to the nobility by order of His Royal Highness, the Grand Duke.

Bella  
(Snapping her fingers)  
That for your old nobility! My husband's going to adopt her.  
That ~~will make her~~ a Baroness!  
(With a sudden thought)  
By the way I have a bone to pick with you!

Prince  
(Haughtily)  
Do you know whom you are addressing?

Bella  
Do I? You are the party who has compromised my daughter!

Prince  
Ridiculous!

Bella  
(Belligerent)  
Aren't you the Prince who took her on the train to Hochstadt?

Prince  
Even so!

Bella  
Then you've compromised my child!

Cham.  
(Quite dismayed, reproved Bella)  
You mustn't use that tone in addressing His Royal Highness!

Bella  
For get it!  
(To Prince)  
You ought to be ashamed of yourself! My innocent unsuspecting Chick!

Cham.  
(As before)  
For heaven's sake, Madam!

Bella  
(Curtly to him)  
Don't butt in on this!  
(Once more with exaggerated theatricalism)  
Do you wish to plunge her in misery as I was plunged in misery, long years ago! And you're not even a Grand Duke-- just an ordinary Highness! And maybe only that a few hours longer!

(To Ruth)  
Child! Child! How could you so have forgotten yourself! And with a mere Prince. Don't you realize who you are! Did you give one thought to your mother!  
(Chamberlain tears his hair and goes up)  
(Enter hurriedly the Police President)

President  
(After bowing respectfully to Prince)  
Pardon this intrusion your Highness! But Mister Soxmeyer has just had me on the phone - They've started something!

Bella  
It had to come! I did my bit!  
(President flabbergasted at sight of her, is joined by Chamberlain, who tells him in pantomime what has happened. President then tells him what has happened; all in ~~staggered~~ whispers, during which enter in excitement, the Grand Duke, followed by the Duchess.) (Immediately on the Grand Duke's entrance, both men leave the stage with apparent portent)

Grand Duke  
(As he enters)  
What's going on here?

Bella  
As I live, it's William Frederick!

Grand Duke  
Who is this woman?

Bella  
(Proudly)  
I am the Baroness Grabbe! Bella Thomassini!

Grand Duke  
(Staggered)  
Bella Thomassini!

Bella  
(Continuing)

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Bella (Cont.)  
My innocent daughter has been compromised by a Prince of the reigning house!

Grand Duke  
(In almost speechless amazement to the others)  
What is she prating about?

Bella  
(Continuing)  
Yes! And before she has even gone on the stage. That wasn't the fashion in my day! I want my daughter to leave this place at once! I should have expected a higher moral tone in her ancestral home!

Grand Duke  
Won't somebody explain to me!

Bella  
Perhaps you don't call it a compromise! Perhaps you count it an honor for the Heir Presumptive to carry my Chick to Roehstadt and buy her underthings with blue ribbons!

Ruth  
(Taking command)  
Mother! I want a word! I acquit His Royal Highness Prince Christian of any attempt to compromise me! He has no more compromised me, than I have compromised him!

Prince  
(Bowing)  
Thank you, mam'selle!

Bella  
(Continuing in a loud key)  
Why you silly Chick, you don't know the meaning of the word! When it comes to being compromised, your mother is some authority!

(Proudly to the Grand Duke)  
How about it William Frederick?

Grand Duke  
(To all the rest)  
Don't you think this has gone far enough? Won't somebody send for somebody and have these intruders removed!  
(Distant bombardment of canon heard)  
(Enter in great excitement the Cham.)  
(All turn to him)

Cham.  
Pardon, your Royal Highness! But there is the greatest possible excitement in the Palace! The revolution has taken place!  
(Another salvo of guns)

Grand Duke  
(Apparently oblivious to the guns)  
What revolution!

Cham.  
(Producing document)  
This manifesto has just been issued. Millions of copies! Shall I read it, your Royal Highness!

Grand Duke  
Read it! Who cares!

Cham.  
But we must care! We must care!  
(Reads in great agitation)  
Citizens! We have won a bloodless revolution! Without fire or sword! We disown the Crown! Rejoice in our final victory. Every member of the Ducal Household has resigned and joined our ranks!  
(The canons boom forth again)

Grand Duke  
Every member of the Ducal Household! - They're mad! Send von Froussen to me! At once!

Cham.  
That is impossible, your Royal Highness!

Grand Duke  
(Furiously)  
Impossible!

Cham.  
The Police President has just departed. He is now in charge of the Democrat Office!

(Before a reply can be made, church bells begin to peal out in joyous carillons. Then whistles and sirens blow. Immediately after there is the sound of shouting and hurraing, which comes nearer and nearer till it is right at the threshold. All stand transfixed, gazing at the portiers, which are flung aside, to admit the entrance of Dr. Gebhard, followed by others cheering - who group around him when he halts)  
(Gebhard wears a coloured sash across his breast and the men who follow him are decorated in the same manner. This escort to Dr. Gebhard is not a mob, but a select body. Invisible voices on the other side of the portiers are supposed to represent the people who have invaded the palace)

Dr. Geb.  
(Uncovering, and bowing)  
Pardon me for intruding on your privacy, but I come hark in the name of the new republic.

Citizens  
Hurrah!



Dr. Geb.  
I wish to present myself as its President.

Citizens  
Hurrah! Gebhard!  
(Dr. Gebhard lifts his hand in silence)  
(The bells peal out joyously)  
(There is a brief but solemn pause)

Dr. Geb.  
I have come in person to inform you, William Frederick, and you Anna Maria, that while we do not consider it desirable for you to sojourn longer in the capitol, we have no intention of molesting you.

Grand Duke  
(With grim irony)  
How charming!

Dr. Geb.  
(Continuing)  
We suggest that you retire to your estate in Aussenhausen.

Grand Duke  
(With a laugh of bitter derision)  
Ha!

Dr. Geb.  
(Continuing)  
To that end a special train will be waiting for you in twenty-four hours. We trust that will give you sufficient time to gather your personal belongings.

Grand Duke  
In the name of all my ancestral forefathers -

Duchess  
(Stepping bravely and quickly forward, silences William and says suavely to Dr. Gebhard)  
We appreciate your courtesy, President Gebhard! We will endeavor not to keep your train waiting!  
(As Dr. Gebhard bows low, the delegates cheer. This cheer is echoed in the halls - not too long - the bells are again heard pealing, as Gebhard takes his departure followed by the others. The bells continue to peal)

Grand Duke  
(Choking in helpless fury)  
Damn those bells!

out Duchess  
(Bursts into a ringing laugh)

Grand Duke  
What in God's name are you laughing at?

Duchess  
I am thinking how delicious it all is! If you only knew how tired I am of being a Grand Duchess!

Bella  
Put it there Mary!  
(Offers her hand to the Duchess, which she grasps in a joyous spirit of mischief)

Grand Duke  
(As before)  
Telephone to the Field Marshall!

Cham.  
I have already done so, your Royal Highness!

Grand Duke  
What did he say?

Cham.  
I hesitate to report it!

Grand Duke  
(In thunder tones)  
What did he say!

Cham.  
Literally!

Grand Duke  
Literally.

Cham.  
Well he said, "His Royal Highness may not know when he's licked but I do!"

Grand Duke  
(Collapses into a chair in a daze)

Duchess  
(Rushing to him, solicitously and in a purely wifely tone, and not at all the Grand Duchess)  
Don't take it so much to heart William! Frederick! Besides you are in no physical condition to cope with this now! You haven't tasted food all day! You're hungry! We'll have a nice family dinner and talk it all over quietly!  
(To Cham.)  
Send Hook here!

Cham.  
(Quietly)  
There is no Hook!





Then Stempel!                   Duchess

                                  Cham.

(As before)

There is no Stempel!

                                  Duchess

Well bless my soul, would you mind going in person to the kitchen and telling the cook to come home!

                                  Cham.

There is no cook!

(Exit)

                                  Duchess

(In serio-comic distress)

Then we are lost indeed!

                                  Bella

(Regarding this as her great opportunity, takes the stage)

Not so!

(Very dramatically)

Twenty years ago I cooked a goulash with noodles for that man's father! He went crazy over it!

(To Duchess)

Follow me to the kitchen!

(Exit in triumph, but not forgetting her satchel--followed by the Duchess convulsed with laughter)

                                  Ruth

There's one thing I must say for mother, she's always a wonder in an emergency!

                                  Prince

(Going over to the prostrate Duke, smilingly, but firmly)

I want to say a word William Frederick!--

                                  Grand Duke

(Hopelessly)

Say it!

                                  Prince

You still have a hankering after your Grand Dukedom--

                                  Grand Duke

(Suddenly springing to his feet, and with his last gasp of former pride)

I am still William Frederick, Grand Duke of Allemania!

                                  Prince

(With fine humor)

I suppose you'll keep on being so till you're beheaded!

                                  Prince (Cont.)

(Continuing very colloquially)

But what I was going to say was this--Discretion being the better part of valor! I'm going to make common cause with these very considerate revolutionists. And I expect my reward! If they offer me the Vice Presidency, I shall accept it on their own platform!

                                  Grand Duke

You never did have any sense!

(Exit with all the dignity he can command)

                                  Ruth

(Sympathetically)

Poor dear William!

                                  Prince

Why do you call him poor dear! There are worse things than resigning the cares of state!

                                  Ruth

Ah, but he takes it so to heart.

                                  Prince

And if I don't - Do you know why? --Do you know why I so willingly abandoned all that goes with my title?

                                  Ruth

Just an impulse. One of those mad impulses of <sup>youth</sup> ~~youth~~!

                                  Prince

Yes--it is an impulse and the most glorious impulse of my most glorious youth! Ever since I met you Chick, I have been figuring out how I could break the laws of convention which have forbidden me to choose as my life's companion...the girl of my heart. But this blessed revolution has solved it for me! Nothing now can hinder me from making you my own little wife.

                                  Ruth

I like that! Have I no voice in the matter?

                                  Prince

Bless my soul Ruth! You are not going to say no!

                                  Ruth

Why, you have never asked me!

                                  Prince

How thoughtless! Dictate the words! My precious Chick, and you should find me on my knees!

                                  Ruth

How do you know I love you! How do you know since you are no longer a Prince, that I love you for yourself alone!

Prince  
All the better if you don't. Love me for the sake of the  
Cause!

Ruth  
(Pretending to hesitate, and coquetry)  
Well, since you put it that way! --  
(As he starts to embrace her enter Bella)

Bella  
Don't you all want any dinner?

Prince  
(Ecstatically)  
Dinner! We shall never dine again! We shall feed forever on  
love!

Bella  
Love and few noodles! Ruth, what does this mean?

Ruth  
This is what it means;  
(Goes to him to lay her hand in his)

Prince  
(Taking her hand)  
She has promised to be my wife!

Bella  
(With a comic outcry)  
Your wife?

Ruth  
What else did you suppose?

Bella  
Well, I didn't know!  
(The Prince now embraces and kisses Ruth  
passionately--while Bella, a little out  
of the picture drags her eyes in her best  
style of stage emotion)

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00122

Mae West

Play scripts

Ac. 16, 215

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"Sex" (1926)

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00123

✓  
"SEX"

A COMEDY DRAMA --  
6 Scenes & ACTS  
by

MAE WEST. ✓

000124

ROCKY  
You ought to be lousy with coin. You aint depending on any particular lady friend for your jack. What's the matter aint the police givin you fifth fifty on the graft you collect?

MANLY  
Aw.

ROCKY  
Dont try to tell me--

MANLY  
Keep your shirt on-take a tip onld man and watch your step.

ROCKY  
What the --

MANLY  
Who's the swell dame you been running around with the last week? Some class to you picking up a jane at the Ritz-the police have got you spotted.

ROCKY  
What do you know?

MANLY  
The last one you picked up she's the kind'll squeal.

ROCKY  
I'll take the chance.

MANLY  
Yea? What's the lay?

ROCKY  
What's it to you?

MANLY  
That's enough.

ROCKY  
Are you trying to shake me down?

MANLY  
I'm giving you a tip straight.

ROCKY  
You'll not get any of my money.

MANLY  
Your money? (Laughs)

ROCKY  
Yes mine. And you stop butting into my affairs.

MANLY  
Your affairs? Say you're none to safe here yourself-get that and get it straight.

ROCKY  
Well it'll take more than a low down graft collector like you to tell it to me.

MANLY  
Yea? Alright. If I cant collect I'll send someone in who will.  
(Exit Manly)

ROCKY  
Can you tie that Curly?

CURLEY  
Let him squawk. He's looking for a meal.

ROCKY  
Come on snap into it. Get some duds on and come up to the Ritz. with me.

CURLEY  
Not to-night Rocky I'm broke.

ROCKY  
With the British Fleet in the harbor-what's wrong? Agnes holding out on you-you should worry-Montreal is full of janes glad to supply the bank roll for a pretty kid like you.

CURLEY  
I'm kinder used to Agnes, I'd hate to change now.

ROCKY  
Aint you the kind hearted dearie.

CURLEY  
Well I got no kick coming, I've got it pretty soft, Agnes don't hold out on me. (Enter Agnes)

ROCKY  
Hello Agnes.

AGNES  
Oh there you are Curley, I thot I'd find you here.

CURLEY  
Alright dear I'll be right with you.

AGNES  
Where's Margy?

ROCKY  
In her room, I guess she's awake. (Exit Agnes)

CURLEY  
I'll see you later Rocky. (Opens door) Here comes Dawson.

DAWSON  
(Enters) Hello. (Enter Agnes)

ROCKY  
Hello Dawson.

CURLEY  
Hello Dawson.



Hello Dawson.

AGNES

I'll be around to-morrow Rocky. Good-night. (Exit Curley and Agnes)

CURLEY

Business must be good the way you got this dump all delled up.

DAWSON

Dont call this joint a dump.

ROCKY

I met Manly outside and he said you were a pretty tough customer.

DAWSON

Yeah?

ROCKY

If you think you can run this joint without giving up, you've got another think coming.

DAWSON

Look here, Dawson, I'm a pretty good sort of scout, but I don't like being hounded by a guy like Manly.

ROCKY

Out the argument and pay up.

DAWSON

Pay up? Hey Margy-Margy.

ROCKY

What do you want?

MARGY

Come out here. Pay up. (Enter Margy)

ROCKY

Well what's all the noise?

MARGY

Dawson wants commission.

ROCKY

Commission? Is that all he wants? Let him try and get it.

MARGY

Now look here- You listen to me.

DAWSON

Just a minute, I dont want any unnecessary noise around here, I had a pretty busy night last night and my nerves need quiet. (Cig. Bus)

MARGY

What do you think this is an ash can? Don't try to pull that wise stuff on me. You been getting away with murder.

DAWSON

I dont see why I should pay for the privilege of working. (Bus)  
You got about all You're goin to get out of me.

MARGY

Well if that's the way you feel about it, we'll see how far you get.

DAWSON

Don't slam the door on the way out. (Exit Dawson) He did.

MARGY

Looks like he's going to start something.

ROCKY

Well he can start it and I'll finish it. How many times have I told you to keep him out of here.

MARGY

Well I didn't ask him to come up. Where are my collars? (Exit)  
Hey Marge where are my collars? Marge come on and find them for me

ROCKY

Find them yourself, they're your collars.

MARGY

Why dont you leave things where I put them. (Enter) You didn't even put buttons in my shirt.

ROCKY

What do you think I am your wife? The trouble with you, you've been spoiled. To many janes been waiting on you. Here's one jane don't fall for that stuff.

MARGY

Is that so?

ROCKY

If there's any waiting on around here, I'm the one that's going to get it. I'm a jane that craves service.

MARGY

Aint you funny.

ROCKY

Don't wise crack at me, because I'm about ready to give you the air.

MARGY

Give me the air? Give me the air? You cant get away with that so easy.

ROCKY

No?

MARGY

Not after what I've done for you.

ROCKY



MARGY  
What did you ever do for me?

ROCKY  
Say who meets the guys and steers them down here to you? Me. Who's the business head of this here dump? Me. Who raised your price? Me. And you want to know what I did? I started you didn't I? Yes, and I didn't only start you, I made you, get me, I made you.

MARGY  
You made me what I am to-day, I hope your satisfied. I'll admit your a great guy and all that.

ROCKY  
You do admit I'm a great guy.

MARGY  
Oh without question. But just the same I'm getting tired of you and this dump.

ROCKY  
Not good enough for you eh?

MARGY  
Oh I'm going somewhere where I can play around with the heavy sugar daddied and see life and get something for it, instead of sitting around here night after night waiting for your cheap bunch.

ROCKY  
Gee, getting high brow. Want to play rich. You're alright where you are.

MARGY  
Think so?

ROCKY  
Getting some fool ideas about bein decent eh?

MARGY  
Suppose I am.

ROCKY  
Baby you'll never be anything but what you are. So that's that.

MARGY  
If a Jane like Nan Chalmers can do it I certainly can.

ROCKY  
You mean the apt that used to live next door?

MARGY  
Yes. She had a guy she that she was in love with and that she needed and then she got wise. Now she's married to an old guy, and she's got a mansion up near Boston and a limousine and diamonds and everything she wants.

ROCKY  
And wait until the old gink finds out what she is. Watch him unload her.

MARGY  
How's he going to find out?

ROCKY  
Easy kid easy. Plenty of nice people ready to spill the good news

MARGY  
But suppose he really loves her?

ROCKY  
Don't make me laugh. It cant be done. Anyway his friends and family wont stand for it. Listen you lose this idea about being decent. Stick to your trade, kid, you were made for it. Rocky wouldn't steer you wrong.

MARGY  
No, Rocky wouldn't steer me wrong. Rocky's just a wise guy, at least he thinks he is. Anyway my minds made up and that's that. What's the idea of dolling up? You look like you have a heavy date. Meetin the society dame Manly was talkin about? The one you picked up at the opera?

ROCKY  
You cant tell, maybe, yes, maybe no.

MARGY  
Well good luck to you you'll need it.

ROCKY  
She knows a nifty guy when she sees one. I'm class babe. Just look at that figure.

MARGY  
Take it to her and let her look at it. I'm tired of looking at it.

ROCKY  
Theres plenty of dames ready to take me in.

MARGY  
White ones? Just take the tooth brush and park the body some place else.

ROCKY  
Where are you going to-night?

MARGY  
I dont know.

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7  
ROCKY

What time are you coming back?

MARGY

I dont know. Maybe I wont come back at all.

ROCKY

Now dont pull that stuff on me, because you aren't going to get away from me so easy. You're mine and you belong to me. You try to get away from me and I'll plant you under the daises.

MARGY

What are you trying to do? Scare someone? Just because you croaked a guy and get away with it dont think I'm afraid of you. You know if I start talking, I can put a rope around that lily white neck of yours.

ROCKY

You wouldn't dare squawk on a fellow for that. Besides I know you too well. You haven't the heart to turn anyone up. If I that you had, I'd finish you now. I wont get any more for killing two than I will for killing one.

MARGY

Dont be to sure about that. Now I'm going to give you a little inside information. I'm going to leave you the first chance I get.

Rocky

What are we doing, telling jokes to each other? Get that idea out of your head about leaving me, because if you did, I'd get you. Less this idea about being decent. Your just what you are and that's all you ever will be. There's only one thing about you to hold a guy, and outside of that your meraly nothing. Want to give Rocky a little kiss before he goes, you beautiful thing you?

MARGY

Go kiss your society dame. (Enter Agnes)

ROCKY

Thanks. (Exit)

MARGY

Hello kid.

AGNES

Margy, I just wanted to give you some more money to keep for me. There's five there. (Bus)

MARGY

Alright, I'll put it with the rest.

8  
AGNES

I dont know what I'd do if it wasn't for you. You cant trust anyon

MARGY

Good motto Agnes, trust no one and you'll never be gyped.

AGNES

I wonder what Curley would do if he ever found out?

MARGY

What that you are putting a little away for yourself? Dont suppose I hand over the day's receipts to Rocky.

AGNES

No, it aint only that. I'm planning to go away as soon as I have enough.

MARGY

Going where?

AGNES

Back home.

MARGY

Home? Do you think you can get away with it?

AGNES

Why not? They think I'm working for a living.

MARGY

Well aint you?

AGNES

I manage to send them a few dollars once in a while.

MARGY

Listen Agnes. They'll find out and then it will be worse than this for you.

AGNES

Home. It seems like years since I've been there.

MARGY

You've spilled the tale about the old folks and the little white cottage so often kid, I can almost see the place. What's the use of breaking their hearts as well as your own?

AGNES  
But I cant go on. I- Oh Margy, I want meant for this sort of thing.

MARGY  
If I was as dissatisfied as you are I'd join the Salvation Army.

FIRST MAN  
(Kneek) (MARGY opens door) Hello Margy.

MARGY  
I'm sorry but I'm not entertaining to-night.

FIRST MAN  
I extra come down to see you. Cant you help a fellow out?

MARGY  
I'm sorry.

MARGY  
But listen girlie- - -

MARGY  
Good night.

FIRST MAN  
Je'es. (Closes door) (Church bells) (Agnes cries)

MARGY  
Well what's the matter?

AGNES  
Those bells, every time they ring it seems as if- -Oh I-cant stand it Margy, I cant stand it. Back home the little old churchk-

MARGY  
(Shade Pus) Dont give me that church business again. You'll have me going back to the old homestead.

AGNES  
Oh, Margy if you'd only understand.

MARGY  
I understand that you got to get a grip on yourself or you'll neve get anywhere.

AGNES  
Anywhere in this life?

MARGY  
Why not? There's a chance of rising to the top of every profession

AGNES  
Profession? You call this- - Oh Gwd.

MARGY  
Yes, I said rising to the top of my profession. Why not? Others do it, why cant I? Why cant you? When I think of the dames riding around in swell limousines, buying imported gowns, living at the swellest hotels, terrible looking janes too. You know if I have to I can put on the ritz too. Course I dont pull that stuff around here, not at these prices. And there's nothing the matter with you. You're a pretty refined kid. Come from good folks, at least you say you do. It's all a question of getting some guy to pay for the certain business, that's all.

AGNES  
Oh, that's what you mean to do?

MARGY  
That's what I'm going to do. I'm sick of this town and everything in it.

AGNES  
Ieh and how are you going to find the rich man?

MARGY  
Advertise for him in the daily papers. Tack a sign up around the town for him. Say either your so wise we cant catch up with you or your the original Dumb Dora.

AGNES  
Oh I see what you mean.

MARGY  
Oh you do.

AGNES  
I'm sorry I made you angry Margy. You've been pretty good to me and when I get back home- - -

MARGY  
When you get back home old girl, you'll be buying a thru ticket back here, mark my words. They wont let you go straight, they'll hold you up as an example. I tried it. I know.



AGNES

You're wrong Margy, and maybe some day - -

MARGY

Yeh, and until that some day comes, I'm satisfied to be wrong.  
going out to-night?

AGNES

No I'm staying in with Curly. I feel I'm kinder doing him wrong,  
leaving him like this, and that's what's holding me back.

MARGY

Curly?

AGNES

Yes, he'd be lost without me.

MARGY

The lost and found department will take care of him alright.

AGNES

I loved him Margy in the beginning and- -

MARGY

Loved him in the beginning, and you that you couldn't live  
without him and then you found out you couldn't live with him.  
That's the trouble with women like us. They have a tag on them.  
Go it alone Agnes, there's more chance of getting ahead.

AGNES

I'll leave Curly enough money- -

MARGY

Let the big bum go to work.

AGNES

But he aint very strong Marge.

MARGY

Would be tough on that guy if he had to get a job for himself.  
Well you run along to your Curly, I've got to fix this dress up.

AGNES

Alright, good-night Marge.

MARGY

Good night. (Red and Flossie knock)

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MARGY

Open up that door and lets see what this is. (Agnes opens door)  
(Enter Red and Flossie)

AGNES

My goodness, its fighting Red.

RED

Say I want to talk to you.

MARGY

Well, shoot, what is it?

RED

I want you to lay off my man.

MARGY

Sailor Dan from Kansas. Which one?

RED

Sailor Dan from Kansas.

MARGY

Sailor Dan from Kansas? Never heard of him.

RED

Oh, yes you have.

MARGY

I'll tell you whether I have or not. Hey Aggie, over on that table  
you'll find a little book.

AGNES

No, it aint here.

MARGY

Red, you look in the second drawer, and Flossie give us a  
cigarette. (Bus) Hey, just the book, just the book. Sailor Dan  
from Kansas. - Oh sailor Dan from Kansas. Yeh sailor Dan from  
Kansas, flat feet, asthma, check came back, O, baby I'll make  
you a present of that bird, he's yours.

RED

Well you better.

MARGY

Now dont be a girl like that.



13

MARGY  
Say Floss, do you still go around with Oklahoma Jack?

FLOSSIE  
Oh, he got married.

MARGY  
Yes, but you didn't answer my question.

RED AND FLOSSIE  
Well the nerve of her-- (Ad lib exit)

AGNES  
Good night Marge.

MARGY  
Good night. (Exit Agnes)

JONES  
(Knock)

MARGY  
Come in.

JONES  
(Enter) Well, well if it isn't the beautiful blonde mamma they're all raving about. I always did like blondes, I don't care how they get that way, just so long as they're blondes.

MARGY  
Sorry, but you'll have to go.

JONES  
You don't mean to tell me you're going to give me the gate? Oh, mamma, you don't know what you're missing.

MARGY  
You wouldn't fool me?

JONES  
If I go now, can I come back later?

MARGY  
Yeah, you can come back.

JONES  
In one hour I'll be back to the girl I left behind me. O, baby, I've  
*set what you crave.*

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MARGY  
You wouldn't fool me?

JONES  
Listen kid, Jones is my monicker, clean underwear and everything. Over the river. (Exit Jones) (Phone)

MARGY  
Hello, hello. O hello there kid, how are you? Great, great. Where are you? Where? Oh the Tremaine Cafe. Who's with you? Who? Oh, and how. Yeh, Oh in about fifteen minutes. Well say I've got to get dressed. Yeh, alright. Good bye kid.

GREGG  
(Knocks and enters) Hello Marge. How are you?

MARGY  
When did you get in?

GREGG  
Oh, I got into port this morning. Couldn't think of spending my shore leave with anyone but you, old gal. Warm in here. Mind if I take my jacket off?

MARGY  
Sorry, but I'm not entertaining company to-night Gregg.

GREGG  
Oh, don't consider me company. Just treat me as one of the family. I'm back with three months pay and asking for a good time. You're and I'll have plenty of sport.

MARGY  
I'm in no mood for sport Gregg.

GREGG  
Oh, you're out of sorts. Anything on your mind?

MARGY  
You wouldn't understand.

GREGG  
I'd hate to say you're not telling the truth, but you're out of sorts. I'll just play a tune on the jolly old music box, that'll cheer you up a bit.

MARGY  
Gregg, if you want to do me a favor, you'll get out of here as quick as you can.

GREGG

Now you dont mean that.

MARGY

Do I look as if I were kidding?

GREGG

What's the matter? Some of the neighbors kids been stealing your marbles?

MARGY

What is that supposed to be-one of your English wise cracks?

GREGG

No, no. It's rather clever that. Dont be angry with me old dear. I didn't mean any harm, just couldn't resist the temptation of a bright remark. Oh, I've got something for you, wait until you see this, wait until you see this.

MARGY

Well, come on and lets see it.

GREGG

You'll get it, you'll get it. I dont mind telling you I had an awful time saving it for you. Why all the women were fighting for it.

MARGY

It better be good.

GREGG

It's good alright. It's the best you could get, but you've got to be very careful not to bend it. (Bus)

MARGY

What a bird, what a bird. How did you know I wanted one?

GREGG

Oh, I know your little weaknesses.

MARGY

You know too much. Where did you get it honey?

GREGG

Away down south.

MARGY

Wont I burn the janes up when I wear this.

GREGG

Now you're happy suppose you spill the trouble.

MARGY

Oh you wouldnt understand.

GREGG

Never can tell old gal.

MARGY

I'm sick of this town and everything that goes with it. Damn him.

GREGG

Oh the gentleman friend eh?

MARGY

Gentleman-hell. You're the first one to ever call him that

GREGG

Well of course, I never met him. Why dont you chuck the bugger. Leave him and travel around a bit. You'd soon forget him. Good lord, gal, I've forgotten a hell of a lot in the same way. I'm serious about this travelling around. It would be good for you. But maybe you dont care for travelling.

MARGY

The way I feel now I'd take a trip to hell if I could get a return ticket.

GREGG

Oh well I dont expect to go as far as that at present. But seriously speaking, you could make a lot of money travelling around with me. All the gals who are following the fleet are getting rich, and besides they see the world and its ceilings.

MARGY

Sounds good. I'll think it over.

GREGG

Oh its a sweet existence. I wish I were a gal. You know I'd love to meet up with you in every port I go into. And I could help you a lot by dropping a word here and there among the boys.



Bert of an agent.

MARGY

GREGG

Oh, I wouldn't put it like that. But maybe you and I could hit it up together eh?

MARGY

What are you trying to do, set yourself in for a home?

GREGG

No, no.

MARGY

Never mind. You wouldn't be the first.

SECOND MAN

(KNOCK) (Margy opens the door) Hello dearie don't you remember me?

MARGY

No I don't remember you.

SECOND MAN

What you mean to say you don't remember me?

MARGY

No you yellow bellied piece of cheese I don't remember you.

SECOND MAN

Yellow bellied? I thought you said you didn't remember me?

MARGY

What are you doing?

GREGG

Looking up.

MARGY

What's the idea?

GREGG

These interruptions are damned annoying. We don't want to be disturbed. I expect to be here for a long time.

MARGY

Well you're out of luck.

GREGG

Just exactly what do you mean?

MARGY

I'm going out.

GREGG

I'd hate to be disappointed. I put myself out a lot to come and see you, I don't mind telling you.

MARGY

That's your hard luck. Here's your jacket.

GREGG

Oh, I say.

MARGY

Come on. Put it on.

GREGG

You can't really mean that you know.

MARGY

No, I'm just exercising my lungs.

GREGG

Well of course if you insist. Just to show you I'm not a bad sort I'll take you down to the Black Cat Cafe and spend the money I was going to spend here.

MARGY

Alright, only I'll let you take me to the Tremaine instead.

GREGG

Anywhere you say old dear.

MARGY

Take that key out of the door. Put it on the outside.

GREGG

But I say old dear, it's a hell of a trick to lay on a fellow.

CURTAIN

10-33

19  
CURTAIN UP

ROCKY

(Enters) Oho-Oho. (Bus) Alright, come right in. I bet maybe some of my friends were parked around here. I'm good natured and they take advantage of it. (Clara enters)

CLARA

It's rather dark in here.

ROCKY

Just a minute and I'll light up. (Bus) There we are.

CLARA

What an interesting place you have.

ROCKY

Oh, the diggings ain't so bad. Sit down and make yourself comfortable. You're going to be right at home here you know.

CLARA

I feel very much at home already.

ROCKY

Let me take your wraps.

CLARA

Thank you.

ROCKY

Sit down and make yourself comfortable. Nothin' well about this joint, but you can do as you please, and there's no one to put a damper on the works.

CLARA

It's so wonderful here in Montreal, I'd like to stay here forever.

ROCKY

Is this your first visit to the town?

CLARA

Yes.

ROCKY

Well I'm going to fix it so you won't forget it as long as you live. Where is your home?

20  
CLARA

My home is in Conn.

ROCKY

You're fibbing to me, but it's alright. I can stand for almost anything from a woman as beautiful as you are.

CLARA

You do say the nicest things.

ROCKY

Thanks. When are you going to tell me your real name?

CLARA

I have told you, Clara Smith is my real name.

ROCKY

A two year old would know that was phoney.

CLARA

What's in a name I'm here with you.

ROCKY

That ought to be enough for any man.

CLARA

You have the most persuasive ways.

ROCKY

So you won't tell me what your real name is?

CLARA

You must not ask me so many questions. I'm here to enjoy myself.

ROCKY

And believe me you're going to have the time of your young life. We'll start off with a little drink, that's always a good start for any party. How about it Clara dear?

CLARA

Clara dear?

ROCKY

You must get used to me getting familiar like.



CLARA  
You do say the outest things.

ROCKY  
Thanks. How about that drink?

CLARA  
Yes. I believe I would enjoy a drink.

ROCKY  
You'll enjoy this alright, pure Canadian Club, and its got a kick like a mule. Drink.

CLARA  
This is so thrilling. I love it because its so unconventional.

ROCKY  
Its worse than that. There's nothing like sneaking away and stealing a march once in a while is there?

CLARA  
Its wonderful.

ROCKY  
I knew you'd love a thrill so I'm going to give you one. Do you know what street this house is on?

CLARA  
No.

ROCKY  
Its on Calidoux street. You've heard of Calidoux street havent you?

CLARA  
I dont believe I have.

ROCKY  
Well Calidoux street is the most notorious street in Montreal. Its in the heart of the red light district.

CLARA  
How perfectly thrilling.

ROCKY  
I knew that would strike you right.

CLARA  
Its such a departure from the usual course of life so daring.

ROCKY  
Anything for a thrill dear. A new sensation eh? I bet you got plenty of them on these little trips eh?

CLARA  
Anything to get away from the dull monotonous routine of my daily existence. Always doing the same thing in the same way. Seeing the same people day in and day out almost drives me insane. Yes, I do enjoy a little fling once in a while. It sorts of breaks the monotony.

ROCKY  
I'm sure lucky to have met you and its me that knows it.

CLARA  
You say the most wonderful things.

ROCKY  
Not half as wonderful as I'd like to say to you. But I suppose after you leave Montreal I'll never see you again. What a beautiful soft hand you have. Gee this is funny, here I am falling in love with a married woman, and when you get back home and meet your husband, I fade right out of the picture. You'll forget you ever met me, and I'll be here in Montreal just pining away.

CLARA  
Don't be foolish you're certainly not falling in love with a woman almost old enough to be my mother-in-law anyway you know I'm much older than you.

ROCKY  
What's age got to do with it? You're wonderful. You need someone like me, someone to cheer you up and say nice things to you. Someone who understands you. Someone who would really appreciate you.

CLARA  
Yes I know I do. I'm neglected too much. You see I'm married to a tired business man who gives all his time to making money, and who's years my senior. I have everything that money can buy. Every luxury, but the one thing I need most of all-love. Of course you understand.

ROCKY  
Let's have another drink. I know just how you feel dear.

00155

CLARA

Dear? Oh don't make it quite so strong. I'm not used to being petted in that way my dear boy. You think we are quite safe here?

ROCKY.

Why honey what do you mean?

CLARA

I mean safe from intrusion. You know in such a notorious district I'm afraid the police may come in.

ROCKY.

Don't worry about that honey. After you drink this next drink you won't give a rap if the whole Montreal police force comes in.

CLARA.

But suppose they did come and there was a scandal? Think of my poor husband.

ROCKY

What's a husband or two among friends? Wrap yourself around this Atta girl. A few minutes from now and you won't care for a whole flock of husbands.

CLARA

Wasn't that drink terribly strong?

ROCKY

Of course not. Come on over here babe and let's get together. Now I'd like to be around you all the time. Can't you take me back home with you?

CLARA

Why you silly boy how could I? My husband would find out.

ROCKY

Couldn't I play chauffeur to you or some other excuse to be around you? I'll promise you a new thrill every day babe.

CLARA

You say the sweetest things. (Kiss)

ROCKY

Come on let's have another drink.

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CLARA

No I think I've had too much already. I'm not used to drinking so fast- I feel sick.

ROCKY

Right over there babe, help yourself. (Exit Clara) (Enter X)

CLARA

(Enter) Oh dear I'm sick I feel terrible.

ROCKY

Come here dear. Is my baby feeling sick? Sit down and I'll give you something that will fix you fine. Just this one drink is what you need.

CLARA

No, no I don't want any more.

ROCKY

But dear you must take this one, it's just what you need. It'll fix you proper. I'll take good care of you babe.

CLARA

You say the nicest things.

ROCKY

That's the way you'll be perfect in a moment.

CLARA

I hope so

ROCKY

I know so.

CLARA

I'm getting so dizzy- everything is just black- I feel like I'm in space.

ROCKY

Feel like your passing out?

CLARA

Oh dear-I-I-(Clara) faints (Rocky's bus. and exit.)

24

00456

CLARA  
(Doe and exit to bedroom.)  
MARTY  
(Outside) Marty Marty. (on top)  
MARTY  
(Enters with Gregg. Ad lib.) Ohw bello kid.  
AGNES  
I hbot I heard someone in here Marty.  
MARTY  
Wait till I light up. Maybe Recky's back.  
GREGG  
Then maybe I'd better go.  
MARTY  
I'm paying the freight on this joint and what I say goes. Come on  
and have a drink with us Agnes, ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> same Agnes, lives across the hall  
her idea of a good time is listening to the church bells ring  
and having a good cry she's all right when you know her. Sit down.  
GREGG  
Anything you say your the boss.  
MARTY  
You bet your sweet life I am. Anything I say around here goes.  
aint that right Agne?  
AGNES  
Ten.  
MARTY  
Take off your jacket and stay.  
GREGG  
On the level? Here take this. (gives money)  
MARTY  
What's this for?  
GREGG  
Saves you the trouble of taking it while I'm asleep.

MARTY  
You're thoughtful anyway.  
GREGG  
I always go the easiest way about everything.  
MARTY  
What a man what a man (kiss) Pardon me, pardon me while I go down t  
the English Channel. (Kiss) Now to show you I'm a good sport I'll ~~have~~  
have a drink.  
GREGG  
That's a jolly good idea.  
MARTY  
That is if the boy freind hasn't made love to it.  
GREGG  
This boy freind seems to be sort of a necessity.  
MARTY  
Not a necessity a luxury. Where are you going?  
AGNES  
I'm afraid that Curly might miss me.  
MARTY  
Be him good.  
AGNES  
If you don't mind I'd rather---  
MARTY  
Goin to grab the party?  
AGNES  
I'd like to good night Marty.  
MARTY  
I told you her idea of a good time didn't I?  
GREGG  
I think she's jolly considerate, three's always a crowd.  
MARTY  
So long as your satisfied I don't ear s. (drink)



GREGG

Cheerio. You know Margy we go on quite a trip from here. Panama Cuba and Trinidad, and I was thinking how wonderful it would be if I could meet you there. You know what we were talking about following the fleet. I wish you'd do that.

MARGY

Trinidad? What kind of a jungle is it?

GREGG

It's an island just North of South America.

MARGY

Oh where the parrots and the monkeys come from.

GREGG

It's a place where you can live cheap. Why down there you can get a room and bath, a wife and a bottle of liquor for two dollars.

MARGY

It must be bum liquor.

GREGG

It's a place where a girl like you would make a fortune, say that if you ever. All the girls down there are half breeds or a bit off color. It's the place for a girl like you, you'd coin money.

MARGY

I'll think it over old dear, I promise you I will say word.

GREGG

I wish you would, you don't know how much I want you. Damn you you'd don't know how much I want to be with you. You know every time I go to Montreal I spend my shore leave with you, and I could do the same thing any place we go to. (Kiss) Where are you going?

MARGY.

I'm going to put on a good hot tune and have a little dance.

GREGG

By jove your certainly showing me a good time.

MARGY

Why you're going to write this night down in your diary in red ink. (Dance business)

GREGG

I'm good on swimming but short on stepping.

MARGY

Have another drink.

GREGG

God give your beautiful, you've got the kind of beauty that makes a savage out of a man. Make him feel as though he'd like to take you in his arms and tear and crush you.

CLARA

(off stage) Groans.

GREGG

What's that?

MARGY

What's what?

GREGG

I that I heard someone groan.

MARGY

Oh you're the greatest guy for hearing things (Clara groans) Well I'll be damned

GREGG

Whats up?

MARGY

He's pulled something.

GREGG

Who is she? One of your lady-friends?

MARGY

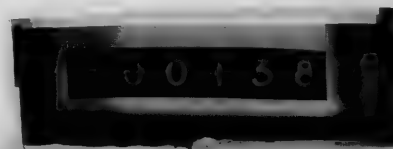
I'll bet its that society jane.

GREGG

This is hardly the place for a society woman. Is she drunk?

MARGY-He's given her the works

He's given her the works.



He's what?

GREGG

MARGY

Given her the works,

GREGG

He's given her what?

MARGY

He's doped her don't you understand English?

GREGG

Doped her this is awkward.

MARGY

A fine mess the dirty rat left on my hands. He's given her enough stuff to kill a mule.

GREGG

You don't mean to tell me there's a possibility of the woman dying?

MARGY

Sure there is that is why he made a quick get-a-way. Quick get her off the floor. (Gregg puts Clara on chaise longue. Margy exits to bathroom.)

GREGG

Don't let her die old thing, she's a fine looking woman.

MARGY

(Enters with bottle.) If this don't bring her around, its lilies for her.

GREGG

That gentleman friend of yours must be a nice playmate.

MARGY

Don't talk. Rub her hand and rub it good.

GREGG

He gave me a generous dog, he gave her plenty of the stuff while he was about it. Now could he do this? He gave her enough to kill her.

MARGY

BECAUSE HE'S A RAT and always will be. Hold her head back while I

GREGG

I think she's coming to.

MARGY

Get some cold water and bathe her face. (Exit Gregg) Come on and take this. (Gregg enters with glass of water) Don't spill it all over her.

BRENN

She's bloomin' lucky to be among these present.

CLARA

Where am I? Where am I?

MARGY

You know damn well where you are.

CLARA

Oh, I'm so sick.

MARGY

That's what you get for fooling around like this. You came here for a thrill. You got one but not the kind you expected. Serves you right.

GREGG

I say old dear don't you think you're rather rough on the poor thing.

Margy

Rough on her? She aint getting half what she deserves. She's one of those respectable society dames who possess a decent, and is looking for the first chance to cheat without being found out.

GREGG

Well old dear you can't blame her. All of us are looking for a little party at times.

DAWSON

(Enters) Hello Marge.

MARGY

Oh, hello.

GREGG

Pardon me old thing, I think you're intruding.



MARGY

Lay off you fool, he's a cop.

GREGG

Oh, a Bobby.

DAWSON

Officer of the law, it sounds better. What's coming off here?  
 Manly said he saw Rocky coming out of here with a grip in his hand

MARGY

That ain't a crime is it?

DAWSON

He said Rocky was in a pretty big hurry, so I thot I'd come up  
 and see what all the haste was about.

MARGY

Had a date perhaps.

DAWSON

Yea? Who's the dame?

MARGY

A lady friend of mine.

DAWSON

A lady friend of yours? Don't look much like the sort of company  
 you keep. That looks more like your sneed over there.

GREGG

Thanks for the compliment, old thing.

DAWSON

Save your comedy till you get back to the fleet. You have a variet  
 of friends, haven't you? This one looks like she was all in. What's  
 wrong with her is she sick?

MARGY

She's not feeling well.

DAWSON

Too bad poor thing. Stop stalling. Come clean. What's the game?

MARGY

No game that I know of.

DAWSON

What's this woman doing in your place?

MARGY

Paying me a visit.

DAWSON

Don't look much like she's enjoying her visit. Well if you want  
 tell me what the lay is, maybe she will. Hay you. What are you  
 doing with this pair of crooks?

GREGG

Pardon me, old thing, we may be a bit loose, but we're not crooks.

DAWSON

That's enough from you. Well out with it now. What's the idea?  
 What are you doing here? Do you know what kind of a house you're  
 in?

GREGG

Why- I- I-

DAWSON

The truth lady its the best way out.

CLARA

Why sir I was lured here.

DAWSON

By whom? (BUS)

CLARA

By that woman there. She brought me here. She told me a pitiful  
 tale, then she gave me something to drink. After that I dont  
 remember. My jewels- they are gone.

MARGY

She's a dirty liar.

DAWSON

You shut up.



MARGY

No I wont shut-up. She's lying to you do you hear? She's trying to make me the goat. But she cant do it. She's ashamed to tell you why she came here but I will. She came here with Rocky, she came here with him so that he could make her.

DAWSON

Wait you needn't tell me what she came here for. I know.

CLARA

Pardon me - -

DAWSON

You stay where you are. We're going on a little sight seeing tour and your going to be one of the party. Now you women get your wraps.

CLARA

You're not going to arrest me are you?

DAWSON

I'm going to take you to headquarters for further investigation.

CLARA

No, no, dont do that please. The publicity would ruin me. Isn't there some way I could fix this with you?

DAWSON

Well, perhaps.

CLARA

I understand. (Money bus)

MARGY

No you dont. This dame is going to take her medicine even if I have to go to jail.

DAWSON

You mind your own business or you will go to jail. I'm on to this game, Rocky's been up to his old tricks again, if I take you two it means I get Rocky. You dont want him in jail, because you know what he'd do to you when he got out. Come on Miss, I'll see you safely out of the district. And as for you, you better take a little tip and blow. Montreal is getting a little to hot for you. That's just a hint, and you'd better take it.

MARGY

Just a minute. You were almost dead when I found you in this room. I brought you back to life, and you try to frame me to save yourself. I dont count I suppose, because I'm what I am, but I'll tell you something, I'll remember this night as long as I live. And if I ever get a chance, I'll get even with you you dirty charity, I'll get even.

CURTAIN.



II.1.

SAILORS SWEETHEART BY ENTIRE COMPANY ONE CHORUS

VERSE BY ONE SAILOR.

CHORUS AND DANCE BY TWO OTHER SAILORS. ONE CHORUS

SPECIALTY BY ONE SAILOR. ONE CHORUS

ENSEMBLE DANCE BY ENTIRE COMPANY ONE CHORUS.

(Enter Jones)

JONES.

Oh senior Condes.

CONDEZ

Comon esta usted senior?

JONES

I thought this affair was going to be over at the Casino.

CONDEZ

He, no, no, no, Senior, I told you the Cafe Port Au Prince, you like it?

JONES

And who is giving the affair?

CONDEZ

We are giving this in honor of the boys of the fleet.

JONES

Some fellow to give an affair like this. I think I'll stay a while.

CONDEZ

Si, si there is a table some place.

JONES

Thank you I'll sit over here.

BELLS OF THE SEA. BARITONE SOLO. ONE CHORUS. ONE SAILOR.

IM SORRY DEAR. SOPRANO SOLO. ONE CHORUS. ONE OF THE FLEET WOMEN.

SPANISH DANCE SAILOR AND GIRL. CASTLES IN SPAIN. TWO CHORUSES.

(Enter Gregg and Margy) (Bus.greeting)

JONES

Helle there lieutenant. Sit down and have a drink. I've been look

II.2.

for you. Say isn't that the baby from Montreal. (Margy turns)  
Well, well, if it isn't the beautiful blonde mamma from Montreal.

MARGY

Well if it isn't the loud speaking papa. Who is your friend Gregg?

GREGG

His name is Jones.

MARGY

Jones?

JONES

Yes you remember me, baby.

MARGY

How could I ever forget you?

JONES

That was some wait you gave me that night in Montreal. If the milkman hadn't spilled the milk on me I'd have been waiting there yet. Now baby when I got back I rapped on the door. (Gregg steps (him)

Say what are you trying to do, high hat me? (Turns to Margy) Now listen baby, give us a kiss and well call it quits. (Gregg stops him again)

GREGG

Now take it easy.

JONES

What is she private property?

GREGG

No but don't get personal.

JONES

Yes but in your friend. Gee if I were only a lieutenant I might stand some chance with her. (Turns to Margy) Now listen kid in different and I work fast.

MARGY

Now don't give me that business.

MYLENBERG JOYS. ONE CHORUS. ENSEMBLE DANCING. (Applause)

WOMEN AN ONE CHORUS. ENSEMBLE ANSWERING.

SWEET MAN VERSE AND CHORUS BY MARGY (Much applause)

SHAKE THAT THING ONE CHORUS DANCE BY MARGY. (Applause)

II.3.

CONDEZ

Ladies and Gentlemen, there will be dancing in the main ball room. There we will have senorita Carmentina and senor Bollentino, entertainment extraordinaire. (Applause and ensemble exits)

JONES

(Starting for ball room) Baby you'd make a bull dog break his chain. (Sees captain) ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ (Drunk sailors exit) Oh here comes the Captain.

CAPT. CARTER

ENSIGN- Lieutenant. How do you do Miss Lamont. Having a good time?

MARGY

Yes Indeed.

CONDEZ

Capitan, Comon esta usted?

CAPT CARTER

Hello Condez.

CONDEZ

Sientese aqui Capitan y Usted teniente aqui.

CAPT CARTER

Thank you Thank you.

JONES

Fix up something for the Captain.

CONDEZ

Si, si, oh waiter, clear the table, and give the Captain the best in the house. (enter Jimmy Stanton) Stanton! Usted conose a el Capitan, verdad?

JIMMY

Hello captain, how are you.

CAPT CARTER

Oh Stanton, come and sit down.

CONDEZ

(Rushing to Marge) Senorita, That is the young millionaire senor Stanton. He is son of the Stanton U.S.A. He is what you call him

II.4.

inspector for his fathers plantation. He is a very fine gentleman and he is very wealthy. ~~En--~~ Si si, tiene mucho dinero. y ojala tenga la oportunidad de conocerlo senorita. Perdona, regreso despues.

CAPT CARTER.

(Crossing to Marge) Miss Lamont may I present Mr. Stanton.

MARGY

You may.

CAPT. CARTER

Mr. Stanton, Miss Lamont. Mr. Stanton, Lieutenant Gregg.

JIMMY

How do you do? (Exit Condez and Jones)

CAPT CARTER.

Pardon me lieutenant, just a moment. (Exit Capt Carter and Gregg)

JIMMY

Now dont think me foolish, but I dont suppose you remember going up the gangplank leaving on the ship leaving Cuba for Trinidad?

MARGY

Cuba for Trinidad? Oh yes, yes.

JIMMY

You were talking to a young naval officer.

MARGY

Naval officer? Yes, yes.

JIMMY

Oh I shal never forget it. I just stood in the middle of that gang plank like a big sap, and forgot they were waiting to pull it up-- and you ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ glanced at me. There was a certain look in your eyes.

MARGY

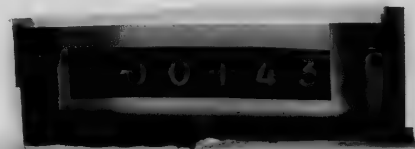
Certain look? What kind of a certain look?

JIMMY

I dont know, but I only hope you dont look at any other man that way.

MARGY

YOU silly boy.



II. 5.

JIMMY

And just now I asked the Captain here who you were. I told him I thought I'd met you in New York. He said that your name was Miss Lambert, and that he didn't know very much about you except that you were beautiful, and he expected that every man on the ship would want to dance with you. Then I told him that here was one man who did want to dance with you--and then we were introduced.

MARGY

Oh, I see.

JIMMY

I had to get acquainted with you some way didn't I?

MARGY

And just what was it about me that attracted you. (Music. ALWAYS)

JIMMY

Oh, I--I don't know, just everything. Your eyes, they're so marvelous--they're heavenly and yet again--I'm afraid of them. And your hair--and the way you smile. You know you are just perfect to me. (Getting up to dance) May I? (Asking for the dance and a kiss) (Gregg enters rear on parapet and watches them smoking silently)

MARGY

You may. (They kiss and waltz off toward ballroom) (Gregg shrugs and saunters off. Music swells and curtain falls.)

Curtain Act II. SC 1.

II. 6.

STARS AND STRIPES. TWO CHORUSES. CURTAIN UP ON SECOND CHORUS.

(Enter Jones and Gregg)

JONES

What is the idea of running away from the fun Gregg?

GREGG

Oh, you don't have to follow me, old fellow.

JONES

What, leave you alone on your last night in Trinidad--I should say not.

GREGG

You'd do me a great favor if you'd slip along and let me have a word with her alone.

JONES

What, is she stopping here. Some class to her. So that's the kind she is, hey? Never mind, old fellow, we'll find a way to show her up.

GREGG

Has it ever occurred to you that a girl may be wanting to go straight?

JONES

Straight? Don't make me laugh.

GREGG

Anyway she's off the case and she's off me since she met this Stanton.

JONES

Has that rich guy isn't he? Shall get enough out of him to lay off and live comfortable ever after. Come on, Gregg, I'm going over to the Casino. (Jones exits off R.)

JIMMY

(Entering from hotel left) Hello, well, well, where have you been keeping yourself. I haven't seen you in the last few days.

GREGG

I've been around here. I've been rather busy.

JIMMY

Getting ready to leave? What is your next port?

II. 7.

GREGG

We leave for the States in the morning. Its my last trip as a naval officer.

JIMMY

You dont mean to say--

GREGG

Yes, my last trip, Ive sent in my resignation.

JIMMY

Well good luck old man.

GREGG

Thanks awfully.

JIMMY

Im leaving for the States myself in the morning. While youre there Im just a short way out and Id be very glad to have you spend a weekend with me. Ill show you the finest golf course in Westchester.

GREGG

Golf- thats very interesting. I used to be considered quite a golfer myself.

JIMMY

Is that so? What do you go around in?

GREGG

About 80.

JIMMY

Thats too good for me. Wont you join me in a little walk?

GREGG

In a few minutes. (Exit R. Jimmy) (Gregg turns to Waiter)  
Oh, Waiter, let me have a pencil.

WAITER

Yes Sir. (Gregg writes on card)

GREGG

Give this card to Miss Lamont, please.

WAITER

Yes Sir. (Exit Gregg)

II. 8.

REMEMBER. WAITER. PLAYED OFF STAGE SOFTLY.

(Enter Margy. Waiter gives her card and exits)

JIMMY

(Entering from R.) Here I am.

MARGY

Why dear I thought you were down at the ball at the flafship.

JIMMY

You wouldnt go and I wouldnt go without you.

MARGY

I wasnt feeling well.

JIMMY

If its alright now, cant we still go?

MARGY

Id rather not.

JIMMY

Dear, Im going to leave for the States in the morning. When are you going to promise to marry me?

MARGY

Why were only known each other a week. You dont know anything about me, who I am, or what I am.

JIMMY

Youre the sweetest girl in the world and thats all I want to know.

MARGY

Youre just a big boy out of college, and you dont know what youre talking about.

JIMMY

I do know what Im talking about. But its funny.

MARGY

Whats funny?

JIMMY

When Dad sent me down here to see how his plantation was running I didnt want to come. I didnt have any idea I was going to bring back the most wonderful wife in the world. (M. turns head) Why dear Youre not married already?

II. 9.

MARGY  
Oh no, dear, no.

JIMMY  
Then its all settled.

MARGY  
Nothings settled only that you go back home, and youll promise to think of me sometimes, wont you?

JIMMY  
I dont want to rush you honey, but Im leaving tomorrow and youll say yes-? I always get what I want and I want you. (Taps bell)

MARGY  
Why, what are you doing? (Enter waiter)

JIMMY  
Celebrating our engagement.

WAITER  
Yes, sir.

JIMMY  
Bring us a bottle of Paul Roget.

WAITER  
Yes, Sir. (Waiter exits)

JIMMY  
Just think of it. Tomorrow well be on our way home-Home isnt it glorious?

MARGY  
What would your folks say?

JIMMY  
Theyd love you because I do.

MARGY  
Im not so sure about that.

JIMMY  
Yes they would. Youre adorable and I love you so much.

II. 10.

WAITER  
Yes, Sir.

JIMMY  
Thanks, Waiter. Ill pour it myself.

WAITER  
Yes, Sir. (Waiter exits)

JIMMY  
(Lifting glass) Heres to the future and the dearest girl in the world.Im crazy about you Margy,theres not another girl like you.

MARGY  
Lets be serious. (Jimmy Drinks)

JIMMY  
Alright now were very serious. (Jimmy drinks several drinks more)

MARGY  
Not so fast, dear, take it slow. (She starts to drink)

JIMMY  
You little darling, what do you know about drinking?(She chokes)

MARGY  
Here in the tropics, wine goes to your head, and I want you to know what youre doing.

JIMMY  
Alright, now we are serious.

MARGY  
Suppose you found youd made a mistake in me?

JIMMY  
Im not making a mistake.

MARGY  
Suppose Im not all you think I am?

JIMMY  
Are you trying to frighten me? You cant do it. All I know is that I love you and youre going to be mine. Are you satisfied?

II.11.

MARGY  
Yes I am.  
JIMMY  
Then its yes?  
MARGY  
Yes.  
JIMMY  
Hurrah, Im the happiest man in Trinidad.  
MARGY  
Honey, not so loud. (Kiss) You dont love me dont you dear? Tell me, I want to hear you say it again.  
JIMMY  
I love you more than anything in the world- I love you-love you. (Bus. She pushes him away. He is abashed) Why dear, Im sorry, you were right. Mine does go to your head in the tropics, I didnt realize. But say you love me and we leave tomorrow?  
MARGY  
Yes, dear, Ill go. (He kisses her hand)  
JIMMY  
Im off to arrange for the staterooms and Ill take care of everything.  
MARGY  
Starting after him) Dear, dear, Damn it. (Enter Agnes)  
AGNES  
Marge, Marge.  
MARGY  
Agnes, Agnes- You poor kid, I thought you went home.  
AGNES  
I did, but you were right. They wouldnt let me come back.  
MARGY  
What youre folks?  
AGNES  
When I got back home, Mother was dead. If she had lived it might

II.12.

have been different. But the others---  
MARGY  
They forgive you but they wont let you forget- Oh whats the difference? (Pats Agnes on the back)  
AGNES  
And when I got back to Montreal, Curly was-----  
MARGY  
What, another jane?  
AGNES  
No, an over dose of morphine.  
MARGY  
You poor kid. But what brought you here?  
AGNES  
I heard you were following the fleet and doing well--and I thought travelling around would help me to forget.  
MARGY  
But you didnt---  
AGNES  
No, its all too much-- My-- Mother----(Coughs and Crying)  
MARGY  
You poor kid- Come on over here and have a drink. Pull yourself together. (Offers her a drink)  
AGNES  
Thanks. (Drinks) I been trying to get a chance to talk to you but the cobs said you were Ritzing it.  
MARGY  
So thats what they think?  
AGNES  
I wanted to tell you that I saw Rocky before I left and Im afraid that he---  
MARGY  
I dont want to hear anything about that rat.

II.13.

AGNES

Gee you must have caught that rich guy you were talking about in Montreal.

MARGY

Kid, I could have caught a dozen had I been so inclined.

AGNES

And you didn't?

MARGY

No, I did not. I guess I've been saved up to try and forget.

AGNES

Margy, you're in love with someone.

MARGY

How did you guess?

AGNES

Who?

MARGY

A clean boy Agnes, and he loves me and wants me to marry him. A boy that believes in straight.

AGNES

My Gawd that's wonderful. What are you going to do?

MARGY

I'm sending him back to his folks. Sometimes I feel that I should tell him the truth.

AGNES

Dont do that - dont do that--What he dont know wont hurt him.

MARGY

You mean I should marry this boy and pretend--No, I cant. That's whats worrying me.

AGNES

Margy this is your chance. Suppose you do tell him, what good would it do. If he really loves you it wont matter to him what you've been but for Gods sake get out of this life--Just look at me--Is a wreck--My health is all gone--and Im Nothing-- (Coughs.)

II.14.

MARGY

Come on, yall yourself together, youre all to pieces.

AGNES

Some times I wish I were out of it all.

MARGY

Come Aggie, brace up, Ive never seen you as bad as this before.

AGNES

Marge, promise me you'll do it, promise me you'll marry him, you must. God if I had your chance nothing in the world would keep me from it. Dont be a fool, it dont matter what you were--Its the kind of a wife you make that counts.

MARGY

Maybe youre right.

AGNES

I am Right. (Coughs)

MARGY

Come on, I cant let you get away like this. Let me get you a room and some clothes, and get these rags off of you.

AGNES

No Marge, what would they think of you if they saw me here--

MARGY

The whole hotel is down at the ball on the flagship.

AGNES

No Marge, I got to go-- I got to walk-- I got to think-- I may see you later-- But I got to go-- I got to go-- (Sobbing exit)

GREGG

(Entering from R.) Hello Marge, I knew theyd all be down at the ball on the flagship, and I thought this would be a good chance to have a word with you alone-- You look pretty well set here.

MARGY

Yes, he thinks Im a tourist. Its a lot different when they dont know Youve something to say to me Gregg.

GREGG

Yes, That's why Im here.



MARGY

I know it wasn't just the right thing to do leaving you like this.

GREGG

It's a bit beyond me old dear, but there's something else I wanted to talk to you about-- The fliers leaving port in the morning, and it's my last trip as a naval officer, then I'm going out to Australia.

MARGY

Australia, that's pretty far, isn't it?

GREGG

Yes, but it's a place where a fellow and a girl can start a new life out there.

MARGY

I see.

GREGG

You see what I mean? We could hit it off together.

MARGY

No Gregg, I'm through.

GREGG

You don't understand, I mean we'll get married.

MARGY

Thanks, Gregg.

GREGG

I'm not so bad, Marge.

MARGY

Why you're the best old scout I ever ran into. Sometimes I wonder why you're where you are.

GREGG

It's a long story, the same old tale though. Decent folks over in old England, father a clergyman, in the blacksheep.-- It's not only girls that drop out of the City Directory, old dear. What do you say to my little idea?

MARGY

No Gregg, I couldn't do it.

GREGG

Why I've got plenty to live on, a beautiful little white cottage, a garden, and a church--

MARGY

My God, you sound like Agnes-- I'm sorry Gregg-- Two weeks ago I'd have thought that over, but now-- I can't.

GREGG

I guess I know.

MARGY

What do you mean?

GREGG

That youngster I see you walking around with every night since you struck Trinidad. Young Stanton, isn't he?

MARGY

It's just been kind of a dream, Gregg.

GREGG

I thought so. You've changed since you met him.

MARGY

You don't understand, Gregg,

GREGG

Oh, I'm no fool. Only don't sing your wings old dear.

MARGY

Sing my wings? Don't make me laugh.

GREGG

Marge, body doesn't mean a thing--But when it's the heart it hurts.

MARGY

What do I know about a heart? To me every man is just an asset.

GREGG

Yes, and for this one chap you're giving up everything and you say you know nothing about a heart? Why Marge ever since Montreal you've been mine, and I've been yours all of me every bit of me. There was a time I could share you with other men, but not now. Why the thought of it drives me mad almost. Tell me do you really want this other fat fellow? Do you really love him?





MARGY

I guess I do.

GREGG

So thats it, and all the time I thought you were only making a play for his money.

MARGY

He Gregg, I couldnt roll him off all men. From the moment I met him I knew.

GREGG

What do you mean?

MARGY

Im beginning to see things different, Gregg, since I met that boy. He made me feel ashamed. He asked me to marry him.

GREGG

Havent I asked you the same thing? Hasnt every officer in the fleet offered you the ring? And a dozen rich traders asked you to visit the altar?

MARGY

Yes, but he was the first one who asked me while he was sober.

GREGG

And you said yes?

MARGY

Im beginning to see things different, Gregg. Why ever since Ive been old enough to know Sex Ive looked at men as hunters. Theyre filled with Sex. In the past few years Ive been a chattel to that Sex. All the bad thats in me has been put there by men. I began to hate every one of them, hated them, used them for what I could get out of them, and then laughed at them, and then then he came.

GREGG

But what about when you said you loved me? When you held me in your soft arms and kissed me and told me you loved me? Do you think you can get away from me as easy as this? To walk into another mans life and tell him the same things. Then all the beautiful things you told me you didnt mean?

MARGY

You dont understand, Gregg. When I held you in my arms and kissed you. When I felt your strong warm body close to mine I wanted you, I needed you, I loved you more than any man Id ever known, dont you understand Gregg. I loved you in that one way. But this is different.

Its a clean wonderful love I have for this boy. Im sorry, but I cant help it. God, its good to be in love this way even if I have to pay for it with tears.

GREGG

All I can say is dont be looking for heartaches. If this fellow really loves you I suppose thats all there is to it. But remember if ever you want me Im yours, all yours.

MARGY

Dont talk to me that way Gregg. I suppose I shouldnt be doing what what I am to you--But I cant help it.

GREGG

But you know your positions are pretty far apart. Why that boys folks are real folks, theyre aristocrats. Tell me are you sure that its really love thats drawing him to you?

MARGY

Im sure.

GREGG

Oh well, when ever you want me youll know where a word reaches me. What I said about Australia goes. Its a long way and far between, but its a place where a fellow and a girl can start a new life there.

MARGY

Gregg, dont leave me like this. Youve given me the chance. Im not ungrateful, but its things just happen, thats all, that we cant explain.

GREGG

Its alright Margy, we all have to float with the tide. (He exits suppressing a sob. MEDITATION OF THIS IS HEARD playing softly on the flagship in the bay. Jimmy enters and goes to Margy.)

JIMMY

Ive arranged everything, we leave tomorrow. (Noise off stage of suppressed shouts and murmurs as though a town were awakening to a catastrophe. The only distinguishable word is "OVERBOARD".)

MARGY

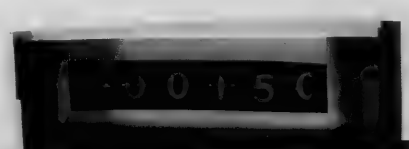
Whats that?

JIMMY

Theyre crowding down at the docks. Lets go see?

MARGY

No, no, wait.



II. 19.

JIMMY

Dont be nervous, youre all upset.

MARGY

Go, see what it is.

JIMMY

Ill find out. (Calls offstage) Whats going on down there?

VOICE

ONE OF THESE FLEET WOMEN JUMPED IN TO THE RAY!

MUSIC AND VOICES SWELL AND FADE. MARGY nearly faints.)

JIMMY

Nothing to worry us, dear. Just one of those poor wretches that follow the fleet.

MUSIC AND VOICES SWELL TO A CRESCENDO.....

CURTAIN ACT II.

CURTAIN

(Jenkins and Robert Stanton on at rise)

MARIE

(Enters with a vase of flowers) I'm taking these to the young lady room, sir.

STANTON

Yes, yes, go ahead Marie. See that everything is ready Marie.

MARIE

(Exit) Yes sir.

STANTON

They ought to be along any minute. (Exit)

MARIE

(Enters) If he would only keep his watch in his pocket, it hasn't left his hand since Mr Jimmy went to the station to meet the train

JENKINS

Well any man would be anxious to meet his future daughter-in-law.

MARIE

Yes when he dont know very much about her.

JENKINS

She's evidently very wealthy. Mr Jimmy met her while she was touring the world.

MARIE

Yes. She travel all alone, no chaperone.

JENKINS

Oh, the days of chaperones are past. Wealthy orphan, no doubt. Marguerite LaFont is her name.

MARIE

Marguerite LaFont. That sounds like a French name.

JENKINS

Mr Jimmy calls her Margy.

MARIE

Short for Marguerite. French decent no doubt. All Mr Stanton be worry about is what church she belong to.



JENKINS

I haven't any idea.

STANTON

(Enters) When they arrive Jenkins call me, I'll be in the library.

JENKINS

Yes sir.

STANTON

I'm going to lose a couple of hours sleep as it is, I have to get up early to be at business. (Exit)

MARIE

If he were not at his desk at nine A.M. to the minute, the world would come to an end. (Auto Horn)

JENKINS

System, my dear, that's what makes a man successful. (Exit) (Enter)

JIMMY

(Enters with Margy) Home at last darling. By jove it was hard work to get you to come out here. Take this to Miss LaMont's room Marie, and wait just a minute. Well darling how do you like it?

MARGY

This is the first case of cold feet I ever had.

JIMMY

Why darling? Mother and dad are just a pair of peaches. You'll love them, you can't help it.

MARGY

That parts alright. I know I couldn't help loving your dad and your mother, but the question is, how about me? Am I the kind of a girl they've pictured for their only son? You know parents are funny.

JIMMY

Mother and dad are just crazy to meet you. I've talked to them about you ever since I came back from Trinidad. Let me take your wraps. Take these also Marie and Jenkins you may go. (Exit Marie and Jenkins) (Enter mother)

JIMMY

Oh, there you are mother. I've been looking for you. Mother this is Margy. (Bus)

CLARA

How do you do.

JIMMY

I hope you'll like each other, anyway.

MARGY

Well, we'll understand each other anyway. (Enter Stanton)

JIMMY

Oh, dad.

STANTON

Well son?

JIMMY

Margy this is dad.

STANTON

Well, well, so this is the young lady that Jimmy's been raving about ever since he came back from Trinidad. Why he's been going around with his heart in his fist.

JIMMY

Oh, dad. You're telling tales now.

STANTON

I'm going to show you right up. Margy-of course I'll call you Margy! You've certainly worked a great change in my boy. He used to read nothing but the sporting news-but now, he reads the furniture ads, isn't that right Caroline?

CLARA

Yes.

STANTON

I hope you're going to like it out here Margy.

MARGY

I'm sure I will.



STANTON

You've never been to our little town before?

MARY

This is one place I've missed.

STANTON

Enjoy travelling, don't you? Jimmy says you are a regular globe trotter. Well, you'll find everything here. We've got everything they've got in the big cities, parks, Y.M.C.A. buildings, churches--er--which one do you attend?

MARY

Once as good as another to me.

CLARA

Naturally, I presume--travelling so much.

MARY

Yes, naturally, when in Rome do as Rome does, or again when intruded fellow Trinadians customs, or Montreal--

CLARA

I've visited Montreal myself, Miss Lallant.

MARY

Why you don't say--we can compare notes.

STANTON

You two girls'll have a lot to talk about. Jimmy I'll bet mothers just dying to get acquainted and here's your old talkative dad not giving her a chance.

CLARA

I would like a few minutes alone with Miss Lallant.

STANTON

Come on Jimmy--we'll let the ladies talk, and we'll drink to their health.

JIMMY

Alright dad.

STANTON

Then we'll let you ladies take a drink to our health. (Exit Jimmy and Stanton)

MARY

What's your idea?

CLARA

You certainly don't intend to marry my son.

MARY

That's your idea.

CLARA

I'll not let him make such a mistake. I'll tell him what you are.

MARY

Suppose he should ask you, have you know what I

CLARA

I'll tell him everything. Everything that happened during my visit to Montreal.

MARY

No, you won't. You haven't the nerve. If you did, I'd have better a union of you. You wouldn't sacrifice yourself for anyone. Your place with that man's wife, of.

CLARA

I'm thinking of my boy's welfare. He certainly is deserving of a better wife.

MARY

I know my past is nothing to rave about. I'll admit he deserves a better wife, yes, and he deserves a better mother too.

CLARA

How dare you--to me you are like that

MARY

How dare I speak like that! Who are you?

MARY

I'll not permit a woman of the streets to talk to me like that.

MARY

Now, you've got the nerve putting yourself on a pedestal above me. The things I've done, I had to do for a living. I know it was wrong. I'm not trying to alibi myself. But you've done those same things for other reasons.



Stop.

CLARA

MARY

No, I won't stop. I'm going to dig under the veneer of your supposed respectability and show you what you are.

CLARA

I'll not listen.

MARY

Oh, yes you will. You've got the kind of stuff in you that makes women of my type. If our positions were changed, you in my place, and I in yours, I'd be willing to bet that I'd have a better life and rather than you are. You, and I'll bet without this beautiful home, without money, and without any restrictions, you'd be worse than I have ever been.

CLARA

No, no.

MARY

Yes you would. You'd do it and like it.

CLARA

For God's sake stop it I can't endure any more.

MARY

Now your damn off your pedestal. You're down where you can see it. It's just a matter of circumstances. The only difference between us is that you can't think to give it away.

CLARA

I'm not considering my feelings. It's the welfare of my boy.

MARY

I've thought of his welfare, worse a more than you have. I didn't want to come here. I told him from the start I wasn't the one for him, but he wouldn't listen.

CLARA

But you have no right to expect him to marry you.

MARY

I don't know. He could do worse by marrying some little tart who'd wear my colors after she was married to him. Some jans who could take a little trip to Montreal. I've had my share of men. They all look alike to me except one - him.

3

CLARA

7

I can understand your viewpoint, but even if this marriage was to take place, you could never live down the sins of the past. People would talk.

MARY

They'd talk anyway.

CLARA

Yes, but we are governed to a great extent by what they say and think.

MARY

Let them talk. We love each other and that's all that matters.

CLARA

Don't say he loves you. It's ridiculous. He is a boy, scarcely out of his teens. You are perhaps the first woman he has ever come into close contact with. It's only natural that you should attract him with the physical attraction that a woman has for a boy so young.

MARY

All I've been is a physical attraction to men. I'm sick and tired of being that sort of thing. Now I want a man whose love goes beyond that.

CLARA

If you should get married, you'd find out just how far it goes.

MARY

Well, I'll find out before. Here.

CLARA

What do you mean?

MARY

You know what I mean. You're a pretty wise gal yourself.

CLARA

You don't mean that you'd use my home -

MARY

Well, you used mine.

CLARA

But - - -

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We'll  
We'll at least know where we stand. (Enter Jimmy and Stanton)

Dad and I think you've had enough time to get acquainted. Mother, don't you just love her?

She's just crazy about me.

Yes, son, she's very interesting.

And trying to keep her all to yourself. Now that's a shame. But you wait until after business hours to-morrow. I'll take charge of Marge. You'll have to tell me all about your travels and your experiences. I'll warrant you had a lot of them didn't you?

I'll say I did.

Well we'll have a lot of time to talk that over, I must be going.

Dad, your not leaving us?

Well son you know I get up early, and its pretty late for me. Marge'll excuse me, I know.

Of course I will.

I'm so glad you're here child. You'll be such good company for Mrs Stanton. Went she dear?

Yes-yes-indeed.

That's so sweet of you Mrs Stanton. You don't know how I appreciate your feelings toward me.

Thank you. I presume you've a great deal to say to each other. I'd only be intruding. When you are ready to retire Miss Lambert just ring for the maid, she'll show you to your room.

Thanks.

My goodness. It's past my hour for retiring.

Dad always goes to bed early. He hasn't been up as late as this in six months.

I'm the first one up in this house. Have to catch an early morning train to get to the city. You'll forgive me I'm sure. Besides you and Jimmy have a lot to say to each other.

Well, now dad.

Don't make any excuses. I was a youngster once myself. And say Jimmy, if Marge should feel like a bite, you'll find a little spread all ready on the dining room table.

Thanks dad. I-I never did think of asking Marge- -

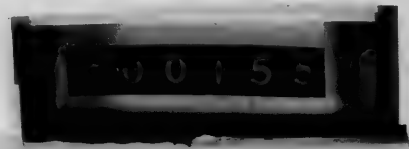
Jimmy even Cupid has to have his dinner. Make yourself at home child. Get acquainted. If there's anything you want and you don't see it, just ask for it.

You're awfully good Mr Stanton.

I want you to like Jimmy's folks, child.

Thanks-Why I'm sure- -

I'm sure that you will and I'm going to see that you do.



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MARY  
Good night Mr Stanton.

JIMMY  
'Night dad. (Exit Stanton)

MARY  
Your dad is a prince.

CLARA  
You'll pardon me I'm sure.

MARY  
Surely.

CLARA  
When you are ready to retire, Miss Mount, Jimmy will ring for the maid, she'll show you to your room. Good night.

JIMMY  
Good night mother.

MARY  
Good night Mrs Stanton. (Exit Mrs Stanton)

JIMMY  
You'll have to learn to call her mother, you know.

MARY  
Say Jimmy, that'll be the hardest job I ever tackled.

JIMMY  
Why, don't you like mother?

MARY  
There's no question to it.

JIMMY  
I'm so glad. It's wonderful to have you here with me dear.

MARY  
Yes Jimmy, it's been a wonderful night.

11:00

JIMMY  
I was afraid you didn't mean what you promised in Trinidad--I had such a hard time getting you here. You didn't know what sleepless nights I've had thinking of you and being afraid-----

MARY  
Afraid of what?

JIMMY  
That maybe you--you found out that you didn't love me after all, and perhaps met some other fellow and---oh, hang it, Mary a man thinks up all kinds of things when he's in love with a girl.

MARY  
You weren't sure of me?

JIMMY  
How could I be, with you so far away, but now to-night, you're in my own home--I'm content for the first time in months. You do love me don't you?

MARY  
Love you? Jimmy I never knew what it was all about until I met you.

JIMMY  
And we'll be married soon, won't we?

MARY  
Do you really want to marry me?

JIMMY  
Why of course ----what do you suppose?

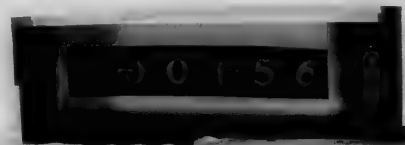
MARY  
You see I've been kind of worried too, I thought maybe some other girl-----

JIMMY  
There's no other girl in the world for me, save you.

MARY  
And why just me?

JIMMY  
I love you.

MARY



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MARGE  
Why do you love me Jimmy?

JIMMY  
I love you because your different , you fascinate me,you draw me to you,your wonderful and I adore you.

MARGE  
Come on over here deary.

JIMMY  
I've been telling what I like about you now you tell me what you like about me.Well----

MARGE  
There's so many things about you that I like \_but I never did like bright lights.

JIMMY  
I'll turn them down(hus.) There is that better? Now tell me what you like about me?

MARGE  
I like your ears.

JIMMY  
You like myears?(hand hus)No do you think came into the office to-day?

MARGE  
Was dear?

JIMMY  
Lieutenant Gregg.

MARGE  
What did he want?

JIMMY  
When I left him in Trinidad I told him where I lived and asked him if he ever came to New York to spend the Week-end with me, so of course when he came to the office I asked him out.

MARGE  
Take that thing off.(the bus)

JIMMY

195  
88

MARY

Very pretty? What nice collar do you wear?

JIMMY

15 1/2 (Kiss bust) God I've never kissed anyone like that before----huh

MARY

You have.

JIMMY.

I swear I haven't.

MARY

You have (Kiss him)

JIMMY

I'll ring for the maid.

MARY

Can't you show me to my room.

JIMMY

Yes dear-- Good night dear.

CONFIDENTIAL

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III.

(Enter Jimmy. Picks up necktie. Hurriedly exits.)

(Enter Robert Stanton dressed for business. Fills flask.)

(Enter Jimmy now fully dressed, but he is a little nervous)

STANTON

Hello, Son, I didn't know you were up. Why didn't you breakfast with me?

JIMMY

Why-- I don't know-- I--

STANTON

I suppose you're so happy that you can't even sleep in peace.

JIMMY

Dad, you like her, don't you?

STANTON

Of course I like her. Any man would have to like her. She's a fine girl. You're just like your old Dad, a good picker.

JIMMY

Is so glad.

STANTON

Yes, but I can't let your happiness make me late for business. I'll take the train and you can come down later in the car.

JIMMY

Must I go into the city today?

STANTON

Yes, Son, I need you about that Hayden affair. Sorry to take you away from Margy, but you can leave as soon as we settle with Hayden.

JIMMY

But can't you let that go till later. That deal is practically closed. Hell be in today, you really don't need me. Besides that Lieutenant Gregg is coming in.

STANTON

Lieutenant Gregg? Who's he?

JIMMY

He's that English officer that came into the office today. He's coming in on the next train.

III.

STANTON

Well, alright, son, perhaps I can let you stay. Say good morning to Margy and tell her that I hope she slept well.

JIMMY

I will, thanks. (Stanton exits)

MARY

(Entering from R. Jimmy sees her) Good morning, monsieur.

JIMMY

Oh Marie, have you seen Mother?

MARIE

Oui monsieur, she's not feeling very well, sir. She's having her breakfast in her room.

JIMMY

What's the matter with Mother?

MARIE

A bad headache, I think sir. (Marie exits L.)(Jimmy exits R.)

(Jenkins enters from L. as Margy comes on from her room)

MARGY

Good morning, Jenkins.

JENKINS

Good morning madam. (Crossing over.) Does Madam wish anything?

MARGY

No, if I want something I'll ring.

JENKINS

Very well madam. (Exits off R.)

MARGY

I don't like this Madam business. (Jimmy enters from R.)

JIMMY

Margie. (He goes over to her on the divan with a worried look and kisses her. Margy notices his worried look.)

MARGY

What's the matter, you look worried.

30158

III.

JIMMY

Mother's not feeling very well this morning.

MARGY

That's too bad. What's the matter with her?

JIMMY

Oh, I guess it's her nerves again.

MARGY

Is there anything I can do. Er--has she been saying anything about last night?

JIMMY

No, but she seems upset, I imagine it's about last night-- I wonder if she-- I wonder if she knows about last night--You and I. Oh dear why did you let me go to your room. It's the thing I've been fighting against ever since I met you.

MARGY

Perhaps I'd better not stay here!

JIMMY

What do you mean--what do you mean?

MARGY

Well, your mother isn't feeling well,--and you're all upset---

JIMMY

Why--Marge--

MARGY

You want me to stay?

JIMMY

Want you? I want you always, always. Oh, don't you understand--I love you, love you. I realize it now more than ever. To lose you would be to lose every bit of happiness out of my life--I couldn't live without you.

MARGY

Jimmy, you're mad.

JIMMY

Yes mad about you dear. Well get married at once--

III.

MARGY

Married!

JIMMY

Marge--of course--there was never any other thought in my mind. You hold everything in the world for me. Well be happy together you and I. (Held her in his arms and kissed her) My dear I couldn't leave you out of my sight long enough to join Dad at the office today.

MARGY

You should have attended to business and--and--

JIMMY

And what?

MARGY

You've got me so nervous, Jimmy, I don't know what I did want to say.

JIMMY

There I forgot about Lieutenant Gregg again. I've got to go meet him at once. I can't think of anything but you, you see!

MARGY

But why did you invite him here?

JIMMY

I think he's a fine fellow. He seemed very much interested in you. He asked how you were feeling.

MARGY

Oh, he's a wonderful man and all that, but I wanted to be alone with you, dear.

JENKINS

(Entering from L.) The car is waiting, Mr. Stanton.

JIMMY

Very well, Jenkins. (Exit Jenkins)(Jimmy rises and kisses her) I won't be long sweetheart.

MARGY

Hurry back, de-w. (Jimmy exits) (Marge rises and after looking off at Jimmy leaving, makes several ludicrous attempts to rearrange the furnishings of the room. the result is a garish display of taste)

00159

III.

CAROLINE

(Entering from R.) Good morning, Miss Lamont.

MARGY

Oh, good morning-- I--was just making a few changes here--to kind of suit myself.

CAROLINE

So I see.

MARGY

I thought that thing would look better over here and this thing would look better over here. (She is wiping her hands on a brocade)

CAROLINE

Well--well-- Eh--

MARGY

(Holding up the brocade) Oh what's this thing supposed to be?

CAROLINE

Oh goodness, that thing is supposed to be a brocade from Marie Antoinette, Queen of France.

MARGY

Oh, is that what that thing is supposed to be?

CAROLINE

And this thing is supposed to have been worn by Madame duBarry when she used her wiles on King Louis XV.

MARGY

What a break that Jane got! I remember reading about that baby.

CAROLINE

Oh my nerves, my nerves.

MARGY

Jimmy said you weren't feeling very well, and I was going in to see how you were but I thought I had better not after the argument last night.

CAROLINE

Yes, I forgive you for taking the attitude you did. I realize I was quite harsh with you, but you didn't understand my feelings in the matter.

III.

MARGY

No, and I guess you didn't understand mine.

CAROLINE

At first I thought you came here in a spirit of revenge.

MARGY

Say, I didn't have any idea I was going to meet you here. I should say not! But that was a pretty mean trick you pulled on me that night in Montreal. After the story you told, I could have done time.

CAROLINE

I'm sorry but I have a clearer understanding of your problem now.

MARGY

I'm glad you have. Of course we all make mistakes.

CAROLINE

Yes, I've made mistakes too. I only caught myself in time. You don't know the agony, the mental suffering I endured on account of that Montreal affair.

MARGY

I don't know how you ever fell for that guy. Of course with me it was more business than anything else.

CAROLINE

It was my first and last experience of anything like that. I swear to you from that night to this I've given all of my love, everyone of my thoughts to my husband and boy. God, what a lesson it was to me, my nerves go to pieces at the very thought of it.

MARGY

Don't worry about the past. That's my motto. Always think of what you're going to do tomorrow.

CAROLINE

And what are you going to do tomorrow? You hold my boys future in your hands. Some day hell find out-- and then, don't you see what it'll be?

MARGY

He loves me and it won't matter.

CAROLINE

Oh, yes it will matter. Hell never forgive you for deceiving him. Hell hate you and you'll both be miserable.



III.

MARGY

I--I--don't believe it.

CAROLINE

These things can never remain a secret--Some day they will come to life, and even though he did love you well enough to forgive, what would it be for him, dreading the very meeting of every man he sees thinking that perhaps his wife, oh, don't you understand it would be enough to madden him, and you, how would you feel? You would never know a moment of peace.

MARGY

You're certainly not drawing a pretty picture.

CAROLINE

Yes but I'm drawing a true picture. Tell me--you'll give him up, please! (MARGY turns her head away. MARIE enters dressed for the street) Oh Marie are you going out?

MARIE

Madame said I could-- the others have all gone on ahead.

CAROLINE

Oh yes, yes, I'd forgotten, our neighbors cook, you're all invited to her wedding. My nerves are in such a state, I don't remember.

MARIE

If Madame wish me to remain--

CAROLINE

No, you go, but call up the druggist, and tell him to send over the nerve prescription Dr. Gordon left for me.

MARIE

Well, Madame.

CAROLINE

Has Watkins returned from the station?

MARIE

I think not, Madame. (AUTO HORN OFF STAGE) I think it is in the car now. (Marie exits and returns later followed by Jimmy and Greg dressed in civilian clothes. Marie exits again)

JIMMY

Come right in lieutenant.

III.

GREG

Thanks awfully.

JIMMY

Whether this is Lieutenant Gregg.

CAROLINE

How do you do lieutenant Gregg. (Caroline and Gregg recognize each other but before Gregg gets a chance to admit it MARGY jabs him unseen by Jimmy. Gregg and Caroline falter in their greetings)

MARGY

(To Jimmy) Oh dear--

CAROLINE

You'll pardon me lieutenant Gregg, but I'm not feeling well. I'll see you later.

GREGG

I'm sorry to hear you're indisposed. It's quite alright, I quite understand.

JIMMY

Whether isn't quite herself today.

MARGY

No, she's not feeling well.

JIMMY

Now dear that the lieutenant is here I'd like to show him around the place and want you join us?

MARGY

Honey, I don't feel that I care to go out today-- You go.

JACKSON

(Entering from B.) Your mother would like to see you, Mr. Stanton.

JIMMY

Pardon me, I'll be right back. (Exit Jimmy and Jackson)

GREGG

Isn't that the woman from Montreal?

MARGY

Of course it is. Who did you think it was?



III.

GREGG

I wasn't quite sure. I was just going to ask her when you started all this sort of business. (Indicating the jobs she had given him)

MARGY

That's all I need around here, just one bright remark from you.

GREGG

But doesn't he know? (She goes over to piano)

MARGY

No he doesn't know.

GREGG

Aren't you going to tell him?

MARGY

No I'm going to let you tell him. (Sits at piano. She plays HOME SWEET HOME. He watches her smoking silently)

GREGG

(At end of piece) That doesn't sound a bit like you Marge.

MARGY

It's not supposed to be me. (Starts to play blues number. They talk as she is playing, she stopping just long enough to answer him.)

GREGG

That's more like you, Marge. You're looking beautiful, Marge, more beautiful than ever.

MARGY

Yeah?

GREGG

You're not saying how I look?

MARGY

You're looking all right.

GREGG

There was a time I looked rather good to you.

MARGY

You look the same to me now.

III.

GREGG

But how do you like me in civilian clothes?

MARGY

They look alright. But I think I like the uniform better.

GREGG

Why?

MARGY

I don't know, I guess it's because I'm so patriotic. (Enter Jimmy)

JIMMY

What is my little sweetheart doing, entertaining?

MARGY

Not tonight, dear.

JIMMY

Won't you change your mind and join us, dear.

MARGY

No, you two run along and hurry back, dear.

JIMMY

Alright. Come along lieutenant, we'll go.

GREGG

You don't care to come to?

MARGY

No I don't care to come too.

GREGG

Will you be here when I get back?

MARGY

I'll be here when you get back. (Exit Jimmy and Gregg. Enter Jenkins)

JENKINS

(Sees Caroline entering) Have I permission to go to the wedding.

CAROLINE

Yes, you may go.



III.

JENKINS

Thank you, madam. (Door bell rings)(Jenkins exits and returns with a card on a salver)

CAROLINE

(Looking at card) Show the gentleman in. (Jenkins exits and returns ushering in Rocky Waldron) (Jenkins exits) And you have the impudence to come back here.

ROCKY

Your little boy friend is broke again.

CAROLINE

I refuse to give you any more money.

ROCKY

Then I park the body here until you do.

CAROLINE

I cant let you stay here.

ROCKY

Id be a handy man to have around the house. That husband of yours is an old gink. A young chap like me isnt to be found every where.

CAROLINE

You must leave.

ROCKY

Be reasonable you dont want to lose a home like this and a husband with plenty of jack.

CAROLINE

(Rising) But I cant let you have any more money.

ROCKY

You cant bluff me, Caroline. You play a bum poker hand.

CAROLINE

I cant let you stay here. You must go. My husband, my boy, oh for Gods sake please go, go.

ROCKY

I dont mind taking a little jewelry with me. What a nice new collection you have. That husband of yours does like to drape you in gems. By the way what did you tell him you did with the others.

III.

CAROLINE

I told him they were stolen.

ROCKY

Hell tell him the same thing about these. (She is standing by Margys door and as he makes a grab for her she picks up a gun from a table and unseen by Rocky is about to shoot him when Margy enters and takes the gun away from her hiding it behind her back. Rocky is astounded at her presence there.) (To Margy) You? what are you doing here?

CAROLINE

He threatened to tell my husband about Montreal unless I save him money.

MARGY

Dont my little pet know that blackmail is against the law?

ROCKY

Its none of your business.

MARGY

Yes but is going to make it my business. You know youre not in Montreal now dearie. No to be exact youre just 124 miles from there. Youre in the States now, get out your little map. Rocky Waldron, alias Gentleman Jack wanted for several things including murder.

ROCKY

So thats what youre pulling, if you think Id let you get away with it. Youre mine, you belong to me. (He starts at her. She draws a chair between them) You stopped my allowance in Montreal but its going to start again here. (Turning to Carol) Youre going to come across with that Jack. Were going to blow this town right now. (Margy goes to telephone) What are you going to do?

MARGY

Make a reservation dear. Now just where would my little pet care to spend his next twenty or thirty years. I know a beautiful place down South dear, called Atlanta, where I know theyre waiting to welcome you with open arms.

ROCKY

You think so?

MARGY

Or maybe you dont care for the warm climate. Or I could very easily arrange a beautiful trip up the Hudson, marvelous scenery dear, oh

00163



III.

Gorgeous scenery. And where you get free tansorial exquisite. In other words the closest haircut you ever had. And Baby, the classiest suit of clothes, you know sort of febra effect. I can just see it draped on that perfect figure of yours.

ROCKY

Who do you think you're kidding. You trying to waste my time around here why I'd-- (Marge brings gun out on him, he recoils in fear) (She takes receiver of phone and calmly asks operator.)

MARGE

Hello, police headquarters, yes please hurry. (To Rocky) Mamma--I can just see it draped on that perfect figure of yours. Hello, police headquarters? This is the Robert Stanton residence, boulevard road, yes, will you kindly send someone here immediately, yes, to take a desperate character, yes please hurry, thank you.

ROCKY

So you'd turn me up after all I've done for you?

MARGE

After all you've done for me? A fine thing you did when you left this woman on my hands. If she hadn't come to, I'd be in jail yet.

ROCKY

I'd have come back, I'd have got you out.

MARGE

Yes you would, yes you would.

ROCKY

Come on Marge, your not going to turn me up. Why they're on my trail now. That's why I came here. I just wanted some jack to make a get away. Please don't turn me up.

MARGE

Al right rat. I'll give you a chance. ~~Myself: Indistinctly: Escaped convict 3844.~~ I've got a pretty good memory haven't I? Why if I didn't have a certain amount of refinement, I'd kick your teeth all over this floor. Now blow bus, blow. Not that way, you ought to know better than that. Come on, come on. (Rocky exits hastily) Where do you keep this thing? (Indicating the revolver)

CAROLINE

Just put it on the table.

MARGE

(Writing on a pad on the table) (She hands Caroline a piece of paper) Now any time your little boyfriend should forget his promise and come back, a little phone call will put him right where he belongs.

III.

CAROLINE

Thank you very much. When he threatened to tell my husband about Montreal I thought about my boy and everything. I picked up that gun and I would have shot him.

MARGE

You must never do that. You must never shoot anyone.

CAROLINE

Oh why did I do it? I went mad. (Telephone door bell rings) Oh the police are here. What are you going to tell them.

MARGE

Now don't worry, I know how to handle those babies. (Goes to door)

POLICEMAN

(Off stage) Alright Mike you stay outside.

VOICE

(Off stage) Look out Al, he's desperate.

POLICEMAN

(Entering with Marge) What's the trouble, lady.

MARGE

I'm very sorry officer. But there has been a slight mistake on our part.

POLICEMAN

Why the report at headquarters was to come and get a desperate character.

MARGE

Yes he was desperate, in the beginning, very desperate, wasn't he Mrs Stanton.

CAROLINE

Yes he was very desperate. You see we ladies were all alone. The servants have gone to a wedding.

MARGE

Yes the butler and the maid, they have a friend, a cock. And she just got back from her honeymoon and is going to be married tonight.

CAROLINE

Why she hasn't had her honeymoon as yet.



III.

MARGY

Oh, I don't know how it is, but I will make those mistakes. Yes, she's going to be married tonight and tomorrow night she's going to have her honeymoon. I will do those things. And you see, we ladies were here alone. And this man, he came in, and he wanted money, he wanted carfare, he was going someplace. And of course we ladies, we felt that we didn't dare to give it to him. And then he became very annoyed, Oh very angry. But after a while he cooled off and he began to see things our way, and he left. I don't think he'll be back, in fact I'm sure he won't. (Start to flirt with officer in her attempt to make him believe her) So you see officer, a slight mistake and very sorry to have troubled you, really.

POLICEMAN

(Starting to exit) It's alright lady, no harm done. (Stops. Comes to Margy) I beg your pardon. Haven't I seen you someplace before?

MARGY

I beg pardon?

POLICEMAN

Haven't I seen you someplace before?

MARGY

Well I've been someplace.

POLICEMAN

Don't you remember me?

MARGY

I can't say that I do.

POLICEMAN

Sailor Gordon?

MARGY

Do you mind stepping out here for just a minute? (Starts to exit)

POLICEMAN

Ceitenly. (They both exit to the door. Caroline stands and looks out after them thoughtfully. After a space Margy returns and cannot look Mrs Stanton in the face. She turns and goes to her room in silence.) (After she has entered her room Jimmy and Gregg enter)

JIMMY

Mother, has there been any trouble here?

CAROLINE

Why no son, why?

III.

JIMMY

I saw Warren and he said he saw some officers coming in here.

CAROLINE

Yes they were here but they had the wrong place, darling.

JIMMY

I'm so glad. We certainly did hurry to get here, didn't we Lieut?

GREGG

He whizzed, what?

JIMMY

Mother, where's Margy?

CAROLINE

Up in her room.

JIMMY

Mother, you haven't been saying anything to offend her have you?

CAROLINE

Of course not son. (Mrs enters dressed to go away and carrying a bag. They all turn and stare at her.)

JIMMY

Why, dear, what the matter?

MARGY

I'm leaving, dear.

JIMMY

You're leaving? Why?

MARGY

Do you remember that last night in Trinidad?

JIMMY

How could I ever forget it?

MARGY

Do you remember the woman that threw herself into the bay?

JIMMY

Why yes, of course. But what has that got to do with us?





III.

MARGY

I was no better than she.

JIMMY

What are you saying?

MARGY

I was one of those women.

JIMMY

You? Why thats not true!

MARGY

Ask Gregg. (Gregg turns away ashamed to look at him)

JIMMY

I cant believe. (Sits down heartbroken. Puts head in hands)

MARGY

Mrs. Stanton. Im giving back your boy. Im sure youll teach him to forget me.

CAROLINE

But you are not going back to that life? (Gregg appeals to her and mutely to remember his feeling for her)(She looks at him and smiles)

MARGY

No, Im going straight-----To Australia.(Holds out hand to Gregg)

FINAL CURTAIN.

00166